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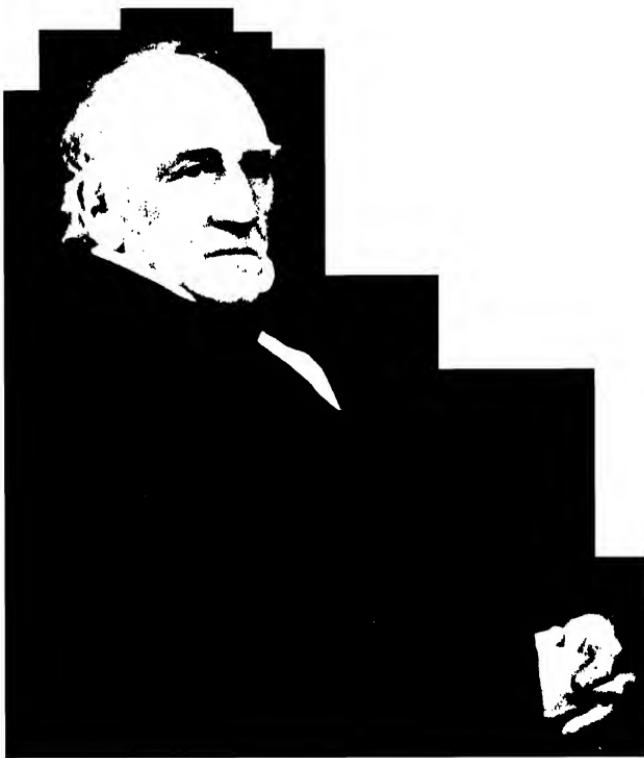
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HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

From a miniature by Henry Dorell
(date unknown)

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON
ON
BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS

EDITED BY
EDITH J. MORLEY

VOLUME TWO

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JAN. 1st. I had a letter from Talfourd this morning. Lamb's death was after a short illness, an erysipelas, a breaking-up of the constitution. He died without pain. Miss Lamb is quite insane, yet conscious of her brother's death without feeling it, and able to point out the place for the grave. Talfourd left it entirely to myself whether I would go down or not to the funeral. There will be a sufficient number, he says—himself and Ryle (the executors), another from the India House, Moxon, Procter, Allsop, and Cary. Miss Lamb is not able to derive any comfort from the respect shown to her brother. After a long vacillation—the subject was on my mind all day—I resolved to stay here. I wrote accordingly to Talfourd. He writes me word that Lamb has left £1,100 three per cents, which I am greatly surprised at. . . .

The New Year's post brought me a letter from Talfourd announcing the death of that 'frail good man'—'a good man if a good man ever was,' to use Wordsworth's affectionate words, Charles Lamb, of whom I will say nothing now, having set a chapter apart for him and his friends. Talfourd left it to my choice whether I would remain at Witham or attend the funeral, intimating that there would be friends enough to show respect to Lamb. And as his sister, dear Mary, was in one of her periodical states of insanity I resolved to stay at Witham, which I regretted afterwards. The papers had before informed me of his death.

Read to-day and before in Warren's *Diary of a Physician*, a book of considerable power, and deserved popularity, but in bad taste, full of exaggerations and overdosing the reader with horrors. . . .

JAN. 2nd. . . . Before going to bed took up Miss Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, which detained me till late at night.

Paul de Kock's novels, *Diary of a Physician*, etc., *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, I also read.

JAN. 3rd. It was perhaps foolish the beginning a novel where my reading has been light to too great a degree. But I had got so far in this novel before I went to bed that I resolved in the morning to read nothing else till I had finished it. Though it

consisted of four volumes in its first form, it is compressed into one of the Standard Novel collection. It has a distinct character and is both recollectable and very interesting. . . . There is great merit in the story, but after all it is not an historical romance in anticipation of Walter Scott, as Miss Porter would willingly think. For after all, the previous military history of Thaddeus has nothing to do with the story and not much with the character. It is a personal novel after all, turning on personal passions and not depending either on national or public events. . . .

JAN. 6th. . . . A call from Mr. Jaffray, who offered his services in the buying of a bill to be sent to Paris. I have received a letter from Baudouin assenting to Wordsworth's proposal, on which I wrote to Wordsworth to-day, proposing to him to send to Baudouin in the usual way the £30 and leaving him to determine whether I should send to Baudouin a bill for £400 or send this money to Messrs. André & Co., with directions to lay out the same in the purchase of *rentes* for Mrs. Baudouin. . . .

JAN. 7th. . . . I now regret that I did not attend Lamb's funeral. Neither Barry Cornwall nor Cary was there. Moxon consoles me by the assurance that there shall be published a complete edition of his works, like those of Lord Byron and Crabbe. I shall, by the bye, urge him to include *Mrs. Leicester's School*. He gives a very unfavourable account of the people with whom Miss Lamb is. She ought to remove to Miss James. . . .

JAN. 10th. . . . I had a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth to-day in which she wished me to pay £30 to the house of Minet and Feetor for Mr. Baudouin. . . .

JAN. 11th. . . . Wrote a letter to Wordsworth giving him an account of what I did on Saturday.

JAN. 12th. I resolved to-day to discharge a melancholy duty, and I went down by the Edmonton stage to poor Miss Lamb. It was a melancholy sight, but more to the reflection than to the sense. A stranger would have seen little remarkable about her. She was neither violent nor unhappy, nor was she entirely without sense. She was, however, out of *her* mind, as the ordinary expression is, but she could combine ideas however imperfectly. On my going into the room where she was sitting with Mr. Walden she exclaimed with great vivacity: 'Oh, here's Crabby.' She gave me her hand with great cordiality, and said: 'Now this is very kind; not merely good-natured, but very, very kind to come and see me in my affliction.' I began to stammer out something, I know not what, when she stopped [me]. 'Now don't you

be chattering. I am glad to see you, but don't you be teasing me about Mrs. Anthony Robinson. She was a good woman, as good as ever breathed, but she behaved very ill to Mr. Creswell.' And so she ran on about the unhappy insane family of my old friend Anthony Robinson. It would be useless to attempt recollecting all she said, but it is to be remarked that her mind seemed turned to subjects connected with insanity as well as with her brother's death. She spoke of Charles repeatedly but not in a tone of the least sorrow. She evidently had an imperfect sense of her being in want. 'I can maintain myself. I will mend your stockings, and you shall pay me.' Said that when the lawyers had settled her affairs she would manage. 'You know that it is more difficult to settle property when there is a little than when there is a great deal: one wants a book and one a picture; it's very worrying.' She spoke of Talfourd's father and mother (who kept a madhouse) 'Mr. Talfourd was a much cleverer man than his son; he is only a man of industry like you, Mr. Walden; he saw everything and directed everything and was as quiet in the house as if he was not there.' Mr. Walden left us alone. I proposed as an amusement playing piquet with her; she played very well, but was tired at the end of a game, which she won, and she enjoyed winning. She inquired after the Colliers and made me give her Mrs. Proctor's, as well as Mrs. Joshua Collier's address. She spoke of the Wordsworths, said that Miss Wordsworth was ill-treated by her sister-in-law and the family—'all treat her ill; old maids are of no great use in the world, but it is a pity when they are cut off before their time.' She said Charles was shocked at the sight of Moxon's child. He loved the mother¹ and she him, but it would [not] do. The disproportion was too great in their age; but Moxon was not fit for her. 'She is such a nice, elegant creature, and he looks so dirty.' Except this last, every other judgment was, I hardly need repeat here, utterly wild and groundless. When alone she told me not to talk about her much, to say that she did not like to be talked about. She did not want to be visited, she was very comfortable, etc. I got her to talk about her age. She is nine years and nine months older than Charles, and will be soon seventy. She spoke of his birth, that he was a weakly but very pretty child, that he was long a-coming. She knew she had a little brother coming and was impatient to have him to nurse.

These are the recollections of the hour's visit. I have no doubt that if ever she be sensible of her brother's loss—this is knowledge

¹ Emma Isola, his adopted daughter.

without feeling—it will overset her again. I consider her as irrecoverable, and do not wish her to awake to a sense of her misery. I have no wish to see her again, an object of mere compassion. She will live for ever in the memory of her friends as one of the most amiable and admirable of women. . . .

JAN. 19th. . . I finished *The Last Days of Pompeii*. This novel has raised Bulwer greatly in my opinion. It is a very striking story. It is true the archaeological matter is not profound, nor is the philosophy at all new, but the story is well conceived, the characters are finely contrasted, and there is a significance in the idea of the whole I was not led to expect from him. He has contrived, too, to render classical personages interesting. . . .

The book absorbed my attention for three days; it afforded me great pleasure. . . .

JAN. 23rd. . . . I took from the library Boaden's *Life of Mrs. Inchbald*, which I ran over with great rapidity, and even so it was lost time, the book being one of the worst I ever wasted my time over. Yet she was a very interesting person, a woman of genius and principle. She carried the virtue of parsimony to the verge of excess, but it never ceased to be virtue. . . .

JAN. 26th. . . . Went to Lady Blessington's. A very agreeable talk. Several foreigners there, and, among others, Erskine Perry, with whom I was much pleased. The conversation very varied. Lady Blessington did not make herself acceptable to me by very gross flattery. I never heard her flatter any one else. She read a delightful letter by Landor. Among other anecdotes she related that Lord Holland said of Peel on his attacking some radical, it reminded him of the Industrious Apprentice, when the Idle Apprentice was brought before him. . . .

FEB. 12th. Awoke early and read Barry Cornwall's last two numbers in the *Athenaeum* on Charles Lamb. They are pleasing articles, but better letters might have been chosen. . . . I read, *inter alia*, an excellent article on De Quincey's *Anecdotes of Coleridge*, in *Tait's Magazine*—a severe but well-merited castigation. . . .

FEB. 13th. . . . I took tea with the Jaffrays. I read to them Lamb's beautiful letter to me about Norris, which I gave to Dawson Turner, but of which I retain a copy. . . .

FEB. 14th. . . . I also began Lady Blessington's new novel, *The Two Friends*, but I shall hardly go on with it; it seems very dull. People of sense praise it. I can find nothing but commonplaces in it. . . .

FEB. 16th. . . . Saw Moxon to-day. He informs me that

Mary Lamb is now quite recovered and bears her loss with unexpected composure. She expressed her wish to live in town, if she had the means, and Moxon informed her of what I had said and assured her she would not be suffered to want for anything. . . .

FEB. 26th. . . . Came home at eleven. Then began to skim Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*.

FEB. 27th. I finished lounging over Lady Blessington's book. It has little worth reading and appears more insignificant compared with Hazlitt's *Conversations of Northcote*. One of the best conversations is that on the subject of the injustice with which the world treats some ladies with severity while others are overlooked altogether. The fair author gave the subject full attention and her reminiscences were sharpened to produce effect. After all, she knew Lord Byron only six weeks. She has not advanced her reputation either for candour or integrity. Nor does he appear as a great talker or thinker. His poetry, such as it is, is all he has to live on in the memory of mankind. . . .

FEB. 28th. . . . At night I began what I finished in the morning, Walter Scott's interesting general introduction to the *Waverley Novels*.

MARCH 2nd. . . . I may notice here what more properly belongs to to-morrow morning. (Wordsworth is come to London at the suggestion of Lord Lonsdale, the Ministry having intimated a desire to give some place to William. At present, however, nothing has been found. Wordsworth had wished to transfer his place to his son, but that is inexpedient as there will be such an arrangement of the stamp and tax offices as may occasion the retirement of Wordsworth himself on a pension to which he as an old employé will be entitled and which his son could not claim. Among other matters Wordsworth consulted with me about his will. He has proposed my being executor with Mr. Courtenay, which I deem a great compliment to me.)

MARCH 3rd. This was a busy and interesting day; I breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, Sir Robert Inglis called. Something highly respectable in his appearance; benevolence and simplicity are strongly expressed in his countenance. Mr. Rogers also called. He invited me to dine with the Wordsworths at his house to-day. I then walked with the Wordsworths to Pickersgill, who is painting Wordsworth in small for Dora Wordsworth, and we sat there a couple of hours—enlivening by chat to Wordsworth the dullness of sitting for a portrait. Called with Mrs. Wordsworth on Moxon. Miss Lamb is in

very low spirits and is apprehensive about her circumstances. This she has been told is idle. She must come nearer London—arrangements shall be made for her comfortable and certain maintenance.

At six o'clock I returned to the west and dined at Rogers's with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth—Rogers himself did not dine—he was going out at eight. The visit was short. The very rooms would have made the visit interesting without the sight of any one. The pictures and marbles render them delightful—the most perfect taste imaginable. Wordsworth and Rogers disputed about the pictures and in a tone on Rogers's part sub-acid at least. Indeed, in general, Rogers betrayed, though faintly, that spirit which led to Byron's infamous verses. Wordsworth related an anecdote which, elsewhere and with cordial friends only, would have been kindly received, of a person calling on him and thanking him for procuring him an excellent wife. They were both lovers of his poems. He told also a second story of a German as calling on him with a like assurance, and mentioned Hills courting his present wife on a like occasion. Rogers on this related a parody-anecdote. Someone introduced to a lady a blue-stockinged *bel esprit* who burned with impatience to know the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, but when the introduction took place she had never heard of the book. 'I never tell any other stories about myself.' This was followed by a significant pause: 'For I have none to tell.' I did not venture to look up. During the morning's talk Wordsworth was full of the Poor Law Amendment Bill, on which he will write a note in the appendix to his poems. At the Athenaeum early; a late call on Lady Blessington; she was alone. She told me tales of the Honourable Mrs. Norton, whom she declared to be the mistress of Lord Melbourne.

MARCH 4th. I saw Courtenay yesterday for a few minutes on Wordsworth's business (his will) . . . Called at Pickersgill's. Wordsworth there, but I did not stay. . . .

MARCH 10th. . . . I then walked on to Mary Lamb. I found her not so violent in her grief as I feared she would be, but still afflictingly afflicted. She moaned sadly during my visit, complaining that she could not weep. She says she has made up her mind to stay where she is, against which I remonstrated. She confessed that one main reason is the fear of not having the means of living in London. This I declared to be an idle fear, and I urged her to consent to do what *all* her friends concurred in thinking right, without troubling herself with making any

plans whatever. She played a single game of piquet, but without pleasure. . . .

MARCH 11th. . . . I read to them Miss Lamb's *Changeling*, an admirable tale, full of deep feeling and great truth of imagination. I then called on Mrs. Talfourd to speak about the Wordsworths and Mary Lamb. Nothing yet ascertained about the India House. I went last to the Athenaeum, where I slept over the papers and caricatures.

MARCH 12th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum in my way and talked on politics with Strutt, etc. As Wordsworth says: 'We can hardly be said to have a Government when the men at the helm must shift their course every instant at the will of a public body over whom they have an uncertain influence.'

MARCH 14th. I called on Wordsworth by appointment at Pickersgill's. The small picture is much better than the large one. Wordsworth went with me to see the bust at Denman's; he thinks it a good likeness. I walked further with him and a nephew of his and afterwards called on Moxon. From him I heard the gratifying intelligence that the Trustees of the India House Clerks' Fund have resolved to allow Miss Lamb £120 per annum! This I have written to Talfourd. All anxiety is now at an end about her future subsistence. . . . An agreeable day. Should have mentioned that I called with Wordsworth on Copley Fielding. We had a very pleasant chat on painting, a subject on which Wordsworth talks well. He spoke severely of Martin (not even sparing Turner) and of all the analogous artists in poetry, etc.

MARCH 19th. A call from Wordsworth and a consultation about (his will. According to his account, his disposable property consists of more than two thousand pounds due to him out of his brother's estate, about two thousand in the Rock Office, including insurance for one thousand, and about four thousand which is invested in) annuities. . . .

MARCH 21st. . . . I went to Wordsworth. Served as his amanuensis to write from dictation a note to his new publication. . . .

MARCH 22nd. Wordsworth came to me at nine and stayed with me till past three. Our whole time was spent in looking over and correcting his preface to the new volume of his poems. Especially a note on the Poor Laws—which will make enemies. . . .

MARCH 23rd. After a little reading I went to Wordsworth at Pickersgill's. He returned with me to chambers and we spent several hours in reading his manuscript and I wrote from his dictation—rather a trying task. Wordsworth is accustomed to

an amanuensis thoroughly patient and unpresuming to criticise—I could not be so patient and my interference was not always in vain. Wordsworth will aggravate antipathies by his polemical notes. His admirers will find additional cause to admire in his poems. . . .

MARCH 25th. . . . Broken in upon by Wordsworth, with whom I made an appointment. In consequence I went at one to the Zoological Gardens, where I was joined by the Wordsworths. A very agreeable lounge in this very interesting spot. There a few animals of great interest. The rhinoceros to me a novelty. These grounds are now widely extended and with a tunnel extend on both sides the public drive. Here we met Julius Hare, with whom Wordsworth and I walked back. Having accompanied Wordsworth to his house, I dined at the Athenaeum. . . .

MARCH 30th. . . . Returned to chambers to dress, and at half-past seven I went to Lady Blessington's, with whom I dined. There was a party of about twelve by which I was amused. The only person with whom I had much chat was Frederick Reynolds,¹ whom I helped to get into the Athenaeum, for which he expressed himself duly obliged. He talks with the ease and assurance of one who goes much into company, but I suspect him to be an ordinary person; he is quite so, in his judgment of Wordsworth. He spoke of knowing him. I believe, on recollection, that Wordsworth wrote for his Annual,² and was not pleased with the treatment he received from him. The amusing man of the party was a young Irishman, Lover, a miniature painter and an author; he sang and played to himself and he told some Irish tales with admirable effect, one of King O'Toole and one of an Irish piper—in both, exquisite absurdities uttered in a quiet tone and dramatically constituted the charm. . . . [Others present included] Willis, the American, who spoke very little: by the bye, he is said to have a poem on the point of coming out. Chorley, the author of *Sketch of a Seaport Town* . . . Count D'Orsay of course did the honours. Lady Blessington quite well, but not very talkative. . . .

APRIL 5th. . . . At seven I dined with Rolfe; an interesting party, in all, twelve. The most remarkable man was (Lord) Jeffrey—alias Mr. Jeffrey, the Scotch judge, and so a lord by courtesy without being a nobleman. . . . It was an interesting afternoon. Jeffrey is a sharp and clever-looking man, and in spite of my dislike to his name, he did not, on the whole, displease me, though I introduced the subject of Wordsworth. He began

¹ Author of about a hundred plays, including *Eloisa*, a tragedy, and *The Dramatist*, a comedy.

² *The Keepsake*.

by saying he was an admirer of Wordsworth, and yet he called him arrogant, impertinent, etc., chiefly with reference to his *Preface*. We did not more than skim the subject occasioned by his mentioning that Talfourd had written an article or two for the *Edinburgh Review*. Talfourd had seen him under the gallery of the Commons and Jeffrey meant to call on him. It seems, by the bye, that Talfourd's speech is considered generally as a failure, and yet Jeffrey said it was the speech of a clever man—he must, however, alter his style. It was a bold thing to quote Wordsworth twice. *The Times* has given one quotation; politics were talked, of course. . . .

APRIL 5th. An interesting dinner at Rolfe's. Among his guests was Jeffrey, once *Edinburgh Review* editor, now Lord Jeffrey—a Scotch judge. His treatment of Wordsworth would not allow me to like him, had he been greater by far than he was, and therefore when he said, 'I was always an admirer of Wordsworth,' I could not repress the unseemly remark: 'You had a singular way of showing your admiration.' He called Wordsworth, especially for his *Preface*, arrogant and impertinent. Yet on the whole Jeffrey did not displease me. He is sharp and clever after the Scotch fashion. We talked of Talfourd, too, whose recent first speech [in the House] was deemed a failure. It was injudicious as well as bold to quote Wordsworth twice. Yet, Jeffrey said, he is a clever man, but he must alter his style. Jeffrey had already allowed him to write in the *Edinburgh*.

APRIL 10th. . . . Three Conservative sonnets, evidently by Wordsworth, in to-day's *Times*, but not among his best.

APRIL 11th. . . . A letter from Wordsworth on the French business which I could not attend to. . . .

APRIL 13th. I had Prandi with me . . . But little Italian. However, he assisted me in drawing up, in French, a letter to M. Baudouin which I shall forward to-day . . . Wordsworth wrote to me last week informing me that the £400 are still lying in the hands of Messrs. André et Cottier, and authorising M. Baudouin to receive the capital sum instead of purchasing in the French funds. This I have stated to him and I at the same time remonstrated with him on his not having taken up the money. This letter I wrote at night at the Athenaeum, and I wrote a letter to Messrs. André et Cottier including the like authority to pay. It is quite clear to me that the Baudouins are trying to extort money without any good feeling or excuse whatever. . . .

APRIL 14th. Occupied writing this morning. Sent away letters to Baudouin and André et Cottier. . . .

APRIL 15th. . . . I went to Mrs. Hoare's, where were Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. I was invited to breakfast and I had a very agreeable morning there. Wordsworth approved of the letter I had written to M. Baudouin. Enjoyed a walk in the beautiful gardens of Mrs. Hoare and of her son-in-law the banker. Hers quite shut up, has no view beyond the wall. His has a beautiful view towards Harrow, but still I prefer the seclusion of hers for a residence, his, to go and look at. Wordsworth is not the writer of the three Conservative sonnets . . . Talfourd called on me. We chatted a little about Mary Lamb and Wordsworth. . . .

APRIL 16th. . . . A call from Wordsworth. With him at Courtenay's. Walked with him to Rogers's: an agreeable chat there. Rogers appeared in a very amiable light towards his servant who has robbed him. Also a call on Moxon. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . Rode down to Hampstead; dined at the Hoares' by invitation, the Wordsworths being there. It was but a dull evening. Henry Coleridge came after dinner and Miss Aikin, Mr. and Mrs. Le Breton, etc., came in the evening. All came to see the poet. Wordsworth was not in good humour during the dinner, but Coleridge brought a letter with bad news from Rydal. Wordsworth's daughter, Dorothy, is alarmingly ill—she eats nothing—so that the doctor advises change of air as the only means of preserving her. Wordsworth, therefore, means to go down to Rydal almost immediately; he will perhaps bring her with him. At all events he must return to have his teeth put in. He was in very low spirits, and I doubt whether Miss Aikin or the Le Bretons heard his voice during the evening. He said: 'Your article on the *Mass*¹ is quite convincing.' Faint praise, if any. Coleridge spoke very freely of the personal character of Lord Lyndhurst. . . .

APRIL 19th. . . . In the *Edinburgh Review* . . . an interesting article on Coleridge's *Table Talk* in which that great man is better treated than one could have expected, and a view of his mind taken which what is called good sense, in the absence of profound philosophy and poetical feeling, would suggest.

APRIL 22nd. . . . Fetched my *Mass* article from the Antiquarian Society; pleased with it on reading it over again. But more pleased by receiving a letter from André et Cottier which will give great pleasure to Wordsworth. It includes a receipt under the hand of Baudouin and his wife for the money in lieu of the annuity. This will be a great relief to Wordsworth's

¹ A paper on the etymology of the word *mass* written by Crabb Robinson for the Society of Antiquaries.

spirits. (I have since (23rd) received a letter of complaint from M. Baudouin which I shall not probably worry Wordsworth by communicating.) I wrote to Wordsworth by to-day's post. I fear that the more serious causes of distress in his own family will not permit him to derive much pleasure from the termination of this troublesome business. . . . Then took the stage to Edmonton. I found Miss Lamb very much better indeed than could have been expected. She talked with me not indeed cheerfully, but with composure, and we have agreed that she shall remain for the present at Mr. Walden's. I am to send her French novels. I found her reading English Montaigne. After tea and a two hours' chat I walked back. . . .

APRIL 28th. . . . Went to Mr. John Monkhouse, to whom I read from Wordsworth. The beauties of the new volumes have even grown on me. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . I then went to Mr. Monkhouse—read Wordsworth to him. By the bye, John Wordsworth, the poet's nephew, called with news from the north: Miss Wordsworth is very ill, and Dora only said to be rather better. She is to come up to London in June. I wish the journey were not postponed. . . .

APRIL 30th. I went to Mr. Monkhouse and read him Byron's *Vision of Judgment*. This gave my mind a turn and I could think of little else during the day. . . . Took tea with the Jaffrays. I stayed with them till ten reading to them parts of Wordsworth's new volume, which they tried to like. I then took some volumes of Lord Byron to look over in bed and began the notes and accompaniments to *Don Juan*. By the bye, I read to the Jaffrays the dedication of *Don Juan* to Southey. The wit and satirical talent of Lord Byron are of the highest order, and his general powers are great; however unenjoyably they are exercised to my taste. Some of his small poems—the stanzas written on his birthday just before his death—show that his vice was not the want of feeling but perverted and diseased sensibility. He had the elements of goodness but oppressed by other elements of a less happy quality.

MAY 4th. . . . I wrote to Wordsworth in answer to a kind letter from him expressing strongly his pleasure that I had brought the French business to a happy conclusion. I gave him an account of Mr. Monkhouse's situation and of Mr. Tyrrell's opinion of the complaint of Dora Wordsworth. Wordsworth's letter to him contains some interesting remarks on the criticisms on his poems. I sat an hour with Monkhouse in the evening and read Wordsworth's volume to him, and I concluded the

evening at Lady Blessington's. She was, I thought, rather cool towards Willis who was with her, but who was very much at his ease. . . .

MAY 8th. . . . I read in the course of the day . . . the first volume of Mrs. Shelley's *Lodore*, a novel which has given me very great pleasure indeed. . . .

MAY 9th. . . . I went again to the Athenaeum, where I read to Basil Montagu some parts of Wordsworth which he seemed to me very imperfectly to understand and faintly to feel.—I also read the second volume of *Lodore*, which has greatly fallen short of the first in its impression on me. . . .

MAY 10th. . . . I began this morning Talfourd's tragedy *Ion*. The affectionate tone of the preface pleased me, and his explanation of the reasons why he printed his work is satisfactory. The poem will not disgust any one, and it will please all the lovers of literature. . . .

MAY 11th. Read in bed the third act of *Ion*. This play of Talfourd's has originality of incident at least, and though too flashily written, preserves the attention and, without any strongly marked character, gratifies by the general tone of the sentiments. . . . I finished *Lodore*. The third volume rises over the second. . . . An excellent novel. . . .

MAY 13th. . . . Finished this morning Talfourd's *Ion*. . . . On the whole this tragedy has raised Talfourd in my opinion. . . .

May 23rd. . . . Called at Moxon's to-day. Poor Mary Lamb is, I hear, already ill again.

MAY 24th. . . . Finished O'Brien's octavo volume on the *Round Towers of Ireland*. Sheer loss of time, I fear, in the perusal, but I was drawn on by one whimsical absurdity after another. . . .

MAY 25th. . . . I then returned and concluded the evening by going to the Athenaeum where I read a third of volume one of Coleridge's *Table Talk*. This book will be harshly and unjustly estimated I think. A more difficult book, not original, I cannot well imagine. Coleridge's sayings were curious as well as wise in their connection, but without their connection they may to the ordinary reader seem merely odd. His puns and strong sayings are recollectable and repeatable; not so the wiser and deeper words that fell from him. I have seen nothing yet in this book at all equal to what I recollect. The preface contains a severe but well-merited rebuke of De Quincey for his shameful article in *Tait's Magazine*.

MAY 26th. . . . I read Washington Irving's *Newstead Abbey*: the tale of the deaf and dumb forlorn poor woman, who took

refuge near the abbey on account of Lord Byron, whom she idolised, having never seen him, is deeply pathetic. Then I went on with the *Table Talk* of Coleridge—read in the second volume—more political than in the first volume—being *anno 1831*, chiefly on the Reform Bill, Malthus, and the Church—all the very topics on which he is most bigoted and least ingenious. To-day's reading, first quarter of volume two, very heavy indeed; but I still have volume one to go on with.

JUNE 1st. . . . Then I went to the Athenaeum, where I read in Coleridge's *Table Talk* with very mixed feelings—pleasure greater than approbation, and very little concurrence in feeling. It was very fine, so I came home past nine to dress and then went to Lady Blessington's. I found her as usual very agreeable. We talked more freely than I had ever ventured before of our friend (Landor). I mentioned the idle report I had heard from Dr. Thomson that he was going to separate from his wife. 'That would not at all surprise me,' said Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, too. . . .

JUNE 16th. . . . Yesterday a letter from Landor . . . with an enclosure for Leigh Hunt which I shall forward to-day.

JUNE 17th. . . . During the day I was reading *Zeluco*.¹ I wanted a novel and took one which Mrs. Barbauld called entertaining. There is talent unquestionably in the development of the character, but a less entertaining book I do not know. The only parts of the book which I shall recollect with any pleasure are the episodes, which are pleasant, for instance the duel between the two Scotch servants who fight for the character of Queen Mary. There are some good bits of natural sense against orthodoxy in creeds and inhumanity in practice.

JUNE 26th. . . . The post brought me a very sad letter from Wordsworth. Miss Hutchinson died on the 23rd. She was thought to be the healthiest of the family,—their stay under the dangerous illness of Miss Wordsworth and Dora. Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson is with them or Wordsworth says Mrs. Wordsworth would have sunk under the over-exertion. He desired me to communicate these tidings and I accordingly called on H. N. Coleridge and I wrote to Tom Clarkson at Playford. . . .

JUNE 28th. . . . Then called on John Collier whom I have not seen for a long time. He gave me his pamphlet letters to Amyot containing documents about Shakespeare from Lord Francis Egerton's muniments about his property in theatres, etc. . . .

¹ By Dr. John Moore. 1786.

JULY 2nd. . . . Then came home and finished *Jacob Faithful*. This is an excellent novel by Captain Marryat; better, I think, than *Peter Simple*. . . .

JULY 19th. . . . Read in bed between one and two the introduction to Scott's *Robert of Paris*. I doubt it will prove an unreadable book.

OCT. 27th. . . . I too read . . . Moore's last volume:¹ the squibs very much amused me. . . .

OCT. 29th. . . . I amused myself by reading . . . the trifles reprinted by Moore at the end of his *Fudges in England*. . . .

NOV. 9th. [Brighton.] . . . I had a letter from Moxon to-day brought me by Hallett with a copy of Lamb's works in three volumes. He gives a very favourable account of Miss Lamb—but not so good of Wordsworth's spirits. . . .

NOV. 12th. . . . We dined with Horace Smith, a small but very agreeable party, or rather Horace Smith is himself a party. His anecdotes he does, indeed, occasionally repeat, but he relates well, and that serves to excuse repetition. By the bye, Masquerier tells me that formerly Rogers, on Masquerier saying that I was with him, said in his sneering way: 'Can Mrs. Masquerier get in a word?' on which Smith said: 'I know few people who talk so much and so well at the same time.' On another occasion, Masquerier saying that I read walking and lost a book, Rogers said: 'If he were to drop a book out of his hand it should be Wordsworth, for as he worships him he would not object to going down on his knees to it!' Is there wit in this? I borrowed of Horace Smith some numbers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and was amused by Campbell's *Letters from Algiers*. On the contrary, Coleridge's letters from Germany are not worth reading.

NOV. 22nd. . . . I should have said yesterday that I received a most kind letter from Mrs. Wordsworth pressing me to pay them a visit in about a month—urging this as an act of charity. Such an invitation is irresistible and I sent an answer under Charles Buller's frank consenting to go down, provided a lodging can be procured where I can sleep and breakfast—dining with Wordsworth. . . . After nine I went to Serjeant Talfourd's, with whom I had a long and friendly chat about Mary Lamb, Charles Lamb's correspondence, etc. Talfourd says the letters are most delightful, but many are very exceptionable. The later letters, as well as writings, far superior to the earlier. A regard to living friends will render many suppressions necessary, as where writing to Manning, he says: 'Wordsworth says he could

¹ *The Fudges in England*, 1835.

write like Shakespeare if he had a mind. So you see nothing is wanting but the mind.'

Nov. 23rd. . . . I then went to the Athenaeum where I stayed the whole of the evening and read, *inter alia*, the third volume of Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*. He gives an account of his breakfasting with Charles Lamb at my chambers,¹ as in other cases putting for my name R. He speaks with great delight of Charles Lamb, and yet his account is calculated only to excite contempt. It might have been worse—he does not allude to some melancholy facts I mentioned to him. In his account of his interview with Wilson he makes Wilson say that he never in his life heard Wordsworth quote anybody's poetry but his own. This cannot be true, either Willis or Wilson has said the thing that is not. . . .

Nov. 29th. I breakfasted with Mr. Rogers *tête-à-tête* and was with him from ten till one. A very agreeable morning and I left him with feelings of enhanced respect. He evinced a benevolence of disposition which I had not given him credit for. There was very little of that severity of remark for which he is reproached—candour and good sense marked all he said. We talked about Wordsworth, Lord Byron, and Goethe, and I have lent him Mrs. Austin's book. He seems sufficiently prepossessed in favour of Goethe. Of Lord Byron he spoke freely, no allusion of course, to the infamous verses against himself; but he expressed himself strongly of Lord Byron's malice and revenge. He said he would cherish resentment for a word and when the speaker had forgotten it, he would assail him by everything that could wound him. He mentioned his having through inadvertence repeated to him that he had [heard] Wordsworth say: 'I would not give five shillings for all Southey ever wrote.' 'I heard that Byron had printed this, but I went to Murray and declared that I would never see him or Lord Byron again if it were not expunged. It was expunged.' I told him that in fact it appeared in the new edition without his name but I guessed him at once; he was surprised at this. 'But,' said he, 'I have not the new edition and would not on any account possess it.' He spoke very highly of Wordsworth, but with qualifications which would not satisfy Wordsworth's admirers. He thinks he is likely, now, to be over-lauded as before he was underrated. I was least prepared for his affirming that Wordsworth is a careless versifier—he thinks his blank verse better than his rhymes. On moral subjects and religion Rogers showed a seriousness I did not expect. He said it was most

¹ See *ante*, June 19th 1834.

painful that he recollects so distinctly his faults. 'But,' said he, 'every man has his kind moments and does occasionally kind actions, of course I as well as others, and it is distressing I cannot recollect them.' 'A Pharisee would,' I replied, 'and surely it is better not.' 'That I acknowledge, but still it is painful.' He produced a small volume which he praised greatly—*Clio on Taste*,¹ by J. U.—one Usher. . . .

DEC. 3rd. . . . Went then to Moxon's. With him was Miss Lamb; she was very comfortable, not in high spirits, but calm, and she seemed to enjoy the sight of so many old friends. There were Cary, Allsop, Miss James. No direct talk about her brother. Wordsworth's epitaph she disapproves of; she does not like any allusion to his being a clerk or to family misfortunes. This is very natural; not even dear Mary can overcome the common feeling that would conceal lowness of station or a reference to ignoble sufferings. At the Athenaeum till late. At night read Lord Byron and finished the second canto, as next morning the third, of *Don Juan*. I have been deeply impressed with the combined wit, feeling, and eloquence of this wonderful and monstrous production. It gives delight and excites disgust. The man was diseased—perhaps vicious is the more correct term: his genius is not to be disputed. The blending of the horrible and ludicrous in the shipwreck scene of canto two; the ribaldry and profound truth of his satire on marriage in the third, blended with such pathetic pictures of genuine passion, are among the painful and delightful manifestations of a perverted talent.

DEC. 13th. . . . At ten I went to Lady Blessington. She confirmed the account that Landor is in England. He has written to her, but very briefly, and said nothing about his own affairs. He is in Wales. Fonblanque, (he fears, will soon be in difficulties again. He is going to give up the *Chronicle*, which cannot afford to pay him £700 a year; he gave up a permanent employment which produced him £600 and which he cannot resume.)

DEC. 16th. . . . At night began Allsop's *Letters of Coleridge*, a book that must greatly offend Wordsworth. It is full of odd things; Coleridge is shown more honestly than by his nephew. A capital word which will be misunderstood is to this effect: 'I asked Clarkson whether he ever thought of the fate of his soul hereafter. He said he had no time; he thought only of the slaves of Barbadoes. Wilberforce, he added, cared nothing about the slaves—nor if they were all damned, provided he saved his own soul. (This was grossly unjust to Wilberforce.) As there is a

¹*Clio; or, a Discourse on Taste: addressed by a young lady* by James Usher.

worldliness or too much of this life—so there is *another-worldliness* or *other-worldliness* equally hateful and selfish with this worldliness.' This is admirable.

DEC. 18th. . . . I afterwards called on Rogers: a very pleasant chat with him on Wordsworth, Byron, etc.; Coleridge's *Letters*.—A call from Talfourd. . . . I went late to the Athenaeum for a frank for Wordsworth, which I obtained. . . . One sentence in Allsop's book, given as Coleridge's, is worth copying. 'By Priest, I mean a man who, holding the scourge of power in his right hand and a Bible, translated by authority, in the left, doth necessarily cause the Bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces the temper of mind that leads to infidelity; infidelity which, judging of revelation by the doctrines and practices of established churches, honours *God by rejecting Christ*!'

I forgot to mention that I called this morning on Mr. Green. I shall lend him my Spinoza for the purpose of his extracting the marginalia of Coleridge. Rogers said he never entered Lady Blessington's door after the Countess D'Orsay left the house. He speaks very highly of Lady D'Orsay [sic] {but spoke in the strongest terms of reprobation of her husband. He is entirely} under the dominion of Lady Blessington, who, he says, is rich. He has nothing. He keeps one of the dancers at the Opera, but dares not look at her in Lady Blessington's presence.

DEC. 20th. . . . Then went to Serjeant Talfourd's, with whom and Moxon I dined. The evening till past twelve was spent in looking over Lamb's letters to Wordsworth and, when they were gone, Lamb's letters to Manning, which letters are the very best but they require a sedulous sifting. Wordsworth is very particular and has noticed as doubtful what appeared to us unexceptionable, and we were frequently embarrassed and finally I dare say Wordsworth will be dissatisfied as he will be very angry at several things in the correspondence published by Allsop which I have now finished. The worst passages are those in which a doubt is raised whether Wordsworth is a Christian, and Wordsworth's answer: 'When I am a good man then I am a Christian,' is equivocal, and will be taken in different senses. Fonblanque is enraged with the book, and all parties will abuse it alike.

DEC. 21st. . . . Then a call on Longman for Wordsworth. There are two hundred and sixty-eight copies of Wordsworth's poems still on hand. . . .

DEC. 25th. [Rydal.] Having breakfasted, I set out at eight and arrived at Rydal about half-past ten. I was set down at a small house opposite Mr. Wordsworth's lane—kept by a Mrs. Atkins—

where I found a fire in the sitting-room intended for me. I was expected last night. Mrs. Wordsworth had left tea and sugar for me and I saw an omen of comfort in these lodgings in the agreeable countenance of my landlady. I, without waiting to dress, ran up to the Wordsworths, from whom I had a very kind reception. They approve of my plan of spending my mornings alone. I have yet had but a short chat with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. The account of poor Miss Wordsworth by no means favourable, but Dora's case seems far more promising. A few words about the recent publication of Coleridge's *Letters*, about which Wordsworth feels as all honourable men must do. I soon left them as they were going to church, and I have been filling up the intermediate time in putting my things in order, dressing, and filling up my journal. It will soon be time to go to Wordsworth's to their early dinner.

We dined as they do usually here, very early. One is the dinner hour and the rest of the day was spent within except that we took a walk after dinner, that is, Wordsworth and myself, (beyond Dr. Arnold's house with the Doctor himself to his house,) ¹ and I came home at nine. Read till past twelve, when I retired, having at night begun Southey's *Life of Cowper*.

DEC. 26th. . . . I have a bad memory and no skill in recording the finer parts of conversation such as may be repeated with honour. What I do recollect and could easily write down are what would expose me to the sort of imputation which Allsop has justly incurred. What it would be disreputable to print, it would be dishonourable to put in the power of others to print, and these idle memoranda *may* survive me. They *may not* if I live long and have ample warning. What I have to say of to-day will probably be an anticipation of my days during my stay here. I read in bed a couple of hours, for I awoke early. I sat within—not till dinner-time as it happened—for about twelve Mrs. Wordsworth passing in a gig proposed my taking Wordsworth out. I called on him and we had a fine dry walk up Grasmere lake, crossed it, and returned on the western side. I stayed with the Wordsworths, as I generally shall do, the rest of the day, and in the dark (hour I walked with Wordsworth by Grasmere lake, also down to Ambleside—the excuse, to) ² ask for a paper. We returned to our tea at

¹ In the manuscript these words have been written over the line 'by the side of the Grasmere Lake,' which has been erased.

² Over this passage has been written and then erased, 'And beyond Dr. Afnold's house, and the Dr. with us to his house.' Probably, therefore, Dr. Arnold was with them only on one of the walks of Dec. 25th and 26th and Crabb Robinson, writing up his diary later, confused the two evenings.

six and at nine I came home, having ordered a fire in my bedroom at which I sat till twelve, when I read in bed till one. Such will probably be my life for the next few weeks. I am most comfortably situated. My kind and agreeable landlady makes me excellent toast and I have my own tea—a ham has been supplied by Mrs. Wordsworth. In the evening I take a morsel of bread and ham to keep off the foul fiend. Such is my home life. . . . A cottage-like apartment, very comfortable, a similar bedroom behind; for this I am to pay (Mrs. Wordsworth says) ten shillings a week and three and sixpence for fire—I dare say I shall be most honestly charged for the few things I consume. I must not, however, forget that I spent two hours this morning in looking over those of Lamb's letters which Wordsworth did not choose to send to Talfourd. There are several most delightful letters which one regrets not to be able to print immediately. There are also some which Wordsworth will allow me to copy in part and some from which notes may be taken, viz.: Lamb relates that having borrowed *Cœlebs*¹ of a careful, neat lady he wrote in it and returned it with this verse:

If ever I marry a wife
I 'll marry a landlord's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy and water.

An exposure of Gifford's treatment of Lamb's review of Wordsworth's poems is a good counterpart to Allsop's history of Coleridge's review of Clarkson's *History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade*. By the bye, I have read Jeffrey's letters to Coleridge on that subject. They do not make out Allsop's statement.

DEC. 27th. I read early Southey's *Cowper* till church time. I went to church; but a small congregation in this neat ornament to the village (a chapel-of-ease). Dr. Arnold officiated; he has the face and voice and manner of a man of talents, but his sermon was altogether cold—as bad as the morning itself: I sat shivering without my greatcoat. We dined at one; after dinner I walked with Wordsworth by Grasmere and to Ambleside though it rained a little; at nine I came home. To-day full of conversation; it gave me great pleasure to perceive that both Mrs. and Dora Wordsworth are evidently gratified by my being here. They say I have already done Wordsworth a great service by taking him out of himself; both they and he are in better spirits than I could have expected, and Dora—a very sweet girl—is evidently

¹ *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, by Hannah More.

in improving health; Wordsworth is somewhat less intolerant than he used to be and we have had very little sparring yet on politics. Of poor, dear Miss Wordsworth, I hear a melancholy account and I have not yet seen her—nor do I press it. . . . At night I finished Southey's first volume of Cowper's *Life*—a very uncomfortable book; no fault of the writer's. He could not have satisfied his employers if he had not given a full account of Cowper's diseased religion. . . . The only amusing parts are the digressive accounts of Churchill and Lloyd.

DEC. 28th. A day of uninterrupted quiet enjoyment. . . . I looked over an important document, (Wordsworth's will,) which required attention and thought, and I continued Lamb's letters till one. After dinner I chatted with Wordsworth *de omnibus rebus* and between three and four we set out notwithstanding the bad weather, for it had rained all the morning and threatened to rain again. We left a message at the door of Dr. Arnold. We strolled on to the shore of Windermere. The angry clouds left Langdale Pikes a grand object—more grand, perhaps, surrounded by black stormy clouds than illumined by the sun—and we made several calls. . . . At night I began reading . . . the *Life of Crabbe*.

DEC. 29th. I awoke early and read in bed what I finished soon after breakfast. This *Life* has not much to interest me, because there is not much that interests me in Crabbe's poetry; I take no pleasure in his unpoetical representations of human life, and though no one can dispute that he had a powerful pen and could faithfully portray what he saw, yet he had an eye only for the sad realities of life. As Mrs. Barbauld said to me many years ago: 'I shall never be tired of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*—I shall never look again into Crabbe's *Village*.' Indeed this impression is so strong that I have never read his later works—I know little about them. Of the *Life* the only parts that are attractive are the account of his extreme poverty and of his introduction to Burke, who at once raised him out of his desperately forlorn condition and made a parson of him. There are also several pleasing letters from the Quaker writer, Mrs. Leadbeater; also from Sir Walter Scott and some of Crabbe's own. I feel infinite respect for Crabbe and may read some two or three of his poems that I may have something like an idea of him.

I dined to-day with the Hardens at Field Head. John Harden fetched me in his gig—a pleasant drive—an agreeable dinner, and altogether a visit that I enjoyed. Our party consisted of a Mr. Rawlinson,—a barrister of no practice, but a gentleman, residing here, of considerable fortune, a very unpleasant man—his lady

and Doctor and Mrs. Arnold. The Doctor is not very much to my taste. He is a dry man and a clever rationalist; his opinions I like better than his principles—that is, he comes to conclusions which I cannot trace to his principles. . . . Wordsworth says and with truth that the Doctor ought not to be a minister of the Church of England. The Doctor is a Church reformer; he is a friend of Bunsen's, whom he, however, thinks to be a Liberal in politics! . . .

DEC. 30th. At twelve I left my hospitable friends and had a delightful walk home. . . . Field Head is about five miles from Rydal. I found Wordsworth in low spirits; Miss Wordsworth's disease is taking a sad turn and he has lost all hopes. We dined late to-day, and before dinner I took a walk with Wordsworth. We met Hartley Coleridge coming to call on Wordsworth, an unlucky chance, for, as we dined late, Wordsworth could not but invite Hartley Coleridge to dinner. We had Mr. Carr to dinner and, therefore, the wine-bottles were not nearly empty. As soon as we sat down Coleridge drank wine with every one, and in consequence, though we were summoned very soon to coffee, poor Coleridge was already drunk—he was far advanced when he came. He went away as soon as the coffee was announced, and Wordsworth was so anxious about him that I followed him and led him to his lodging beyond Grasmere—he was quite unable to walk and fell four times. I had great trouble in getting him home. It broke into the evening sadly; I came home and read the *Life of Machiavelli*. . . .

DEC. 31st. . . . Wordsworth broke in upon my reading by proposing a walk at half past eleven. We ascended Mr. Carter's plantations, and after dinner I walked there again in search of a lost handkerchief; with Wordsworth and Mr. Carr at Ambleside; a walk also with Mrs. Cookson, and at night I read over to the Wordsworths some of Lamb's reserved letters in order to pick out passages to be copied, and in this the evening was spent. At night I read in bed as before and looked over various pamphlets which Wordsworth had recommended to me, and these engaged me till late, of which hereafter.

This year's visit to Wordsworth, at a season when most persons shun the Lakes, was succeeded by many others, indeed, with few interruptions until old age and death put an end to this and all other social enjoyments. It was the consequence of a pressing invitation by Mrs. Wordsworth, who stated, and I have no reason to doubt her perfect sincerity, that she believed it would promote his health, my 'buoyant spirits,' as he has put it in print, 'cheering

him. In answer to the invitation I gladly accepted it, with a modification—that lodgings should be taken for me in the neighbourhood of Rydal Mount, where I should sleep and breakfast, and to which I should return in the evenings, a fire and a milk supper being prepared for me. The day with Wordsworth, walking and dining, I soon became known and was considered as one of his family, and generally was of his party wherever he was. This arrangement was cordially approved of by Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth and adhered to till an accident interrupted it. The family then consisted, besides themselves, of Miss Wordsworth, the 'Sister Emily' [sic] of his poems, and our companion in the Swiss tour, but already in a state of hopeless mental imbecility. In her youth and middle age she was an admirable person, bearing somewhat the same relation to her brother William which dear Mary Lamb did to her brother Charles, when she, Mary Lamb was in possession of her faculties (that is, except at intervals), and before Miss Wordsworth was afflicted by a permanent malady to which there was no long lucid interval. She had offensive practices, and was in the habit of shouting and screaming, seemingly without cause. She required sensation, and demanded *heat*. Only *one* intellectual habit or faculty remained with her. She was fond of repeating the favourite small poems of her brother, as well as a few of her own, and she could often be *tamed*, if I may so say, by being desired to repeat a poem. And, given the first line, she would go on, and this she did in so sweet a tone as to be quite pathetic. I will say now all I need say of her life hitherto. She was not entirely without recollection and knew me when I was named. She never failed to ask after Mrs. Clarkson, one of her oldest and dearest friends, with whom she always connected me in her mind. She knew the state of my brother's family from time to time when it was in affliction, and made the proper inquiries. But she never went beyond this and had no recollection at what time she saw me last. It is much the same now at the distance of seventeen years. On the death of her brother she, for a short time, seemed to recover her clearness of understanding, but she soon relapsed. Her niece Dorina, as I called her by way of distinction, was then somewhat better than she had been, but generally, she was in a very poor and alarming state of health. She was the apple of her father's eye, and among his children the one on whom he dwelt with fondness. After this year there have succeeded marriage, travellifig, death. It would lead me too far now to proceed. Mrs. Wordsworth was what I have ever known her, and she will ever be while life remains, I have no doubt, perfect of her kind. I never knew her when she was the 'phantom of delight.' But since I have known her she has been

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Because she is so admirable a person, there is little to say of her in detail.

The servants have been generally the same since I have known them. The females excellent. One manservant I shall be able to characterise with more effect hereafter—James!

The dinner hour in this happy-when-healthy family was at one. I was generally Wordsworth's walking companion, and seldom left him, except to make visits, till after tea.

On the 27th December I heard Dr. Arnold preach in the little chapel-of-ease near Rydal Mount. It was a very cold day, and I sat freezing. I am willing to think that this circumstance occasioned my finding everything cold then. The Doctor's face, voice, manner altogether impressed me with a high opinion of his talents, but still he did not please me. However, he never ceased rising in my estimation, and that *might* well be, indeed, *must*, since I find that I wrote in my journal, after dining with him at Mr. Harden's, Field Head: 'The Doctor is not very much to my taste, a clever rationalist, a clergyman whose opinions I like better than his principles, that is, he comes to conclusions which I cannot trace to his principles.' I will explain how this arose. I was engaged reading Warburton's *Alliance between Church and State* at this time. I was surprised at the liberality of the Bishop's principles. 'The State adopts the Church for its *own* sake, and because it is useful, not because it is true. Therefore Episcopacy is established justly in England and Presbytery, with equal justice, in Scotland, for each is the religion of the people.' When I, on a future occasion, objected to this doctrine that Warburton ought on that ground to have established Romanism in Ireland, the Doctor's answer was: 'Slaves have no right to have a church, Warburton might have said, but now, certainly, the Roman Catholic Church ought to be established in Ireland.' Of this hereafter.

I mention this now merely as a seeming discrepancy in the Doctor's [Arnold's] opinions. For the Doctor affirmed that the State was bound to assume that the Church it establishes is true, and therefore it has established it. . . . [Here follows an account of Arnold's religious opinions.]

I was also, when I first conversed with the Doctor, unable to comprehend his notions of Church authority. . . . It was on this visit that the Doctor, the poet, and myself, being without a fourth, Wordsworth asserted with warmth that he would give a hundred lives rather than allow the Irish Church to be robbed of a guinea of its revenue. On this the Doctor reasserted calmly his opinion that the Roman Catholic Church ought to be established there—partly in jest as to the form, but seriously as to the substance; and as a go-between I declared that I would not attempt to establish a false Church; but that the Irish people could not be

expected to be at peace until the Anglican Church were abolished as a nuisance in a country of Romanists.

Wordsworth did not hesitate to declare that he thought Dr. Arnold held opinions unbecoming a minister of the Establishment, yet this he said with the warmest love of him. And there was a like reciprocal attachment between the ladies. On one occasion he said: 'I love Arnold. He is a good man, an admirable schoolmaster, but he would make a desperate bad bishop.' This I repeated to Mrs. Arnold after the death of both and gave her no offence. I presumed to say at the same time to her: 'I think your husband one of the best of Christians and one of the worst of Churchmen.' She smiled and said: 'There are many of that opinion.' The volumes of *Miscellanies*, published by her after his death, including his *Church Reform*, show the extent of his liberal opinions. . . .

All that I saw of the Doctor during this month's visit I may bring together. I suited well on this occasion, being more of a Whig than any of his friends at Ambleside, and I served as a breakwater. It seemed to me that Wordsworth was sometimes willing to attack Arnold through me. And in these mental shocks, there is a sort of strength in indifference. It is not the power to rebut, but to bear without offence that is wanted, and a full heart rejoices in the power to give vent to its emotions,—and Wordsworth might say to me what he was willing Arnold should apply to himself if he thought proper, but need not do. . . . I need scarcely say that my feeling towards the Doctor was greatly improved at the end of my visit. Mrs. Arnold was then, as she has ever been, an admirable person, altogether worthy to bear and educate the children of such a man. The Doctor was fond of young people, and an indulgent father without spoiling his children. He had high spirits, and delighted in giving nicknames. 'The old mountain road between Rydal and Grasmere he called 'Old Corruption'; the middle road, made some years before—a broad, but imperfect road he called 'Bit-by-bit Reform' (I modestly suggested 'Juste Milieu,' but was not listened to); and the noble road by the side of the lake, entirely escaping the hills, was named 'Radical Reform.' The younger children called them by these names without thinking scarcely [sic] of the meaning of the words. Before this time, when I was at Rydal, Wordsworth had taken me to see the frame of the house afterwards *Fox How* (hence F[ox] H[ow] is a signature adopted in some periodicals by the Doctor), the building of which he was superintending for a Dr. Arnold. . . .

• . . • One [other inhabitant of Ambleside] was Captain Hamilton (younger brother, I believe, of Sir W. Hamilton, the Edinburgh scholar), a man of delicate frame who died young. . . . The captain wrote an interesting and superior novel, *Cyril Thronton*, which I enjoyed, and also *Men and Manners in America*, a

book which gave great offence to the Yankees. He bore testimony against them very decidedly on the slavery question, and on the insults cast on the negro and mixed races. . . . The captain occupied a beautiful place called Elleray, on the Kendal Road, where I stayed a night with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. . . .

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JAN. 1st. . . . This morning I made some few extracts from Lamb's letters in order to forward them to Talfourd for his publication. The rest of the day was spent as usual, either in reading or chatting with Wordsworth. It was so bad a day that I took no walk beyond Wordsworth's house and at night I read to Wordsworth two chapters in De Tocqueville¹ with great pleasure. . . . Lately read *An Appeal to Dissenters by a Lay Dissenter*, a pamphlet of 1834 warmly praised by Wordsworth.

JAN. 2nd. . . . In the evening I was permitted to see poor Miss Wordsworth. She was in her best state. She knew me but would talk very little with me. She went on repeating without intermission fragments of poetry—her brother's, Cowper's, Dr. Watts's—then repeating the Doxology, and the most melancholy act of all, carried away by the association of ideas, repeating the Amen in a loud tone and mocking a clerk accompanied by loud laughter. Otherwise she repeated the verses with great feeling and fine emphasis. These are her *best* moments—I believe that Wordsworth is now so convinced that her case is hopeless that he will be comforted by her death. Perhaps he, in that event occurring, might find means to go to Italy and I shall be happy to accompany him.

JAN. 3rd. . . . After dinner a walk with Wordsworth to the Nook and the Scandelbeck² or something like it. Thence a chat with the Cooksons—an interesting family. In the evening Wordsworth read his verses on Charles Lamb—supplemental to the Epitaph. I fear though written with utmost delicacy that they cannot be printed in Miss Lamb's lifetime. *N.B.*—Sent to-day to Talfourd extracts from Charles Lamb's letters with a short note to Talfourd. . . .

JAN. 4th. Read as usual in bed. . . . Read . . . Hannah More's *Life and Correspondence*. I have finished the first volume which has very much amused me and I shall probably read but little beyond. This famous religionist set out on her literary

¹ *La Démocratie en Amérique*.

² Scandalebeck.

career with the ungodly. She was patronised by Garrick and was his frequent visitor.' At his house she became acquainted with Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Montagu and the other *bas-bleus* of that time. All the interest of the volume arises from the intermingling of these and the like in her history. She was then only moral and serious—but was growing methodistical; began to leave off going to plays though a dramatic writer. At that time certainly she was a young woman of remarkable good sense and lively talents. There was little poetry in her nature, though she wrote pleasant *vers de société*. The first volume brings her down to her fortieth year. . . . To-day I had my usual walk with Wordsworth, and in the evening we read De Tocqueville. We found it dull in its details as we advanced.

JAN. 5th. . . . I have had much talk with Wordsworth on this sad question.¹ He says with the solemn earnestness of a Hebrew prophet that he would die a thousand deaths rather than consent to the appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill! It is mournful to witness and alarming to anticipate the consequences of the opinions and prejudices of even good men on this most difficult of all subjects. I dined to-day with Wordsworth at Dr. Arnold's. An agreeable afternoon; though the main subject of conversation was one on which I have no pleasure in hearing Wordsworth talk — Goethe, whom he depreciates in utter ignorance. Dr. Arnold seems to be aware of the real objections to Goethe's moral character and is likely to overrate their importance. . . .

JAN. 6th. Going to dine with Wordsworth I found there the Hamiltons and Mr. Graves. They took a luncheon with us, and Wordsworth and I walked with Mr. Hamilton to Low Wood Inn. . . . We had a long walk and I came home tired. Reading and talking politics as usual. Read in bed at night. Began the second volume of Hannah More's letters. As soon as she broke off her acquaintance with the *literati* of London her letters become very uninteresting. Only to be skimmed over very slightly.

JAN. 7th. . . . After an early luncheon I walked partly and partly drove with Wordsworth to Elleray, the residence of Lady Farquhar and Mr. Hamilton—the property of Professor Wilson. It stands above the lake of Windermere and enjoys a very wide view of the lake which I next morning saw, though disadvantageously; the mist obscured the lake. We had a very agreeable afternoon. Wordsworth exerted himself and Mr. Hamilton is a sensible man—a Whig, too—Lady Farquhar seems a very kind

¹ The justice of forcing Irish Catholics to pay tithes to Anglican clergy.

and interesting woman. On our walk Wordsworth was remarkably eloquent and felicitous in his praise of Milton. He spoke of the *Paradise Regained* as surpassing even the *Paradise Lost* in perfection of execution, though the theme is far below it and demanding less power. He spoke of the description of the storm¹ in it as the finest in all poetry, and he pointed out some of the artifices of versification by which Milton produced so great an effect as in passages like this:

. . . pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.²

in which the power of the final 'rheums' is heightened by the 'atrophy' and 'pestilence.' 'But,' said he, 'I would not print this and similar observations, for it would enable ordinary verse-makers to imitate the practice, and what genius discovered mere mechanics would copy.' 'Hence,' I said, 'I hold critical writings of very little use. They do rather harm.' Wordsworth also praised, but not equally, the *Samson Agonistes*. He concurred, he said, with Johnson in this, that this drama has no *middle*, but the beginning and end are equally sublime.

JAN. 8th. The Lutwydges called on the Hamiltons this morning—an uncle of the Athenaeum Lutwydge and of the same class. An agreeable forenoon. Mrs. Wordsworth came at twelve and with her I drove home. The day tolerably fine. I dined with Dr. Arnold; I like him more the more I see him. The Hardens there, also Mr. and Mrs. Harrison.

JAN. 10th. . . . I read at night and in the morning the notes to Shelley's *Queen Mab* as well as here and there bits of his poetry. His atheism is very repulsive, but the God he denies seems to be after all but the God of the superstitious. I suspect that he has been guilty of this fault of which I find I have all my life been guilty, though not to his extent,—inferring that there can be no truth behind the palpable falsehoods propounded to him. He draws in one of his notes a picture of Christianity, or rather he sums up the Christian doctrine, and in such a way that perhaps Wordsworth would say: 'This, I disbelieve as much as Shelley, but that is only the caricature and burlesque of Christianity.' And yet this is the Christianity most men believe. As poetry there is much very delightful in Shelley. Read till late in bed.

JAN. 11th. Read in bed as usual. 'Before I had finished

¹ *Paradise Regained*, Book iv, ll. 409 seq.

² *Paradise Lost*, Book xi, ll. 486-8.

writing in this book I had a call from Wordsworth. He required me to look over his brother's will and advise in answering a letter from Lightfoot, the husband of his brother's widow. The consideration of this subject occupied us till dinner, after which I took a drive with the Wordsworths. We called on a fine old woman of eighty-three, a Mrs. Freeman—a pleasure to see such a person. Then at Mr. Carr's. . . . In the evening Wordsworth read to us several beautiful sonnets by Bowles and other moderns. I read at night till late.

JAN. 12th. And I awoke early and finished skimming the last volume of Hannah More's *Correspondence*; I had looked over two volumes in two nights, reading less as I advanced. The book has every disadvantage, the compiler, Mr. Roberts, being a poor creature, but it has left a very high opinion of Saint Hannah. She had great good sense as well as a wonderful facility in writing, and her religion was of the best sort practically, however narrow her creed. Her retreat from genteel society had something heroic in it—nor was she illiberal, though her sect is. She frankly writes of Mrs. Barbauld: 'I admire her talents and taste, but there is so great difference in our religious and political opinions that I cannot enjoy her highly intellectual society.' Who can complain of this? It is only of the Unitarians that she seems to write with malignity, but then in her eyes they are the worst of infidels.

The rest of the day spent in reading, etc., as usual. . . .

JAN. 13th. . . . It was a wet day and I spent the whole of it with the Wordsworths and in chatting, not reading. It may be worth mentioning that Wordsworth has himself intimated what so many other friends have done, that I ought to leave in writing, if not publish in my life, some account of my life. He is a severe and fastidious judge of writing of every sort and his recommendation is by far the most encouraging I ever received. It is very flattering, but I am by no means of opinion that I have talents of composition equal to the materials. From Wordsworth the recommendation has the more weight because he has very restraining opinions of the limits to be set to the repetition of anecdotes, the publication of letters; he has however, praised my anecdotes of Wieland and says I should do well to give an account of Goethe. He must think, though he does not say that, that I should also have much to say of himself.

By the bye his conversation has been very interesting lately, and had I not so bad a memory that a few hours suffice to obscure ~~most~~ I have heard, I might insert many a remarkable opinion, if not

fact. He gave an account of *The Ancient Mariner* written in Devonshire when Coleridge and Wordsworth were together and intended to be published in the *Monthly Magazine* to pay the expense of their journey. It was to have been a joint work. But Wordsworth left the execution to Coleridge after suggesting much of the plan. The idea of the crime was suggested by a book of travels by [Shelvocke] in which the superstition of sailors towards that bird [the albatross] is mentioned. Wordsworth at the same time wrote many of his *Lyrical Ballads*—Coleridge wrote the first four lines of *We are Seven*. (Wordsworth says that Coleridge was in the habit of altogether denying miracles though he professed great attachment to Christianity. Wordsworth's own religion, by the bye, would not satisfy either a religionist or a sceptic.) Read at night De Tocqueville till late.

JAN. 14th. A wet day, so that I was confined within doors and at Wordsworth's all day. . . . Reading no new book and chiefly engaged in newspaper reading and in political talk with Wordsworth, who is eloquent but tautological on some subjects—the Irish Church being the standing dish on all occasions.

JAN. 15th. Having had no walk yesterday, Wordsworth was with me early this morning to walk to Ambleside in spite of snow, and I found a snow scene quite pleasant in this mountainous country. In consequence I returned to my room after our walk and read alone till near five in De Tocqueville, when I accompanied Wordsworth to Dr. Arnold's. I had sent the Doctor Mr. Malden's address of the Senate to the Council of the London University, which he warmly praised. Wordsworth had also spoken well of it. . . . Our afternoon was a very quiet one—less disputatious than usual—I was allowed to relate travellers' anecdotes, which were well received. . . .

JAN. 16th. . . . After dinner I took a pleasant walk with Wordsworth to Grasmere. We called there on Mr. Parry, formerly of the house of Milne and Parry. He seemed to know something about me and I was amused by a little legal gossip. Read De Tocqueville at night.

JAN. 17th. . . . (By the bye I will here put down some scattered notes of talk with Wordsworth. What he appears to believe amounts to this and no more.)¹ 'The Atonement is a doctrine which has its foundation in that consciousness of unworthiness

¹ Sadler attributes these opinions to Dr. Arnold (1872 edition, vol. ii, p. 170), but Wordsworth's name is twice repeated by Crabb Robinson in his shorthand sentences at the beginning and at the conclusion of the account.

and guilt which arises from an upright self-examination—as all the orthodox doctrines are warranted by a humble spirit and all that is best in our moral nature. There is internal evidence for all these doctrines, which are a source of happiness. And the difficulty of comprehending the mysteries of the Gospel is no sufficient reason for rejection. It is not necessary to define with precision the doctrines thus received, and the Church of England has encumbered itself by needless and mischievous attempts at explanation. The Athanasian Creed is one of these unhappy excrescences. Nor does the idea of the personality of the Spirit come with such authority, or claim so imperiously our adoption, as the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ. The thought that an infinitely pure being can receive satisfaction from the sufferings of Jesus Christ and accept them as a satisfaction for the sins of the guilty is declared by Coleridge to be an outrage on common sense. It is a hard saying, nor can I explain it to my satisfaction. I leave this as an awful mystery I am not called to solve. Coleridge used to declare that the belief in miracles is not a necessary part of a Christian's creed; but this is contrary to the express and uniform declaration of the Scriptures, and I have no difficulty in believing in miracles since I consider as superstition the imagined knowledge and certainty which men suppose they have as to the laws of nature.' (This I believe is all that Wordsworth can be said to believe, and it is little. It is quite clear that he does not place any weight in the historical evidence, and when I said that I tried to believe, he said, 'That is pretty much my case.')

Wordsworth and I took a walk to Ambleside and we read a little in De Tocqueville. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . From Talfourd also a letter. Poor Mary Lamb ill again. Wordsworth's Poems to be published. I dined to-day with Wordsworth at Mr. Carr's, the surgeon, a superior man of the class of country apothecary. . . . I enjoyed my afternoon there. Carr is a thinker and a man of some reading; he lent a short romance by De Quincey, *Klosterheim*, a book written stiffly and heavily, yet it excites a strong interest though there is small space for the excitement. . . . Yet the book made no noise—perhaps because of its lumbering style and forming one small volume only.

JAN. 18th. I believe that to-day I first dined with Mr. Carr, a retired surgeon, a superior man . . . a man of thought and reading. Somewhat deaf and afflicted with a painful malady, he soon became an object of pity, and on future visits I was requested by Wordsworth to be frequent in my calls. . . .

JAN. 19th. A day of reading like all the preceding. I read *Klosterheim* and De Tocqueville. It was also a very fine day and I was invited before dinner to walk out with Dr. Arnold, and a glorious stroll I had, skirting the west bank of Rydal Water up to the point of the Langdale Road where there is a view on Loughrigg Tarn, Elter Water, etc. The scene most beautiful; I enjoyed it four times to-day, for I returned rapidly to dine and after dinner renewed the walk with Wordsworth to meet the Doctor and his family on their return from an excursion to Dungeon Gill Force. On these walks I enjoyed chatting with the Doctor.

JAN. 20th. A very pleasant day. I rose early and walked to the Hardens to breakfast. . . . At one Mrs. Wordsworth came in her gig and I had a very agreeable drive with her. By the bye, she wishes that I should keep the papers about Caroline [Baudouin] sealed in my possession and to be delivered up unopened in case of my death before him [Wordsworth] or Mrs. Wordsworth. At five I went with Mr. Wordsworth to dine with Mr. Benson Harrison, the magistrate—a very amiable man, married to a cousin of Wordsworth, son of a maker of his own fortune. A mixed party; the Arnolds, Lutwydges, Hamiltons, and Mr. Parry—very genteel dinner but no great conversation. We were too numerous for that.

JAN. 21st. A day of reading as usual. A short walk with Wordsworth before dinner and again after dinner. . . . I finished to-day reading De Tocqueville on *Democracy in America*. . . .

JAN. 23rd. I finished this morning the first volume of *The Doctor*, which I shall be content with for the present. I have no doubt, whatever, that it is by Southey. Even its intolerance I fear does not exclude the idea. Towards the end he says of the Puritans: 'of whom it has long been the fashion to speak with respect instead of holding them up to contempt and infamy and abhorrence, which they have so richly merited'! This disgusts me so much that it has fixed me in the determination not to visit the Doctor [Southey] at Keswick this year. In this book there are beautiful serious chapters. The characters of the idiot and of the two Daniels are delightfully executed. The humour is coarse and the tone of the opinions harsh and sectarian with a sort of effort at good humour and kindness. Among the indications of its coming from Southey is the profusion of Spanish literature and old English odd citations. The only German book mentioned is one I gave him several years ago—all the *opinions religious and political are his*.

During my stay at Rydal . . . I read *The Doctor*, volume one. I never doubted for a moment the author was Southey. My

friends here would not permit me to say that was their opinion, but their reserve sufficiently convinced me of the fact. A little book on education by Southey advocating the claims of Dr. Bell over Lancaster pleased me as little as any book by Southey ever did—a work of mere duty, a compound of party spirit and an acknowledgment for a legacy of £1,000 which Southey kept, while a similar one to Wordsworth was revoked, produced this *pièce de circonstance*.

The rest of the day spent as usual. In the evening John Wordsworth came from London. He is the eldest son of Wordsworth's eldest brother, the late attorney, and on his coming of age the family affairs have to be settled—which are somewhat embarrassed by the perhaps indiscreet liberality of the poet and Doctor [Wordsworth] as executors of their brother; but the young man seems perfectly well disposed and honourable, and therefore no evil consequences are likely to follow. His mother is married to a Keswick attorney, a Mr. Lightfoot.

JAN. 24th. . . . A short walk with Dr. Arnold. In the afternoon a walk on Mr. Harrison's terrace, and in the evening a long business chat with the Wordsworths on their family affairs. Reading as usual; finished Southey's little book on the new system of education, ably refuting the claim set up by Lancaster and his friends against Dr. Bell's as the inventor and exposing the quackery of the usurpers of the Doctor's [Bell's] title. But the tone is needlessly offensive. The praises of the Church as such are obtrusive and there is an intolerant spirit throughout, but he nevertheless proves his point with skill. When the Doctor [Bell] died he gave his vindicator a legacy of £1,000. He had given Wordsworth also a like legacy, which he in a codicil withdrew. I have no idea why. . . .

JAN. 25th. . . . Among the books I have been lounging over is a very pleasing volume of Sonnets by one Charles Johnstone, who died young. They contain excellent translations from the Italian and a number of originals also. I read on untired through a volume, a rare occurrence with me, when I take up a volume of no repute. Wordsworth has, however, sanctioned the pleasure I took in them.

JAN. 26th. . . . By the bye, I wish I could here write down all Wordsworth has said about the sonnet lately—or record here the fine fourteen lines of Milton's *Paradise Lost* which he says are a perfect sonnet without rhyme. But I will hereafter find the passage. . . . Wordsworth does not approve of uniformly closing the sense with a full stop and of giving a turn to the thought in the [sestet]. This is the Italian mode. Milton lets the thought

run over. He has used both forms indifferently; I prefer the Italian form. Wordsworth does not approve of closing the sonnet with a couplet, and he holds it to be absolutely a vice to have a sharp turning at the end with an epigrammatic point. He does not, therefore, quite approve of the termination of Cowper's sonnet to Romney:

For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
When I was Hayley's guest and sat to Thee? ¹

The lines in Milton are essentially a sonnet in unity of thought.

JAN. 27th. . . . At five reached Mr. Parry's at Grasmere. A genteel dinner party. The Arnolds, Lutwydges, Captain Graves. . . . At night the Doctor [Arnold] accompanied me back. We walked over 'Old Corruption' for so the Doctor has christened in derision the original road between Rydal and Keswick. The first new road he has named 'Bit-by-bit Reform' (I proposed 'Juste Milieu') and the beautiful road by the lake, 'Radical Reform.' We found 'Old Corruption,' here as elsewhere, perilous, and by night might have broken our necks. . . .

JAN. 29th. . . . I am sorry to recollect that the next page, if ever filled by me, will probably record my departure from this delightful residence. By the bye, I overheard Wordsworth say last night to the Doctor that I had helped him through the winter and that he should gratefully recollect my kindness as long as he had any memory!

After writing the above, I had a call from Wordsworth and his nephew John. We had a chat on the necessity of settling his affairs, in which I fear difficulties will arise, though all the parties seem well disposed. A chat on poetry, our usual subject.

Wordsworth speaks highly of the author of *Corn Law Rhymes*. He says: 'None of us have done better than he has in his best, though there is a deal of stuff arising from his hatred of subsisting things. Like Byron, Shelley, etc., he looks on all things with an evil eye.' This arises naturally enough in the mind of a very poor man who thinks the world has not treated him well. But Wordsworth says that though a very poor man he has had the means of sending his son to college, who did not succeed there. Hence perhaps his hatred of universities. The great merit of Elliott, says Wordsworth, is his industry: he has laboured intensely and, like the Glastonbury thorn, has flowered in winter; his later writings are the best. I asked for the name of some poem. Wordsworth says *The Ranter* contains some fine passages. 'Elliott has a fine eye for nature; he is a very extraordinary man.'

¹ Corrected from Crabb Robinson's misquotation.

After dinner John Wordsworth went away, and I called with Wordsworth on Dr. Arnold and on Mr. Carr and Mrs. Cookson as a p.p.c. The evening at home as usual.

JAN. 31st. A very snowy day, so that my anxiety was excited. I am still apprehensive that I may be detained on the road. I am sensible of my imprudence in postponing my return till the very last day. I did not go to church this morning, being more usefully employed in drawing up a codicil to Mr. Wordsworth's will to provide against a contingency not likely to occur, but necessary to provide against, namely, the extending to children a bequest given to the sons in case of their death under peculiar circumstances. This occupied me both before and after dinner, being interrupted. I had a walk with Wordsworth and a call on Dr. Arnold. He is much pleased with Dr. Passavant's book. Wordsworth was to-day most earnest and painfully vehement on the eternal question—Irish Church Reform; but, in spite of my opposition on this vital matter, nothing could exceed his kindness. He expressed very warmly his thanks for my visit. After tea a long chat with him and the ladies on matters of business. (It appears that this is the state of his affairs. He has about four hundred and fifty pounds a year from his place and a hundred from Sir George Beaumont for his life. This goes from him at his death. His property besides is small. There are about four thousand pounds in Mr. Courtenay's possession laid out in annuities which will probably produce a much larger sum, dependent on the lives of forty old men. Also he has Rock shares which produce enough to pay the insurance of his life for seven thousand pounds, and after his death they will produce another thousand. If he gets from his nephew the money lent to his late brother there will be two thousand more. Besides, he is now in receipt of something from his poems, perhaps two hundred a year. This may last several years. He may have a few odd hundreds besides some land worth a few hundred pounds, given to his daughter.)

It occurs to me that I have not noticed as I ought Wordsworth's answer to the charge brought by Wilson against Wordsworth that he never quotes other poems than his own. In fact, I can testify to the falsehood of the statement; but Wordsworth in addition remarked: 'You know how I love and quote, not even Shakespeare and Milton, but Cowper, Burns, etc. As to the modern poets—Byron, Scott, etc.—I do not quote them because I do not love them. Byron has great power and genius, but there is something so repugnant to my moral sense that I abhor them.

Besides, even as works of mere taste, there is this material circumstance, they came too late, my taste was formed, for I was forty-five when they appeared, and we cannot after that age love new things. New impressions are difficult to make. Had I been young I should have enjoyed much of them, I have no doubt!' I forgot to mention that on Saturday I chatted with Miss Wordsworth. She was much more calm and reasonable than when I saw her before. She sang some of her brother's poems, which she seems to do as a relief from thinking. Her continual rubbing of her head showed the seat of pain. She evidently knew me, and was not irrational in anything she said.

FEB. 1st. I left Rydal about eleven o'clock—I took leave of dear Miss Wordsworth. She was perfectly sensible, though her mind is greatly debilitated. From all my friends I took leave with feelings of great tenderness—my esteem for them all being greatly raised during this last most agreeable visit. For though the knowledge that Miss Wordsworth was suffering near us, and that Miss Dora was far from well, were painful to the healthful members of the family, yet these were become habitual to them, and the natural elasticity of the spirits happily enables even persons of strong sensibility like Wordsworth to resist the effect of such impressions and enjoy what was left of pleasurable emotions. So Wordsworth was capable of intellectual activity, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I called it out. Therefore I call this visit agreeable. By the bye, before I quit Rydal I will add a note or two of Wordsworth's conversation. Talking of dear Charles Lamb's very strange habit of quizzing and of Coleridge's far more equivocal incorrectnesses in talk, Wordsworth said he thought much of this was owing to a *school habit*. Lamb's veracity was unquestionable in all matters of a serious kind. He never uttered an untruth either for profit or through vanity, and certainly never to injure others; yet he loved a quizzing lie—a fiction that amused him like a good joke or an exercise of wit. There was in Coleridge a sort of dreaminess which would not let him see things as they were. He would talk about his own feelings and recollections and intentions in a way that deceived others, but he was first deceived himself. 'I am sure,' said Wordsworth, 'that he never formed a plan or knew what was to be the end of *Christabel*, and that he merely deceived himself when he thought, as he says, that he had had the idea quite clear in his mind. But I believe that at the school the boys had a habit very unfavourable to the practice of truth. In my childhood I was very wayward and moody. My mother, who was a superior

woman, used to say she had no anxieties about any of her children except William. She was sure he would turn out an extraordinary man, and she hoped a good man, but she was not so sure of that. He once tried to kill himself,' etc.

I was driven by Wordsworth's man James to Kendal—an honest fellow. . . .

FEB. 5th. . . . I called on Moxon—heard but a sad account of poor Mary Lamb, but the work of Talfourd is going on as it ought. . . .

FEB. 18th. . . . I chatted at the Athenaeum with Rogers, who, I suspect, came there to look for me. He talked with great kindness of Wordsworth, who had written to him on business connected with his nephew's coming of age, but the letter he had not read. I was pleased with Rogers's expression of regard for Wordsworth, and therefore the more offended when at night Lady Blessington declared him to be a *bad man*—bad because, though he could do generous acts, he could mortally wound by his words. . . .

FEB. 21st. . . . Chat with Gillman about the Coleridges. The language of Allsop towards the Bishop and Judge seems not to have been unmerited. . . .

MARCH 5th. . . . Paid Bower for oranges and scoop¹ sent to Wordsworth. . . .

MARCH 7th. . . . I wrote this evening to Mrs. Wordsworth giving her an account of myself and announcing a present of oranges and scoop. . . .

MARCH 24th. . . . Called on Moxon with a beautiful letter from Lamb which I had found—thanking me for a coal scoop—full of his humour. He thinks it worth printing, and will add it to Talfourd's collection. I read it to several. . . .

MARCH 27th. . . . In *The Examiner* of this morning I read to my surprise an extract from a passage in Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia* in which he notices Mr. Willis's conduct towards himself and concerning a copy of his Dialogues entrusted to Willis and lost: 'I regret the appearance of his book more than the disappearance of mine. My letter of introduction to Mr. Robinson² (whom he simply and unceremoniously calls a barrister) procured him at my request admission to Charles Lamb and his sister, both of whom he seems to have *fidgeted*. My letter of presentation to Lady Blessington threw open (I am afraid) too many folding doors, some of which have been left rather uncomfortably

¹ See *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*, pp. 293–4.

² See *ante*, Rem., June 19th 1834.

ajar. No doubt his celebrity as a poet and his dignity as a diplomatist would have procured him all those distinctions in society which he allowed so humble a person as myself the instrumentality of conferring. Here and there are persons great and small who interest me little; yet I wish the traveller had spoken in a slight degree more respectfully of my friend Robinson, the most courageous man in existence, who determined to resign his profession when he had acquired by it £10,000, and who did then resign it when he was gaining ground daily. We should raise a statue to every lawyer of such integrity: we might do it without fear of indictment for obstructing the streets. Another wish is that the ingenious and good-natured traveller had represented somewhat less ludicrously Charles Lamb and his sister; not knowing or not minding that *he* is the most exhilarating and cordial of our writers and *she* the purest.' Now, as far as I am concerned, this is very injudicious; it is besides not correct. I never said I had acquired by the profession £10,000; what I did resolve was that I would not consider myself bound to the profession when I possessed a clear £500 per annum. But I wonder that so delicate a man as Landor should, without leave, repeat a personal anecdote of such a description. Besides, the phrase, 'most courageous man living,' is quite ludicrous. Nor should he have remarked that Willis might have spoken more respectfully of me. There is no such want of respect and I am well pleased that he did not *bepraise* me. At night I saw Fonblanque at Lady Blessington's. He says that this mention of me is very honourable to me and that I ought to be pleased with it. I am not. . . . I then took an omnibus to Lady Blessington's. There had been a dinner party, so I *saw* a number of persons I was glad to know the faces of. Trelawny, a fine, manly, and even roughly benevolent countenance. . . .

MARCH 30th. . . . A call from Moxon with the new edition of Wordsworth's last volume—the worst-printed book that ever came from the press. . . .

APRIL 10th. . . . I finished Landor's book and wrote to him. I praised his work warmly. It is indeed a delightful book—but I had the pain of ignorance—I could not tell what historic basis there was for any part of it. Aspasia is here a lawful wife, and Pericles, a perfect sovereign of a republic and a philosopher. Landor writes at the European churches and aristocracies; and very finely. He has made a delightful comparison between Buonaparte and Fieschi—and his poetry here has pleased me—especially a scene in the *Shades* between Agamemnon and

Iphigenia. She knows not of his mode of death, nor has he the power of telling her. This book will not be popular notwithstanding. . . .

APRIL 19th. . . . I had a letter from Wordsworth to-day—he solicits me to get money from my friends for a church at Cockermouth that wants building. I am annoyed by the application. . . .

APRIL 20th. . . . I called on Cargill with the third volume of Wordsworth. He spoke out on the subject of Wordsworth's religion in a way difficult, or rather impossible, to gainsay in conformity with his religious views, and he said much that deserves to be recollected. He said: 'I consider Wordsworth's *Excursion* as anti-Christian.' I remarked: 'If you had said it falls short of Christianity, I should have understood you, but how anti-Christian I cannot comprehend.' 'Oh, yes, I think it quite contrary to Christianity. Wordsworth represents *faith* as meritorious even without any reference to the *object* of faith—and I hold such faith to be utterly worthless. . . . It is only faith in the Redeemer, *as the Redeemer*, that constitutes the Christian feeling. Everything else is opposed to that.' I said: 'If I understand you right, your opinion is that Wordsworth's religion is merely *subjective*, not better than that of a sincere and conscientious Mahometan. Not being *objective* it is nothing.' 'That is precisely what I mean.' I did not think it right to add: 'And yet this is the only religion that I know anything of.' He afterwards said that a friend had left Southeby grieving to find in him so great zeal for the Church and so great lukewarmness for Christian doctrine. Southeby he thinks, and I think so too, makes religion a mere party matter. A man may have even family-prayer, out of conformity only. . . .

APRIL 22nd. . . . I wrote¹ to Wordsworth giving him an account of my application to Cargill (without a name) for Wordsworth's church and related Cargill's opinion of the anti-Christian character of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. I spoke of my Dissenting feelings towards the Church. . . .

APRIL 24th. . . . A call from Talfourd. He has been written to by Wordsworth and Rogers also. It is a sort of fanaticism that Wordsworth thus expects from all his friends that for his sake they should subscribe to build a church! I fear that my letter may offend him, and wish I had not written it. . . .

APRIL 26th. . . . There died a few days ago another person who had a mighty influence on my early life—Godwin. I had

¹ See *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*, pp. 299–310.

lost all my personal respect for him. These are melancholy experiences in life. Godwin had no sense of *meum* and *tuum*. . . .

MAY 3rd. I had a call from Landor just as I was going out. He was in excellent spirits and laughed as heartily as ever; yet I was sorry to learn that he does not mean to return to Italy. (He says he will give four-fifths of his income to Mrs. Landor for herself and the three children and will live on the one-fifth himself. He says that for years Mrs. Landor has been making him ridiculous in the eyes of the servants and that he cannot possibly live with her.) He says that Willis has written to him, *Dear Sir*, hoping he would acquit him of all intention to keep his manuscripts; he has sent them to Lady Blessington! Landor did not answer his letter. Willis ought to have called him out or demanded at least an explanation. If not, he should have written: 'Sir, you will find your papers at Lady Blessington's.' He must be the meanest of men. Landor says Lady Blessington expresses her great obligation to him for making her acquainted with me. This is fudge, and so I told Landor. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . By the bye, . . . a kind letter from Wordsworth. He has taken no offence at my free letter. This gratifies me. He wrote to Talfourd before he received Talfourd's letter—in a way retracting his former application. . . .

MAY 5th. An interesting day; Landor and Kenyon breakfasted with me and they enjoyed each other's company, and I both. They are very opposite characters. We did not break up till past two and yet of a long-continued and varied conversation I cannot now recollect a word. This is the water spilled that cannot be gathered—yet water so spilled often fructifies. But not when it falls on exhausted soil! Heigho! I walked out with Landor and *pour passer le temps* we went into the National Gallery. There Landor amused me by his odd judgments. A small Correggio with the frame he values at fourteen shillings. The 'Lazarus' anything below £20,000 cheap. His usual judgments are paradoxes or extravaganzas. By the bye, is it not an equal extravagance to affirm that Lady Blessington is not forty? I am reserved speaking of her ladyship, and so is he; no; of Count D'Orsay does he say more than that he is a very good talker and sensible man. . . .

MAY 7th. Landor came and breakfasted with me and I expected Kenyon. We had a very agreeable morning—I showed him my Goethe in the Gallery of Portraits which he said he liked but did not warmly praise and I suspect only tolerated, and we

went together to the Exhibition. I pointed out to him the crack pieces. His judgment of these more like that of other men than of the old masters. He praised Landseer, but the picture he admired more than all others is Eastlake's 'Italian Peasants' First Sight of Rome at a Distance.' I thought the peasants too delicate and genteel, otherwise, great beauty in the varied expression. He spoke highly, too, of Etty's classical groups. . . .

MAY 12th. I heard last night that Wordsworth is in town. This altered all my arrangements for the day. I went after breakfast westward, and after calling at Moxon's I left my card for him at Watson's, 6 Park Street, Westminster, and having missed him at the Athenaeum I stayed there reading. . . .

MAY 13th. My birthday, sixty-one complete! How near my grand climacteric! I had at breakfast Landor and Kenyon, and before twelve o'clock there came Wordsworth and his nephew and we had an agreeable chat till past two. Wordsworth and Landor agree on poetry better than on other matters, and where Wordsworth finds conformity in this he will be tolerant even of religious and political differences. I collected from the few hasty words that passed between us that he wants to make the very journey that I am desirous of making, so that I look forward to a very pleasant summer. Wordsworth brought Worsley with him. Kenyon put off an engagement on purpose to come to me. . . .

MAY 14th. . . . I set off on my walk which I found very pleasing—the most agreeable incident on my walk that I found dear Mary Lamb quite comfortable which I by no means expected. She was on a walk and was not at all flurried when she saw me. The best is that she now declares, but without any expression of ill-will, that she is tired of Edmonton and wishes to go to Miss James, who was with her lately and offers to take her. She only wants the approbation of Ryle, which she is sure of. I chatted but a short time with her, expecting soon to see her in town. . . .

MAY 15th. I had to breakfast with me Wordsworth and his nephew and Landor. Before Landor came, Wordsworth beset me with his church-building solicitations, not in the shape of a personal application but of an account of what he has got—James Stephen has given him £50! A Mr. Twistleton called on him while we were at breakfast. I accompanied Landor to Talfourd's where we left our cards, and to Moxon's whom I told of Miss Lamb's inclination to come to London, at which he rejoices. . . . I then went to Lady Blessington's, where was a small party and several stragglers dropped in late between eleven and twelve.

Not an agreeable chat; indeed, Lady Blessington does not improve. There came in Planché, a melodramatic writer, who praised a new piece by Dumas just come out in Paris in which angels, devils, the Virgin Mary, etc., all made their appearance. He praised the thing as sublime; even Landor praised. I alone was honest enough to call these things monstrosities, but the rest of the company seemed disposed to admire. . . .

MAY 16th. . . . Then at a party at Miss Rogers's. Not many persons there; Milman, the poet, I was glad to know the person of. Lyell chatted very civilly with me, and Sydney Smith I got into a little talk with. His manner that of a person who knows that a joke is expected. He assumes a look of gaiety but he said nothing worth quoting. Speaking of a new review, the *British and Foreign*, he said: 'Hitherto it was thought that Lazarus, not Dives, should set up a review. The *Edinburgh* was written by *lazzaroni*.' He said the *Edinburgh Review* had done good. I said I hated it for its persecution of Wordsworth. By the bye, Sydney Smith said he never saw Wordsworth look so well, so *reverend*. 'But it surprised me—one always fancies a poet must be *young*.' He spoke to Wordsworth, as it seemed to me, in a tone of affected respect, or rather overdone. Several of the company looked askance on the poet as a sort of outlandish animal—and so is a poet among genteel folks. . . .

MAY 16th. A party at Miss Rogers's in the evening. For the first time I chatted with Sydney Smith. His faun-like face, I wrote in my journal, is a sort of promise of a good thing when he does but open his lips, and his manner is that of one who knows what is expected of him. He said nothing that from an indifferent person would be recollected. The new *British and Foreign Review* was spoken of, said to be set up by a rich man, Beaumont. Hitherto, said Sydney Smith, it was thought that Lazarus, not Dives, should set up a review. The *Edinburgh Review* was written by *lazzaroni*. It had done good he said. I interposed. I hated it for its persecution of Wordsworth. 'By the bye,' said Sydney Smith, 'I never saw Wordsworth look so well, so *reverend*. And yet one fancies a poet should be always *young*.' Wordsworth was present this evening and I thought Sydney Smith spoke to him in a tone of exaggerated and affected respect. Several were there who looked on the poet askance, as if a sort of outlandish animal. . . . I thought I saw on some faces more ill-will than admiration—forced praise is awkwardly expressed.

MAY 18th. I had Landor and John Wordsworth at breakfast; Wordsworth himself came late and we had a long morning of gossip. Talfourd stepped in and I accompanied the poets to the

Elgin Marbles, Wordsworth confessing himself not up to them. Landor I left there. . . .

MAY 19th. . . . I dined with Mr. Kenyon—a large party. Landor was put out of humour by the number there, and Wordsworth was not in spirits. There was no conversation whatever, so that I felt that my humble breakfasts are preferable to these costly dinners and give more pleasure. . . .

MAY 26th. . . . The evening was interesting. I was at Covent Garden where Talfourd's *Ion* was brought out for Macready's benefit. It was most favourably received: Macready played well though he could not get over the want of youth; Ellen Tree played well but all the rest outrageously ill. The applause was immense and Macready and Ellen Tree were called out. After I had left the house it was demanded by the audience and given out for next week. I sat with Wordsworth, Landor, the Jaffrays, Ayrtons, and my brother. Wordsworth and Landor had dined with Talfourd. I had refused to dine and accompanied them to Talfourd's. He gave a supper on the occasion—a numerous party of legal and dramatic friends; I sat by Miss Tree and near Miss Mitford but left early to accompany Wordsworth who wanted someone to show him the way. I was a short time at the Athenaeum; I left Talfourd's after he had made a speech returning thanks for his health given by Macready, whose health he gave in return, but we could not wait for the speech of Macready's.

MAY 26th. At night I attended the first performance of Talfourd's *Ion* with a party of friends at Covent Garden. Wordsworth, Landor, my brother, the Jaffrays, etc. The success complete. Ellen Tree and Macready were loudly applauded and the author had every reason to be satisfied, in anticipation of which he gave a supper largely attended by actors, lawyers, and dramatists. Miss Mitford there. No sign of ill-will then nor of want of cordiality among the literary candidates for praise. Yet Landor thought proper to reproach Wordsworth with a want of cordial approbation (of this hereafter), mixed up with other matter; but I never knew on what grounds. Other jealousies soon sprang up among dramatic poets, whose position most exposes them to jealousy and envy.

MAY 27th. I breakfasted with Mr. Kenyon: Landor with him and a stranger. The day very fine and after calling on Miss Denman to see whether Landor could call on her, and by Kenyon's desire calling with Landor on his brother-in-law, Curteis, I strolled with Landor into the Zoological Garden where the four young camelopardi would alone have repaid the trouble. They are

the only creatures who ought to dance a minuet. These gardens are now greatly enlarged and improved, but the animals die fast and Landor says the clayey soil renders them insalubrious. I was walking with Landor till past three. . . .

MAY 29th. . . . I first went with Kenyon and Landor to Miss Denman, who had prepared her rooms to receive us. She has now a fine collection of Flaxman's smaller works—but neither Kenyon nor Landor seemed so much pleased as I expected, though Landor declares Flaxman to be greater than Michael Angelo. . . . I came back to dine with Kenyon—only Landor and Landor's friend, a Mr. Ablett. A very pleasant dinner, and at ten we went, that is Landor, Kenyon, and myself, to Serjeant Talfourd's where was a party. I had an agreeable chat with Miss Mitford and chiefly with an elder brother of Chorley the author. This elder Chorley translated passages of the *Briefwechsel eines Kindes*—and he seemed so well informed of German literature that I shall cultivate his acquaintance. . . .

MAY 30th. . . . At the Athenaeum late I chatted with Julius Hare. He warmly recommended Goeschel's *Unterhaltungen über Goethe*. I told him of Cargill's opinion of Wordsworth's religion, in which he seemed willing to concur notwithstanding his love of Wordsworth; but Hare is very inconsistent—at least it is not easy to reconcile his manifold likings. He praises Bettina and Rahel. . . .

MAY 31st. . . . After two o'clock I walked out with Wordsworth; he introduced me to Strickland Cookson—I am sure an excellent man. He is a clever man of business and has a veneration for Wordsworth; I shall become acquainted with him. We consulted on a contract Wordsworth may possibly enter into with Moxon. I called then on Mrs. Talfourd with whom was Miss Mitford. . . .

MAY 31st. Wordsworth introduced me to Strickland Cookson. . . . I place him in the very first line of friends. . . . By the misconduct of his two elder brothers the father was reduced to poverty comparatively, and when I made a journey to the Isle of Man with Wordsworth in the year [1833] we found the father and mother living in a cottage there, and it was in his supposed person that the sonnet is written, *Broken in fortune* Cookson [junior] was nominated by Wordsworth by my desire, and in my place as his executor. . . . Cookson, among other excellencies, has this in my estimation—a due veneration for Wordsworth without any superstitious fondness. Of all the family he entertains very just notions. . . .

JUNE 4th. . . . I dined with a party at Talfourd's—Wordsworth, with whom I had but little talk, but he still purposes to make the proposed journey; Milman, with whom I had some chat on travelling; the two Chorleys, etc. Yet nothing repeatable was uttered by any one. How utterly unmeaning are these dinners given to great men!

JUNE 7th. . . . I called . . . on Moxon with a note to Wordsworth about the arrangement of the sonnets. I recommend six series: 1. The Church. 2. The State or Love of Country and Liberty. 3. *À la belle Nature* or Nature. 4. Duddon. 5. Occasional or Incidental. 6. Miscellaneous. There are scarcely sufficient to make a philosophical class, or most are philosophical. . . .

JUNE 13th. . . . I first finished *Rienzi*, of which the last volume is certainly far more interesting than the two preceding. The work is by no means of first-rate excellence. It is after all sketchy—his [Bulwer's] object seems to have been merely to interest. The most instructive moral is to be drawn from the exhibition of the people, who are made to abandon their hero twice merely because he taxed them. There is too much said by the author which a more accomplished writer would have put into the mouth of a character. . . . I have since read Gibbon's short outline, which adds to my esteem for the book—I see how the skeleton is filled up. The leading incidents are historical and the theme is given—all the romance, not to say poetry, is the author's own. . . .

JUNE 15th. Read in bed a sensible essay on the classes of novels prefixed to Bulwer's *Disowned*. He places Walter Scott at the head of the dramatic novelists as opposed to the narrative or epic. He claims for himself the merit of attempting all, *Eugene Aram*, *Pompeii*, *Rienzi* being dramatic. I did not intend to read the novel itself, but, I know not why, I began it, and the first volume occupied me the whole day nearly. . . .

JUNE 17th. I read in bed and finished after breakfast Bulwer's *Disowned*. Bulwer calls this a metaphysical novel. I would rather [call] it a *preaching* novel. . . .

JUNE 24th. I rose early and copied some curious marginal notes in Lightfoot's works, by Coleridge, which I shall probably offer to Green and Nelson Coleridge for the intended publication. They are by no means orthodox and I am not sure they would be used, yet they are pious and reverential in thought though almost comic in expression. He regrets that Lightfoot should *paw* the sacred mysteries—an admirable expression and one that came from Coleridge's heart and might be everlastingly employed. . . .

JUNE 25th. . . . On arriving at chambers I found an invitation

to dine at Talfourd's to take *his* place as Wordsworth was come to spend a few days at his house and Talfourd was forced to dine out. I therefore went and we had an agreeable evening though I received the mortifying news that after all Wordsworth will not go abroad. He has worn out his spirits by being so long in London already: I must own besides that I think he does right—he ought to settle his brother's affairs first. . . .

JUNE 26th. . . . I looked over Hazlitt's *Memoirs* of his father. There is very little in it. I could have supplied particulars, but such as a son might not have liked to print. The most characteristic anecdotes are left out. . . .

JUNE 27th. . . . I concluded the evening by dressing at ten and going to Talfourd's. I found he had called on me and wanted me to dine with him—but I lost nothing by being away—chiefly Philistines: only Maule who was amusing; Wordsworth not in good spirits. I stayed late. There came in after me Ainsworth, author of *Rookwood*, an agreeable man, and Forster the *Examiner* critic. Talfourd was pleasant—talking about the late trial.¹ I felt myself *passé*, as ladies who have been handsome are said to do.

JUNE 30th. . . . Wordsworth seems comfortable at the thoughts of going home, being exhausted. He has asked whether I would go on to Rome with him from Heidelberg in autumn; I answered yes, hastily, but I have written to Mrs. Wordsworth in an envelope that I should prefer next year. . . .

JULY 1st. . . . I had a second note from Landor; he has been a week laid up at Lady Blessington's. I felt some awkwardness at not having been there before. I have since found that his note of last Saturday spoke of Gore House—I read it 'your house' by a blunder! He is going towards Italy immediately and would gladly be with me—but he is so excessively capricious that it would be difficult to manage with him. Quarrelling would be inevitable. . . .

JULY 3rd. . . . I, at half-past ten, went to Moxon's, who had asked me to breakfast with him. There were a party collected round Wordsworth—Quillinan and his brother, Hayward whom I asked to meet Lappenberg foolishly; a brother of Moxon's; John Wordsworth; Boxall the painter, with whom I chatted about Lady Cullum, and we both told Wordsworth of her. . . . An agreeable chat of the late trial, etc. At one I accompanied Wordsworth to the Aders's whom he had not seen before, and I left [him] with them. I saw at Moxon's, Kenyon. . . .

¹ Possibly the action of Bunn v. Macready, in which Bunn was awarded £150 damages for the unprovoked assault of Macready at Drury Lane Theatre, Talfourd defended. The case is reported under the date of June 1836 in the *Annual Register* of that year, pp. 81, 82.

[*Travel journal: Wales, etc.*] JULY 24th. [Beddgellert.] . . . I was nearly all day . . . engaged reading for the second time *The Bride of Lammermoor*. I found it uncomfortable and the lighter parts sketchily written. But there is deep feeling in the main characters and incidents. . . .

JULY 25th. . . . I sat up till one reading Cooper's *Pilot*. I only skimmed this novel. . . . To an English reader the improbability of the incidents is offensive. . . .

JULY 26th. . . . I looked over the album of the house, in which Thomas Hood had written characteristically. I suppose it was his own writing. The name looked like an autograph:

Here is a theme that never fails,
To write or talk upon.
The Undersigned has been in Wales,
Jonah was but in One—
THOS. HOOD.

AUG. 4th. [*Dol y Melynlllyn*.] . . . After our breakfast the yet unknown artist [Palmer], whose eye of deep feeling and very capacious forehead had inspired me with predilections for him, prepared to set out to one of the waterfalls I was come to see. I proposed to accompany him, and so an acquaintance was formed. He incidentally spoke of Blake as the greatest genius in art of modern times, though little known. This made me more interested in him. I spoke at length of Blake and my acquaintance with him and soon satisfied him that in calling Blake insane I was not repeating the commonplace declamation against him. He at length yielded to my statement, though he at first tried to maintain that in asserting the actuality of spirits he was but giving personality to ideas, as Plato had done before. On my mentioning my name, he said he had heard of me both from Blake and his wife. . . . I inquired whether Linnell is not a man of worldly wisdom. He understood the insinuation and said: 'Only *defensively*,' and he represented Linnell's conduct as having been very generous towards Blake. This is contrary to my impression concerning Linnell. . . .

AUG. 9th. . . . I went on with *Mary of Burgundy* which had kept me up till late the night before . . . and finished the novel by dusk. . . . Mr. James¹ was praised to me by Landor as the equal of Walter Scott. . . . He certainly is one of the best of Scott's disciples as a maker of historical novels, and he has contrived to

¹ George Payne Rainsford James, author of many historical novels, *A History of Chivalry*, etc.

deviate less from history than his competitors. *Mary of Burgundy* is certainly a work of great ability. . . . Louis XI . . . is a character of the novel, but is a cold and tame creature compared with the Louis of *Quentin Durward*. . . . The tale . . . is well written. James is a scholar and a good historian, but I know not that I shall read more of his works.

AUG. 10th. . . . I had a very sensible and interesting young man and his bride as companions, a dissenting minister from Bristol, Thomas. . . . His wife is a niece of Joseph Cottle, Southey's friend and early patron. Both Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were well acquainted with Coleridge and the books about him.

He informed me that Cottle had offered to give Gillman some letters, etc., of Coleridge which he offered to give for publication on condition that they were published entire. Gillman on this, as Mr. Thomas represents, wrote an insolent letter refusing to accept the manuscripts on those terms, and even threatening Cottle if he published them, declaring these letters to be the property of Coleridge's executors!¹ He told me that Cottle is in possession of some letters of Charles Lamb, which he says Cottle would be willing to give to Talfourd for publication. These were subjects of conversation during our short stay together. . . .

AUG. 13th. . . . Mr. Thomas recommends my introducing myself to Mr. Cottle in order to obtain from him some letters from Lamb for Serjeant Talfourd. . . .

AUG. 16th. . . . I found an Annual² luckily, and in it articles that afforded me unaffected pleasure, among others a successful imitation of Coleridge by Praed, a satiric vision, *The Red Fisherman*. . . . This was published in 1828. . . . I read some pretty tales. . . . Altogether an amusing book. . . .

AUG. 20th. . . . At Hereford was received a letter from Rydal giving a good account of Dora, but a sad one of Miss Wordsworth. No allusion to Wordsworth's intended journey [to Italy with Crabb Robinson]. . . .

AUG. 26th. . . . For want of anything better I took from the library [at Chepstow] an odd volume of the *Edinburgh Review* in which I read some interesting articles, *anno* 1817, in abuse of Coleridge and in high praise of Lord Byron. I recollect them all, and though I dissented from everything, yet everything interested me. Which disgusted me most, I cannot well say—the affected contempt, ostentatiously avowed, of Coleridge, or the

¹ This is now the law, whatever may have been the case in 1836.

² *The Red Fisherman* was published in the 1827 issue of *Friendship's Offering*.

silent disregard of Wordsworth. The latter was perhaps more honest because it proceeded from real insensibility; in the former there was revenge and hatred. By the bye, I have forgotten to notice Lady Morgan's *O'Donnel*—certainly the best of her books which I have yet read. . . . Lady Morgan scarcely writes a French word without a blunder, but she shows power of observation, and is sensible where she does not strive to be wise. But her presumption and affectation are prominent here. . . .

AUG. 28th. . . . Reading Galt's *Annals of the Parish*. . . . It is well executed. . . . The sentiments are in excellent keeping and in one respect it has a character of importance. It shows incidentally the great change introduced in society during fifty years, for the worthy minister notices the introduction of tea and other domestic habits as well as the effect produced by the gradual change of a country village from being purely agricultural to manufacturing. The manners are something touching in the simplicity and there are some well-told family tales of the gradual rise and prosperity of Scotch families—all true to nature and fact. I have since been looking into another book, very inferior, by the same author, *The Steamboat*. . . .

AUG. 29th. . . . Found myself at last at Mr. Cottle's—Joseph Cottle, author of king *Alfred*, and therefore in derision called by his own friends 'The Regicide.' He is a man of more than my age, with a club-foot and otherwise lame, so that he can walk with crutches only: he has a good . . . and has by no means a sanctimonious face . . . though there is a simplicity in his language which is not unpleasing. He was prepared for my call, and was very cord' al in his reception of me. He lives in a comfortable house in a low neighbourhood and an air of neatness, not gentility, in all about him. My attention was drawn very soon to five miniatures—rather very small portraits of Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, and Wordsworth, besides one of a [blank in MS.]. Executed about A.D. 1798. Wordsworth's resembles more Edward Lytton Bulwer than himself now. All, Cottle assures me, excellent likenesses, Lamb's especially very beautiful, and therefore would be an excellent ornament to the forthcoming work. I thought I had already obtained the loan of it for Talfourd, but he retracted his consent to let me take it and said an excellent Bristol painter would make a capital copy of it for two guineas (Branwhite by name). I shall propose this to Talfourd. Cottle has also three larger portraits of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey which I like less than the smaller. Cottle expressed a readiness to let Talfourd have any letter of Lamb's, but he had

mislaid his papers and could not find any. I stayed several hours with Cottle, and our conversation was interesting. He showed me the preface he had written to his intended publication about Coleridge, but which I advised him not to publish. It consists of an account of his *démêlé* with the executors of Coleridge. He was applied to by Poole at the request of Gillman and Green for an account of Coleridge in his youth, as well as [for] some letters of Coleridge, all which he offered to *give* them, provided they would publish them entire. This they refused to do. They chiefly objected to Cottle's relating how De Quincey gave Coleridge £300 in his youth—a fact which the relatives of Coleridge would have concealed, on which Cottle remarks: 'They, who pertinaciously refused to relieve his necessities, would have it concealed that others did what they ought to have done.' They also want to have suppressed a letter written by Coleridge to a Mr. Wade in which he gives an account of his sad habit of opium-taking; but Coleridge concludes this letter by solemnly requesting that this letter may be preserved and published after his death as a warning! On both points I think Cottle in the right, but I have recommended his taking [no] notice whatever of the executors. If necessary, the matter of the preface might be made public with the advantage of the author being more decidedly in the right and writing defensively. Gillman had the folly to write a threatening letter, declaring that all Coleridge's letters are the property of the executors on the authority of Lord Eldon's decision in Mr. Dallas's case. Green, on the contrary, wrote civilly. Cottle showed me a very valuable collection of autographs, and altogether gave me so agreeable a morning that I was desirous of seeing more of him. . . . I had an agreeable chat in the evening with him. . . .

SEPT. 2nd. . . . I am anxious to be [at] liberty to accompany Wordsworth, should he go abroad, but I do not think he will, after all. . . .

SEPT. 5th. . . . I then went to Mr. Cottle's and had a very interesting conversation. He showed me an admirable theological letter from Coleridge on the future state, strongly inclining against the idea of an eternity of suffering, also a copy of a letter, far less creditable, to a lady, in which he affirms that his son^g to Lord Stanhope was ironical—an exaggeration of French Jacobinism. Cottle himself remarked that his anxiety to stand well with the lady disturbed his memory! Poor Coleridge was not always correct in his facts. . . .

Cottle seems an uncertain man. I had made up my mind to

have a copy of Lamb's picture by Branwhite for two guineas, when he said he thought he should use it himself.

N.B.—He read a letter from Coleridge praising in strong terms a tragedy by Wordsworth. He calls it 'absolutely wonderful.'

AUG. 29th. I called on Joseph Cottle, residing in a low neighbourhood [of Bristol], but in a neat house, with his maiden sister. I was expected, and the Cottles were prepared to show me every attention. Calling in the forenoon, I resisted an invitation to dine, but spent the evening with them. I rendered him a service by strengthening him in his resolution to disregard the threats held out by Nelson Coleridge and Gillman to deter him from printing in his forthcoming *Recollections of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, etc.* the letter of Coleridge to Mr. Wade giving an account of his sad habit of opium taking, as this letter was given by Coleridge to Cottle with the express command of Coleridge to publish it after his death as a warning, and it was too clear for discussion that the executors of Coleridge could not effectually object to this.

Indeed, the supposed property of executors in their testators' letters has been much too broadly stated. Equally clear was it to me that Cottle had not a *right* merely, but that it was his duty to make known that De Quincey, in the generosity of youth, had given Coleridge £300. His subsequent bad conduct could not detract from the merit of this action. And it is useful to make known to the world that there is no security for the better conduct of men, when left to the influence of mixed motives. I also advised him to suppress a written account he had drawn up of his negotiation with the executors, but in silence and without explanation give the facts as they were. He sent me the two volumes when published, and I have them. I am unable now to say how far he acted on my advice. I did not see anything exceptionable in what he did, but he afterwards published a second edition, a work more than a mere copy of the first, and in this he published a letter of Southey's concerning Coleridge by which the family of Coleridge were justly displeased. In the work I possess are portraits of the four poets. That of Wordsworth would pass for a good likeness of Lytton Bulwer when of the same age.

I obtained nothing from Cottle for Talfourd's *Life of Lamb*, then about to appear, but I notwithstanding rendered a service or, at least, showed kindness to Cottle by inducing Talfourd to supply a letter¹ of Charles Lamb, one of his best, showing poor Cottle under the ridiculous character of a vain and worthless poet. I quote from memory. When Amos Cottle died, Lamb and his sister called on his brother, Joseph, apprehensive of touching on so tender a subject. But Lamb, to divert Joseph's mind from his loss, referred to his own poetical works. 'My brother Amos,'

¹ To Coleridge. Oct. 9th 1800.

said Joseph, 'was more distinguished for his moral than his intellectual qualities.' This, added Lamb, was what Amos said of Joseph, and the world agreed in thinking both were in the right. It was from Joseph's poem *Malvern Hills* that Amyot and I, in 1808, amused ourselves by quoting the lines when fatigued by the steep ascent:

It needs the evidence of close deduction
To know that I shall ever reach the [height].

But with these weaknesses, especially that of mistaking his vocation, Joseph Cottle was a worthy and indeed excellent man. And Baron James Parke most unwarrantably charged the jury against him in an action for libel brought by the drunken and worthless servant of Hannah More, who was accused of what everybody knew to be true, but could not be legally proved, that he had plundered his mistress. And years after her death Cottle having thoughtlessly printed this, an attorney, for costs only, in all probability, brought an action, on which damages for £1,000 were given. The baron had a contempt for all saints, and made no allowance for the simplicity of well-intentioned Methodists or Evangelicals. It nearly ruined the poor old man. . . .

On a renewed visit to the Cottles I was shown a letter by Coleridge on the future state, with a strong bearing against the idea of eternal suffering. Cottle also read me the copy of a letter [an answer?] to a letter in which Coleridge stated that his sonnet to Lord Stanhope was meant to be ironical—an exaggeration of French Jacobinism on which Cottle had no better apology than that Coleridge in his anxiety to stand well with the lady was disturbed in his memory—not always correct in his facts.

Cottle also read a letter from Coleridge in which he called Wordsworth's tragedy absolutely wonderful! The publication of this tragedy in the last volume of Wordsworth's works did not justify this judgment in the public opinion. It has not been noticed by any critic.

SEPT. 9th. At the Athenaeum I found three copies of a very small poem, *Terry Hogan*,¹ a *Schwanke*, gross and not very clever, with notes of burlesque criticism. It may be by Landor; he is a very unequal writer; Collier would not waste money in that way (the thing is not published) and Kenyon is too moral. . . .

SEPT. 10th. . . . First writing a short letter introducing Moxon to Cottle. Moxon is going to Bristol and may obtain from Cottle more than I could get. I left this with Moxon. ∴ On the same walk I called on Kenyon and had a short chat with him. He was full of matter, having had interesting letters from Poole,

¹ Landor was the author and the poem has been published.

Coleridge's friend, and Crosse whose experiments excited so lively an interest at the late British Association. . . .

SEPT. 17th. . . . In the afternoon and next morning I read Beckford's *Italy*. This is a very pleasing volume, the style very piquant, and it is style alone that renders the book attractive. The satirical sketches of Holland and the elaborate eloquence of his visit to La Grande Chartreuse are the capital parts of the volume; the parts that treat of Italy are less striking. One wonders at what he omits to notice and his opinions on matters of taste are far less instructive than those of Forsyth. . . .

SEPT. 20th. . . . I had a charming walk to Broadstairs [from Margate] where I called on Samuel Rogers. My note to him a few days ago he had received with great good nature and was very civil. We talked very agreeably about Miss Denman, Wordsworth, etc. Only I fear he was too courteous. He is, however, a better man than the admirers of Byron are disposed to admit. It appears that it was not Rogers himself but Moore, who told Lord Byron of what Wordsworth had written about Southey, which caused Lord Byron's abuse of Wordsworth. Moore also repeated to Lord Byron what Rogers told Moore Wordsworth had said of Southey's poetry. . . .

SEPT. 21st. . . . I was reading to-day Henry Bulwer's *France*, which shows great acuteness and is full of sensible remarks.

SEPT. 22nd. . . . I was engaged to breakfast with Rogers at Broadstairs. . . . I enjoyed the two hours with him. He is full of anecdote and generally has new ones. To-day he has repeated four which I read only a day before . . . a sort of reproach to a professed story-teller. . . .

SEPT. 23rd. . . . H. Bulwer has not the taste and imagination of Edward Bulwer [Lord Lytton] his brother, but I should think him a sounder thinker. Edward's manners are cold and forbidding. I have seen Henry but once at Lady Blessington's: there he was unpretending but chatty. What he would be at the Athenaeum, whether as silent and supercilious as his brother, I cannot say—I should think not. He is small and has no personal pretensions. His brother is somewhat of a coxcomb.

SEPT. 29th. . . . Quillinan, though he is still a sort of Catholic, has brought up his daughter[s] . . . Protestant, having promised to do so. He also greatly disapproved of auricular confession for girls. . . .

SEPT. 30th. Mr. Quillinan having yesterday left his card I went early to Margate to breakfast with him. 'He was with his brother in a boarding-house there. He had taken some trouble to find

me out and invited me to dine with him, which I could not. Instead I took this walk and breakfasted with him. He came lately from the Wordsworths, of whom he gave a good account, especially of Dorina who is very greatly improved, not so Miss Wordsworth, except at times; but she has made some pretty verses. He read me a recent letter from Dorina in which she says they have not heard from me and were anxious lest I should be hurt or inconvenienced by the delay of the journey. There must have been a miscarriage or postponement. I have yesterday spoken of Quillinan's Catholicism. He is a most amiable man; his accession to our party [to Italy] would be most acceptable. . . .

Oct. 1st. . . . He [Moxon] gave me a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth. My letter has been received after a long delay: of course it is satisfactory. Wordsworth means to complete revising his edition before he sets out on his journey; this is a good arrangement. He is cheerfully busy about the edition. I now think he will go. Moxon had seen Cottle. His own book about Coleridge is to be published by Cadell, and is approved of by Southey. He appears to have been delighted with my visit.

Oct. 5th. . . . I took tea and sat two hours with Miss Lamb; I played piquet with her. She was better than I ever expected to see her. . . .

Oct. 7th. . . . I was amused looking over Chorley's *Memorials* of Mrs. Hemans. She writes enthusiastically of Wordsworth and appreciates him becomingly—but it is his moral and religious character that seems to have chiefly attracted her. She writes with equal warmth in admiration of the man. But I do not like her calling him always *the old man*. . . .

Oct. 22nd. . . . I read again in Coleridge's *Remains*. His *creed* I must suppose to be sincere, but it is quite orthodox—irreconcilable as it seems to me to free opinions—unless he is content to think with the wise and talk with the vulgar. Certainly one cannot otherwise explain his notions.

Oct. 24th. . . . I drank tea with Mrs. Montagu alone; Basil Montagu came home afterwards and I gossiped with them till half-past ten; Mrs. Montagu would have made herself very agreeable but for her habit of *médisance*. She spoke of Wordsworth in a way that grieved me, and the more because there might be truth in some part of it. She says he took usurious interest, ten or eleven per cent, of her husband when he was poor. But other things she said that certainly were not true, as that he was to have shared the profit of the *Friend*—which was not composed, as she supposes, in Wordsworth's house. He might indeed have

advised Coleridge to sell his books when threatened with arrest for the printer's bill instead of paying it himself, which Gillman paid.) These are the mischievous lies that are mixed with truth. . . .

OCT. 27th. . . . I went late to Lady Blessington's; Chorley was there. The usual chat; but it was not all agreeable chat. She did nothing but impress me unfavourably. She quoted absurd judgments given by Landor, whose critical decisions are ludicrously bad, as she herself and Chorley affirmed. She quoted him as affirming that James is the greatest writer of the age and that Wordsworth can no longer write. Indeed, he is now satisfied that Wordsworth is nothing worth compared with Southey. Goethe is a great humbug and not equal to Madame Genlis, and these she repeated in derision. Yet Landor is her dear friend—I believe she really admires him! She was vehemently abusive of Rogers. She said that Lockhart gave the infamous verses against Rogers to Fraser, who insinuates they came from Lady Blessington.

NOV. 7th. . . . I went to Moxon and made arrangements with him for his endeavouring to get Miss Lamb to come here on Wednesday, with the hope that she may be induced to go to Miss James.

NOV. 14th. . . . H. N. Coleridge called; he came in consequence of my note to him. I informed him of some translations from the German among Coleridge's *Remains*. The criticism on Milton's *Comus* he says has been printed; I objected to him the passage in the *Table Talk* on toleration, which he thought not in favour of persecution. . . .

NOV. 30th. . . . I finished Coleridge's *Remains*, a book that will not add to his reputation. The notes from his lectures are most unsatisfactory. Some few thoughts worth preserving, but the greater part of this matter is too much in the spirit of the Schlegels to render his assertions quite satisfactory that he was original. There are no mischievous articles, at all events, in this collection.

DEC. 8th. I finished and sent off letter to Landor on a subject worth noticing here. Landor sent me *A Satire on Satirists and Admonition to [Detractors]*, a most unwarrantable publication which makes me quite indifferent now to the continuance of his acquaintance. The greater part is an attack on *Blackwood* and other satirists. But the detractor admonished is Wordsworth, and Landor here echoes the now stale reproaches on Wordsworth as an envious and selfish poet. He introduces Wordsworth as

present at the representation of *Ion*, where while everyone else was affected:

Amid the mighty storm that swelled around,
Wordsworth was calm and bravely stood his ground.
The Grasmere Cuckoo leaves those sylvan scenes,
And perched on shovel-hats and dandy deans,
And prickt with spicy cheer at Phillpotts' nod,
Devoutly fathers slaughter upon God.
Might we not wish some wiser seer had said,
Where lurks the mother of the hopeful maid?

He then proceeds to inveigh against Wordsworth for his supposed envy to other poets and supposes him to inveigh against Goethe, etc.:

Goethe may be a Baron or a Graf;
Call him a poet and you make me laugh.
Either my judgment is entirely lost, or
Never was there so cursed an impostor.

Note. 'Impostor was the expression.' Now the monstrous fact is that if this were said by Wordsworth it was not by him in printing but in my chambers. Still worse than this, Landor then alludes to Wordsworth having said he would not have given five shillings for all Southee wrote. Addressing Wordsworth and speaking of Southee's heart, he says: 'Blacken it at will' and alluding to Wordsworth's own poems, he says:

Are there no Duodecimos of Mind
Stitched to tear up? wherein 'tis hard to find
One happy fancy, one affection kind.

Amid all this outrageous virulence there is a good feeling:

Another date hath Praise's golden key;
With that alone men reach Eternity.

In a note the secret of all this anger comes out. It is because Wordsworth did not acknowledge his obligations to him for his lines on the shell. I thought it right to remonstrate with Landor. I have a copy of my letter. He answered it by admiring my friendship—states reasons for thinking Wordsworth ~~envious~~ and passes over unnoticed the main points of my remonstrance, viz.: the breach of the confidence of private intercourse, by reproaching Wordsworth for spoken opinions of Goethe. Nothing can be more civil than his letter to me. Nothing more vain and arrogant, than what he says of himself. I care not if I never see him again. Though I admire his rare talents, yet his want of just moral sense

makes him a dangerous acquaintance. I should say that I urged him not to send Southey the pamphlet. He says in reply that Southey had been with him, but he had never mentioned the *Satire* to him and should not send it. . . .

DEC. 13th. . . . Another from Landor. Some signs of grace in this, that he authorised me to go to Saunders and Ottley and get back the copy intended for Southey. I went accordingly; explained the matter to Mr. Saunders, who sent to Longmans for the copy, but it is not likely to reach Landor before it will be sent to Southey. I called on the way upon Rogers, who was interested as well as somewhat annoyed by what I read him; since he is at the bottom of the worst part of the poem, the allusion to the words said to be used by Wordsworth of Southey. He declares Landor an *unsafe* man, and with reason, and is not so charitable as I am in the construction of motives. He thinks Landor must have intended to injure Wordsworth in the heart both of Southey and Talfourd. I believe Landor was carried away by his love for Southey, and unconscious resentment for a slight committed many years ago. . . .

DEC. 16th. . . . I called at Saunders and Ottley and found they had got from Longmans' Landor's *Satire* intended for [Southey]. On this I shall write to him to-day. . . .

DEC. 17th . . . Nearly all the morning was spent in writing a second letter to Landor pointing out in seven or eight instances that his lampoon against Wordsworth is but a repetition of Lord Byron. . . .

DEC. 18th. . . . Called on Talfourd; a short chat with him and a longer with Mrs. Talfourd. Mrs. Talfourd mentioned Landor's *odd* poem which she did not understand—only praise is always agreeable. She asked whether there had been any quarrel with Wordsworth; no allusion to Wordsworth's not feeling anything. Talfourd said: 'It is a poor thing, I do not know who sent it me and shall take no notice of it.' Nor did he advert to the worst circumstance as respects Talfourd himself, but I have no doubt he feels it. . . .

DEC. 21st. . . . I then went to the Jaffrays' with whom I talked, *inter alia*, of the letter I received this morning from Landor. He has answered my letter very kindly as far as I am concerned, but it is a very poor reply indeed to mine. There is no logic in it, but the easy artifice of passing over all the more important and unanswerable points. . . .¹

¹ See *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*, pp. 326-33.

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JAN. 6th. . . . There were Mr. Thackeray and Dr. Outram. The Dr. Outram decidedly a weak, but I believe a very amiable, man; Thackeray a lively polemical spirit. The conversation spirited at the dinner-table. I could not go up to the ladies as I was engaged to Copley Fielding. A party chiefly of ladies, but it was agreeable. One interesting young man, a Trinity tutor, Blakesley, a friend of Worsley; rather an intolerant and assuming set, are these Cambridge scholars, admirers of Wordsworth, but they have both learning and talents. Blakesley had heard of Landor's pamphlet from Taylor but had not seen it, and he thinks it has been suppressed by Landor. He has received a very unfavourable impression of Landor, but adds, what I was not aware of, that Wordsworth slighted and shunned Landor when in town. But he related, to prove this fact, the anecdote of Dora's letter—that he was not to visit Landor at Lady Blessington's. Now I was present when this was read in Landor's presence, and this was an attack not on Landor but on her ladyship, and *he* only laughed at it. But he may after all have felt it.

JAN. 9th. . . . I dined at Rooper's—a very genteel party [which included] . . . Moses Ricardo. . . .

We dined . . . with Moses Ricardo.¹ In him, and in others still more strikingly, I remarked how preferable the society of men of practical unpretending sense is to that of the semi-literati full of pretensions.

JAN. 11th. . . . I walked out with Masquerier. We looked at some flashy portraits by Slater; one of Wordsworth, too much resembling him and yet unworthy of him. . . .

JAN. 15th. . . . I spent the rest of the evening at the Athenaeum, where I looked over a crazy review by Carlyle of Mirabeau's *Life*—occasional bursts of thought but for the most part mere idle whimsies and extravaganzas. He is a wrong-headed man—of genius perhaps, but the wrong-headedness is certain. The review was in the *London and Westminster Review*.

JAN. 16th. . . . I also saw Southey. He immediately mentioned Landor's sad *Satire*, I told him that I had prevented the copy destined for him reaching him as Landor had caused* it to be taken from Longmans'. He expressed* his great regret at the

¹ Brother of David Ricardo, the economist. 'It might have been said of the younger brother, as it was of Lessing's, that he had no name of his own but lived on his brother's.'

publication, was sure it was founded on mistake, viz. the anecdote of what Wordsworth said of him; that Landor was always doing things he was sorry for afterwards; that people thought him crazy, or he would have been killed before now. We had a little talk about politics but not much. I advised him to reprint his *Wat Tyler* with a prose justification of the change in his opinions. . . .

JAN. 20th. . . . I was very desirous of asking Southey to breakfast but wanted to have someone to meet him; I therefore called on Talfourd at Westminster Hall; he expressed a wish to meet Southey and fixed Wednesday. I left a note to that effect at Rickman's—invitation accepted. I also left a note at Greenwood's for *Reinecke Fuchs* which I shall give Southey. . . .

JAN. 25th. I had Southey and Serjeant Talfourd at breakfast. They were unacquainted with each other before and have too great diversity of taste and opinion to become intimate, but they had an agreeable though short conversation; their common friend, Charles Lamb, the bond between them and the intended publication of Charles Lamb's Letters the business they met on. They concurred in thinking it on the whole to be wished that the publication could be postponed till Miss Lamb's death; but that can hardly be, as the engagement to Moxon, or at least the understanding between them, is that an early publication should take place. Talfourd left soon. I walked out with Southey to a bookseller's and to Singleton's the portrait painter who is making a very Jew of him. Southey says he has not read and will not read Landor's *lampoon*. . . .

JAN. 27th. . . . At Rickman's left for Southey Grimm's *Reinecke Fuchs* and the *Italian Christian Ballads*. . . . He [Lord Stowell] was conscientiously an enemy to all reform, I believe from mere timidity, but one of the most respectable of alarmists—and that is a class I cannot despise. Wordsworth and Southey belong to it!

FEB. 1st. . . . Wordsworth writes that he proposes setting off the end of the third week in February. This almost alarms me, but I shall buckle to this enterprise with a determination to do all I can to make Wordsworth comfortable. . . .

FEB. 3rd. . . . I wrote to Wordsworth. In my letter I gave him a short account of things concerning my own family and I promised to be ready; I gave, I fear, unwelcome advice, not to include in the new edition the note on Poor Laws, but rather print a pamphlet on the subject. I also advise rather delay than the hastening our journey. I took this to Moxon; I found him troubled by an intimation made him by Rogers that Talfourd

thought him inattentive to Miss Lamb, and but for my dissuasion he would have remonstrated with Talfourd. These remonstrances do seldom any good. However, I am to see Talfourd about the publication of the Letters. Just as I wrote the above—about ten p.m.—Talfourd called on me, with whom I had an interesting and agreeable chat. He is sorry that he has inadvertently said anything to Rogers that could be considered strong enough to allow of a repetition and left with me a few lines that will be some relief to Moxon. He says that his opinion has changed recently. I trust my interference in this matter will be of use. . . . Mrs. Aders insisted on my accepting some books¹ (German philosophy) in which Coleridge had written notes. . . .

FEB. 5th. . . . Called on Moxon and, by a judicious use of a note Talfourd gave me, I have stopped what might have become a serious quarrel. Moxon was appeased and has written a conciliatory answer. . . . Reached Lady Blessington's after ten; with her D'Orsay, Dr. Lardner, Trelawny, Edward Bulwer, a stranger whose conversation interested and even pleased me till I knew he was young Disraeli. He talked with spirit on German literature. Landor's *Satire* was spoken of as it deserved by everyone. Disraeli declared it was impossible to give publicity to it: its fault, that it had no satire in it; so, feeble and unmeaning. It was an amusing chat. Bulwer much more of a dandy than Disraeli; he was supercilious in his manner.

FEB. 9th. . . . Reading the first two volumes of Kock's *Un Bon Enfant*, one of the least entertaining but one of the most moral of this clever and popular novelist of low life's writings. . . . The book is heavy and the characters disgusting. . . .

FEB. 16th. . . . Made agreeable by De Kock's *Cocu*, not by any means the pleasantest of his novels, but in the worst there is nature and truth. . . .

FEB. 20th. . . . Agreeable chat with Kenyon. He had heard from Southeby of my correspondence with Landor, of which both approved. Kenyon only thinks better of the talent of the *Satire* than I do, but of the moral there can be no difference. He, too, says there must be a touch of insanity in Landor. . . .

FEB. 23rd. . . . I breakfasted with Samuel Rogers. He was so very friendly and kind that I should have thought him a flatterer if I had been rich or powerful or had not been *tête-à-tête* with him. We had a long and interesting chat *de diversis rebus*—Landor, Wordsworth, Southeby. He is a good teller of anecdotes:

¹ Some of these are in Dr. Williams's Library.

some I have put in my book.¹ He spoke with great affection of Mrs. Barbauld, but thought Miss Aikin had not treated her aunt well; Mrs. Barbauld complained that Lucy had never shown her the manuscript of her *King Charles* or *King James*. Of Southey he spoke with respect as to his genius and moral virtues, 'but he is essentially a narrow man and an enemy to the improvement of the common people. He is anti-popular.' (Of Wordsworth he spoke with less cordiality than I could have wished, but he said nothing that was not true, viz. as to his too secular spirit [?].)² We talked of slander and the truth blended with it; Adam Smith said to Rogers: 'Wilkes said to me: Give me a grain of truth and I will mix it with a great mass of falsehood so that no chemist shall ever be able to separate them.' Talking of composition he showed me a short note in his *Italy* which he says took him a fortnight to write. It consists of a very few lines: Wordsworth has amplified it in his poem on the picture of Miss Quillinan by Stone. Rogers says, and I think truly, that the prose is better than the poem. The thought meant to be powerfully expressed is that the *picture* is the substance and the beholders are the shadows. This led me perhaps injudiciously, to show Rogers my note³ to the *Elegiac Stanzas* as the only lines that will survive me. He seemed to be pleased with me and wrote my name against the passage in his copy. I related many anecdotes of Goethe, etc., and he expressed a hope to see me again soon. . . .

FEB. 24th. . . . I had a letter from Wordsworth begging me anxiously to inquire about the cholera, and I went to Mr. Filichia's counting-house accordingly. All the accounts I have yet got are in favour of our journey, but I think it likely after all that Wordsworth will take the alarm and not go; this worries me. I wrote to him in the evening and carried the letter to Moxon. I dined with Paynter to meet Val Le Grice, a Bury man, a Bluecoat boy and friend of Charles Lamb—famous in his youth for his wit and talent—I found him to-day a very pleasant and lively man. He has the reputation of being a religious man and he is a popular preacher, but I sounded him and found him to be a decided anti-Calvinist or Evangelical. . . .

FEB. 26th. . . . I had a call from Val Le Grice, whom I took to Mrs. Talfourd and to the Athenaeum and with whom I was

¹ Robinson made a small collection of anecdotes, which is extant. See Appendix VI.

² The last four words cannot be deciphered with any conviction.

³ Crabb Robinson supplied the introductory note to Wordsworth's *Elegiac Stanzas* on Goddard, the young American who was drowned in the Lake of Zurich in 1820.

till past five o'clock. He amused me very much; a very cheerful, open-hearted man and the very opposite of a fanatic. His greatest weakness possibly vanity, which when unaccompanied by malignity is about the most harmless our nature is subject to. He told amusing tales about Lamb, Coleridge, and himself. Among others one of his writing a *True and Faithful Account of the Appearance of the Ghost of Mr. de Coetlagon which appeared to Phoebe Clark and one of the Awful Prophecies he delivered . . .* which he got printed by D. I. Eaton and trumpeted through the town the day of de Coetlagon's funeral. He has sent me a university squib, printed 1796, on College Declamations which I do not understand well, but it is pleasantly written. . . .

FEB. 28th. I sent off to-day a letter to Wordsworth which will bring to a crisis Wordsworth's determination. I represented the danger as just enough now to justify a wife's fears without ridicule, but not a man's refusal to go without the reproach of cowardice; I proposed our going and taking the chance of the cholera not allowing us to go to the south of Italy, the north of Italy being amply sufficient to justify a journey. By the bye, the new *Quarterly Review* contains a note on Landor's *Satire*, so that I fear I must write on the subject. But I must take advice. . . .

MARCH 1st. . . . I received in the evening a letter from Dora Wordsworth acknowledging the receipt of my first of two letters, declaring him [satisfied] with my account of things. She talks of leaving Rydal on Tuesday 7th, and if so Wordsworth is to be here on the 13th. . . . Read an article, or chapter rather, of the opium-eater's autobiography [*Confessions of an English Opium-eater*], which he makes valuable by the scattered moral reflections. In the new *Quarterly Review* is an article on Landor and unluckily a note on the *Satire* which will render it necessary, I fear, to speak to Wordsworth on it. The note is written in a proper spirit, but silence would have been better.

N.B.—Written by Henry Taylor. . . . [Second] N.B.—A mistake—not by Taylor.

MARCH 3rd. . . . Read a powerful article in the *Quarterly Review* on the *Cathedral Establishment*, said to be by the Bishop of Exeter. The article assumes the importance of chapters for the encouragement not of learning only, but as a support to the Church. . . .

I read a clever pamphlet by Sydney Smith attacking the bishops and defending the deans and chapters. I mention this because there may be found among my pamphlets, bound in a volume, an anonymous pamphlet written by my friend Hallett, in which Hallett attacks successfully Sydney Smith in his own style.

MARCH 4th. . . . I dined at the Athenaeum and there I met with Hare. An agreeable chat with him about Landor. He had heard from Mrs. Dashwood that Landor had written: 'See the first-fruits of my *Satire*. I have been engaged in correspondence with Robinson—he is my friend, but more the friend of Wordsworth, and it [will] probably put an end to our acquaintance.' I am not surprised he should say this. I shall, however, not omit writing to him before I go. Hare tells me Henry Taylor wrote the article on Landor in the *Quarterly*, and I shall call on him, I believe. I shall call upon him to speak about the means of keeping Wordsworth ignorant on the subject. The note will, I fear, render that impossible. Hare wishes that I and Wordsworth would go down to Hurstmonceux, near Brighton. . . .

MARCH 6th. A letter from Wordsworth announcing his intention to be here on Friday and to leave London as soon as possible. I must therefore now in earnest set about getting ready for the journey. . . .

MARCH 8th. . . . I then called on Henry Taylor to inquire about Wordsworth and also to express the wish that Wordsworth could be kept ignorant of Landor's pamphlet. He said he was sorry the note had appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (of which I thought him to be the author), but he did not think it likely that a serious misunderstanding would arise between Wordsworth and Southey. . . . To Edmonton: I found Mary Lamb in good health. . . .

MARCH 11th. . . . Moxon and Wordsworth came and we had an interesting chat. Wordsworth will stay till Saturday—a great relief to me: I hope now I shall have time for every[thing]. Wordsworth brought an invitation for me to breakfast with him at Mr. Taylor's; Brockedon and Kenyon also invited. . . .

MARCH 15th . . . To St. Thomas's Hospital, where I saw Mr. Green and lent him five books (German philosophy) with notes by Coleridge. . . . At Moxon's I fell in with Wordsworth and he took me to Courtenay's. After we had together got our passports, Courtenay advised us strongly to buy a carriage and post it and gave us an account according to which we should spend only £250 each, though we might remain out six months. For both the account being 180 days at £1 1s. per day £200; 2,500 miles at 1s. per mile £125. Loss on a carriage £35. Extras 10s. per day £90. Unforeseen contingencies £50: equals £500. Wordsworth declared that he had his £250 ready, and I consented readily and I rejoice at the determination; only I told Wordsworth I knew not how to make a purchase. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . I had a letter from Walter Savage Landor, giving me an account of his daughter having formed an unhappy connection with a cousin, of whom Landor gives a bad account. Landor says his children will see me with pleasure, and he is sure from my friendship that I shall suggest just sentiments to them. He says nothing about his wife. I had written to him to ask whether I should call on them or not. Wordsworth, by the bye, seems not aware of Landor's attack on him.

MARCH 17th. . . . I went early to Wordsworth and walked with him, Henry Taylor, etc., to look at Mr. Hallett's carriage at Turner's, Long Acre, of which I had heard the day before, and that pleased us so much that Wordsworth and I at once agreed to give £70 for it, and having consulted Mr. Courtenay about it I went to Mr. Marmaduke Robinson and paid him the money for it; I gave him a cheque of Moxon's for £200 and he paid me the balance. This business occupied me nearly all the forenoon. That I should ever buy a carriage for my own use seems quite incredible. I am now satisfied I have done well, and I should be unwilling to travel any other way. . . .

Our tour lasted from Sunday, 19th of March, to Monday, the 7th of August, and I have preserved short memoirs of it. It included a journey through France along the Corniche road to Pisa, by Volterra to Siena; thence to Rome. After a month there, we returned by the three Tuscan monasteries to Florence; thence through Parma to Milan and then turning eastward by the lakes of Como, Iseo, and Garda to Venice. We crossed the Alps by the new road along the valley of [the] Piave and that of the Drave through Werfen, Hallein, etc., to Salzburg. After an excursion to the Austrian Salzkammergut proceeded to Munich, Stuttgart, and to Heidelberg and then through Brussels to Calais.

The tour with Wordsworth lasted from Sunday the 19th of March to Monday the 7th of August. I shall make what I can of my short notes elsewhere. It mortifies me, the thought that I shall be able to do so little with such a companion through such a country. It is in vain lamenting, as Goethe says in *soliloquy* [sic.]: *Du bleibst am Ende was du bist.*

[*Travel journal: Italy, etc.*] [*Paris.*] . . . I am now the associate and shall soon be the sole companion of no less a man than Wordsworth, and with him the intention of us both is to visit all Italy. . . . I shall . . . content myself with inserting very brief notes of the country we pass through. . . . I doubt much whether I shall ever do more, for I am a bad journalist. . . . I feel

unable to record even the interesting remarks which Wordsworth is continually making—and it is his society that will distinguish this from all other journeys and it is to accommodate him that I have altered my usual mode of travelling. He cannot bear night travelling, and in his sixty-ninth¹ year needs rest. I therefore at once yielded to his suggestion to buy a carriage for the journey. . . . It is a barouche . . . Moxon offered to be our companion, and we have found him very friendly and agreeable on our journey. He is, however, to return from Paris to England when we leave for Italy.

MARCH 22nd. . . . With Wordsworth I did not fail to have occasional bursts of conversation on Landor and on poetry. It may not be unworthy of mention that Wordsworth heard only of Landor's *Satire* from Quillinan in Portugal. He said he regretted Quillinan's indiscretion, and he felt much obliged to all his London friends for their never mentioning the circumstance to him. He never saw nor means to see the *Satire*, so that it will fall ineffectual if it were intended to wound. He had heard that the pamphlet imputed to him a depreciation of Southey's genius, but as he felt a warm affection for Southey and an admiration for his genius he never could have said that he would not give five shillings for all Southey had ever written. He had in consequence written a few lines to Southey. Notwithstanding his sense of the extreme injustice of Landor towards him, he willingly acknowledged his sense of Landor's genius. As to the image of the sea-shell, he acknowledged no obligation to Landor's *Gebir* for it. From his childhood the shell was familiar to him, and the children of his native place always spoke of the humming sound as indicating the sea and its greater or less loudness had a reference to the state of the sea at the time. The circumstance, however, gave him little annoyance. The malignancy of one person was balanced by the kindness shown by so many friends in their silence. . . .

Wordsworth went in search of the Baudouins. . . .

MARCH 23rd. . . . Wordsworth having friends he was anxious to see, Moxon and I breakfasted in our mean coffee-house attached to the hotel. . . .

MARCH 27th. . . . We set out soon after six and proceeded to Nemours to breakfast. The rock scenery of the forest greatly delighted my friend, so susceptible to the beauties of nature, and I anticipate a sonnet at least. . . . It is now near midnight . . .

¹ As Crabb Robinson notes, he 'attained his sixty-seventh year' on April 7th.

and Wordsworth is sleeping in an alcove, and has in his sleep been declaiming some unintelligible verse. He has been chatty to-day and talked about the poets. He said Langhorne is one of the poets who had not had justice done him. His *Country Justice* has true feeling and poetry. He praised Béranger, and said he is eminently popular. All classes love him. He was not aware till I informed him of the fact, that Béranger owes a great portion of his popularity to having flattered the vices and bad passions of his countrymen.

MARCH 28th. . . . The views of the Loire which we afterwards enjoyed were of great interest to Wordsworth. Goldsmith's lines in *The Traveller* made an impression on him in his youth.

APRIL 2nd. [Avignon.] . . . Set off in a cabriolet to Vaucluse. . . . Wordsworth was strongly excited, predetermined to find the charm of interest, and he did. There is no verdure, but perhaps on looking more closely Petrarch may not have praised his retreat either for shady groves or meadows—and the stream of the Sorgues is eminently beautiful. The rocks are almost sublime, at least very romantic. Having taken a luncheon at the mouth of the cavern we ascended the heights above, and Wordsworth made a longer ramble among the rocks behind the fountain. . . .

APRIL 3rd. [Nîmes.] I took Wordsworth to see the exterior of both the Maison Carrée and the Arena. He acknowledged their beauty, but expressed no great pleasure. He says: 'I am unable from ignorance to enjoy these sights. I receive an impression, but that is all. I have no science and can refer nothing to principle.' He was, on the other hand, delighted by two beautiful little girls near the Arena [and said]: 'I wish I could take them to Rydal Mount. . . .'

APRIL 4th. . . . I took Wordsworth to the gardens, which pleased him much more than the antiquities. The interior of the Arena did not seem strongly to affect him. Indeed, he confessed that he anticipates no great pleasure from this class of object in his tour. . . . Wordsworth has already frequently expatiated on the superiority of English climate. Within a few hours we have suffered from both heat and cold.

APRIL 5th. . . . To relieve the ennui of a very dull drive I read this afternoon Beckford's *Vathek*, with renewed disgust. It is not to be denied that it is a wonderful production if it were really written before the age of twenty¹ [?] and in a foreign language. The latter fact must be qualified and it will still be an extraordinary

¹ The date when *Vathek* was written was 1782, when its author was twenty-two.

work. But the laborious accumulation of crimes and horrors, with whatever imaginative power, excites only an uncomfortable feeling of the waste of powers neither harmoniously combined nor of the highest quality.

APRIL 10th. [*Antibes.*] . . . This place pleases Wordsworth more than he expected.

APRIL 12th. [*San Remo.*] This was a delightful day, which Wordsworth heartily enjoyed—a compensation for the labours and discomfort of the journey through France. . . . During the greater part of it we enjoyed admirable scenery under the most favourable circumstances, except that the spring verdure was still wanting. . . . [Through Monaco to] Mentone. I would gladly have stayed here, but Wordsworth was rather anxious to get on. This is a delicious spot. . . .

APRIL 14th. [*Savona.*] . . . Wordsworth and I set out early on a walk in this quiet and agreeable town. There is a port, and before it a greensward just at this season, which delighted Wordsworth more than objects more extraordinary and generally attractive. . . . We ascended to a couple of monasteries, the one of Capuchins with an extensive view of the sea, and then to a former Franciscan monastery, now desecrated. Wordsworth took a great fancy to this place, and thought it a fit residence for such a poet as Chiabrera, who lived here and whose epitaphs refer to Savona. We sauntered here a long time. . . .

APRIL 15th. [*Genoa.*] Wordsworth left me early to take a short walk, but as usual, following the humour of the moment, he did not return till eleven. . . .

APRIL 19th. [*Massa.*] . . . After dinner we ascended a knoll of land between the town and the disagreeable flat that borders the shore, and there enjoyed a scene that Wordsworth seemed to admire more than any we had met on our journey. . . .

APRIL 20th. . . . Early in the morning we set out on a walk which Wordsworth guessed must be interesting, being in a glen through which a stream flowed, and I soon found that it was, in fact the glen in which runs the river [Frigido], and in which I had enjoyed myself on my former stay at Massa. We went on and were so much delighted with the romantic beauties of this glen terminating in mountains covered with snow that, in spite of violent rain, we went on. . . . Wordsworth esteems it one of the most remarkable spots he has seen on his journey, and he did not see the very finest point. At that point the mountains were very precipitous and near and awfully grand, and a path led to the recesses in which the stream had its origin called the *Sorgente*.

APRIL 25th. [*Acquapendente*.] . . . Wordsworth has little pleasure in antiquities, but every form of natural beauty attracts him. . . .

APRIL 26th. [*Rome*.] . . . I called on Miss Mackenzie. . . . She is very desirous to give Wordsworth the use of her carriage and she has friends at Albano (the Sismondis) who are very desirous to see him. . . . Wordsworth seems disposed to enjoy Rome and felt quite as much as I expected at the sight of St. Peter's and at the view from the Pincian. . . .

APRIL 27th. This has been a very interesting day. To Wordsworth it must have been unparalleled in the number and importance of new impressions. . . . About seven o'clock in the morning, being fine, I took Wordsworth pretty nearly the same walk which I by accident took on my arrival here near seven years ago, in the course of which we entered the Campo Vaccino, noticing all the well-known objects in that sublimest of Cow Fields, and having walked round the Coliseum, by which Wordsworth seemed sufficiently impressed, to the Temples of Janus, Vesta, Fortuna Virilis, the porch of the Portian Gate, and also the Pantheon, which Wordsworth seemed to think unworthy of notice compared with St. Peter's. . . . We then called on Mrs. Theed, who took us to 45 in the Piazza di Spagna, where we engaged lodgings at the rate of ten scudi a month apiece. . . . We rode with her [Miss Mackenzie] to St. Peter's, by which Wordsworth was more impressed than I expected he would be. . . . Wordsworth is no hunter after sentimental relics. He professes to be regardless of places that have merely a connection with a great man, unless they had also an influence on his works. Hence he cares nothing for the burying-place of Tasso, but he has a deep interest in Vaucluse. The distinction is founded on just views and real, not affected sympathy. . . .

APRIL 28th. . . . We chatted with Collins, the landscape-painter, who is a great favourite of Wordsworth's. . . . We concluded the evening by taking tea with Miss Mackenzie, who has been most kind indeed. She and Wordsworth got into literary chat. He evidently showed himself to be desirous to be agreeable in her eyes, and therefore no doubt will be so.

APRIL 29th. . . . I made an agreeable call on Bunsen, who was very courteous to me, and he professes great interest in Wordsworth. . . .

APRIL 30th. . . . Lady Westmorland. . . . apparently had an idea that Wordsworth is a star, without probably any clear idea of the way in which he shines.

MAY 2nd. I was glad to be relieved by some variety of society. . . .

I introduced Wordsworth to the Colliers, and from them he will receive attention and Mr. Collier will accompany him on his walks. I have therefore made arrangements for our spending this afternoon separately. Wordsworth, I trust, will be able to find sufficient interest in Rome notwithstanding his faint interest in antiquities. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . Introduced Wordsworth to Bunsen. He talked his best to Wordsworth and with great facility and felicity of expression pointed out to us monuments from the history of Rome from his own windows. I never heard a more instructive, delightful lecture in ten times the words. . . .

MAY 5th. . . . At breakfast Wordsworth was made happy by letters from Mrs. Wordsworth. . . . We took tea with Miss Mackenzie. There came Dr. Meyer, the German, and with the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, a Mr. Muir, who came on purpose to see Wordsworth, and most amusingly dogmatized about poetry. It was even ludicrous to hear him declaim against the form of the sonnet as utterly worthless in the presence of the greatest master of the sonnet. Wordsworth himself was amused by the incident, and did not interfere except to expose Muir's absurd praise of a passage childishly praised in *Don Juan*, who is said to be like 'any other fly.'

MAY 6th. . . . After breakfast we made calls on Severn, who had a subject to talk on with Wordsworth besides art—poor Keats, his friend. He informs us that the foolish inscription on his tomb is to be superseded by one more worthy of him. He denies that Keats's death was hastened by the article in the *Quarterly*. It appears that Keats was by no means poor, but was fleeced by Haydon and Leigh Hunt. Brown¹ is to write a life of him. . . . Wordsworth confesses it a duty rather than a pleasure to make the circuit of palaces as well as churches. . . .

MAY 10th. We rose early and had a delightful walk before breakfast. We ascended the Coliseum. The view of the building from above enhances greatly the effect and Wordsworth then seemed fully impressed by the grandeur of the structure, though he seemed still more to enjoy the fine view of the country beyond. He now wishes to make the ascent by moonlight. . . .

MAY 13th. . . . We then drove to Hadrian's Villa, which delighted Wordsworth for its scenery and amused me by its ruins, and after an hour and half there went on to the Sibilla. . . . We inspected the old rocks among which the cascade fell, and the new fall which has been made by a tunnel. The change was necessary, but it has not improved the scene. The new fall is made formal

¹ Charles Armitage Brown.

by the masonry above. . . . The old fall had the disadvantage of being hidden by projecting rocks, so that we could only see it by means of paths cut, and then but imperfectly. This alone would have been a great disappointment to Wordsworth, but he was amply compensated by the enjoyment the Cascadelles afforded him from the opposite side of the valley, from which you see two masses of what are called the little falls, and at the same time the heavy mass formed by the body of the river. . . . Altogether Tivoli has left an agreeable impression. . . . By the bye, Wordsworth called the Cascadelles 'nature's waterworks.' . . .

MAY 15th. . . . I . . . had a most agreeable chat with Dr. [John] Carlyle, who read me some excellent memoirs of a conversation with Schelling. . . . I took tea with Wordsworth at Bunsen's. The Bunsens were unaffectedly surprised at our intended departure so soon, and were very friendly indeed. Wordsworth was in good spirits and talked well about poetry. He made the Bunsens feel—and I can see they are sensible of his worth: perhaps they only suspect it. I copied for Bunsen the Antiquarian sonnet. On language and Church matters, not the same harmony between them. On politics Wordsworth is less tolerant. . . .

MAY 16th. Wordsworth went early to Severn to breakfast, and have his portrait taken. . . . I now called on Mr. Harvey, our landlord as agent for a Mr. Moore. Wordsworth had before paid him what he owed. Harvey asked if he was the poet, and said: 'He seems quite an economist and man of business'—but this not offensively, and he very pressingly invited us to dine with him on our return. . . .

MAY 17th. . . . I looked into Thorwaldsen's studio. He has a very fine statue of Gutenberg—fine, for its significance. That of Lord Byron has no value in my eyes, either on account of the man or of the work itself. It is pretty rather than elegant. I am told it has been denied admittance in Westminster Abbey. It is too late to be particular on such an occasion. Surely a memorial to even so anti-religious a poet as Byron may be admitted where the inscription to [J. Gay] stands:

Life is a jest, and all things show it.
I thought so once, [but] now I know it.

Wordsworth says that Bunsen has informed him that from the particular friends of Byron he has learned that Lord Byron had an impression that he was the offspring of a demon. In a moment of disease he may have suffered such a thought to seize his imagination. . . .

MAY 19th. [Albano.] This day was nearly lost to us as travellers, for the weather was wet, and we were kept within all the forenoon. . . . I am glad that Wordsworth has had a day's rest, as he is too apt to complain of fatigue and to imagine himself weak. I hope I shall not be as old as he is five years hence. . . .

MAY 22nd. This was a busy day, for I had to prepare for our final departure, make calls, etc. . . . I dined with Miss Mackenzie. . . . Nothing can exceed her kindness to Wordsworth and me. She seems to feel for Wordsworth the affection of a daughter, and he is much pleased with her. She was affected when we took leave, and, I believe, sincerely grieves at our departure. . . . She has . . . had great pleasure in showing us the attentions, which have afforded Wordsworth and me our chief gratification. But for her house Wordsworth's evenings would have been deplorably dull. Wordsworth wants the cheering society of women, and Miss Mackenzie's house was open to him every evening. He has invited her to visit him at Rydal, and I have no doubt she will accept the invitation. . . .

MAY 23rd. . . . The scenery of [Civita Castellana] and from thence onward to Narni delighted Wordsworth much. But at Narni he was put out of sorts by not seeing the famous broken bridge. He went on while the horses were putting to, but I neglected to give him directions what to do. . . .

MAY 24th. [Terni.] . . . I had seen the famous cascade before but never to so great advantage. Then I thought it the very finest waterfall I had ever seen; and Wordsworth declared it to be also the most sublime he ever beheld. The upper fall is sublime as seen from above, from the mass of water, and the great extent of the fall, which is said to amount to three hundred feet. The rebound of the water is such as to resemble a cloud, so that the well-known proverb applied to a wood may be literally parodied. You cannot see the cascade for the water. . . .

MAY 27th. We left Arezzo about eight. . . . We left the high road to Florence soon and were driven [on] good cross-country roads into the very heart of the Apennines and especially into the Val d'Arno, *superiore* as I suppose. At least we soon came in sight of the Arno, and we had it long afterwards to the great joy of Wordsworth. It is not unqualifiedly true that the rose would smell as sweet by any other name—at least, not the doctrine that that famous expression is used to assert. We do feel the pleasure enhanced when we find ourselves in a beautiful spot and find that that spot has been the theme of praise by men of taste in many generations. . . .

MAY 29th. (To-day Wordsworth and I had a little quarrel; he was rude because I was forced to resist his too large demands on my good nature and this had some influence in making me decline going with him to-day.)

JUNE 1st. [Florence.] . . . Niccolini called and I introduced the poets to each other, but they could have little pleasure in conversation for want of a common language. . . . We then took a walk round, went out at the Croce gate, crossed the Arno over a suspension bridge, and then had a delightful walk up to the San Miniato.

JUNE 4th. [Visit to Landor's.] . . . (The only bad points in the affair are these. Mrs. Landor is certainly a very weak woman, but I think respectable in her conduct. My suspicions on this head are removed, and I have no doubt her provocations have been very great indeed. She complains of personal violence, even beating, and I can believe such things. She allowed me to say she would be happy to receive Landor on principle and no reference to the past. Julia is a very fine and indeed interesting girl. I do not think her attachment to her cousin is of such a kind as to endanger her health, but she feels very much her father's conduct. She cried several times when I talked about him; she has given me a note to him from which I expect more than from anything else. I had written thus far when it occurred to me that I should do better by forwarding Julia's note to her father than . . . writing to my brother. Accordingly I wrote a short letter to Landor giving an account of his family. . . .

Mrs. Landor complained of Landor, and accused him of beating her and of making himself an object of terror to the children. She said he had a good heart but a very bad temper. She seems to be quite dependent on him. He allows her for the maintenance of the family forty crowns a week, which certainly is no bad allowance. He told me that he took for himself one-fifth of his income and left four-fifths. That may be true. She says that he every year pays off debts. She related to me that he ran away from her when she was in Jersey, a short time after their marriage. And unless I am strangely mistaken she said that they had lived together as brother and sister ever since she was thirty-six years old! All these are strange and incredible things were Landor not a very strange man. Many particulars I omit. Notwithstanding all this, she allowed me to say that she should be happy to see him. So I said no more than I was warranted in saying. She showed me a letter from Landor's sister offering her an asylum; from his brother praising very highly Edward

Landor, a nephew, who has confessed his attachment to Miss Landor, and she is more than a little attached to him.)

JUNE 7th. [Bologna.] . . . The rest of the day was spent by me more pleasantly than by Wordsworth. He has been all day very uncomfortable—annoyed by the length of the streets. He is never thoroughly happy, but in the country. . . . We went to the gallery, where Wordsworth found very little to interest him. . . . But Guido is surely a delightful painter. . . . Domenichino, too, has great ability . . . and there are some fine heads by Giotto. . . .

JUNE 9th. [Milan.] . . . I have been pleased to hear again the German language, and though in a small and not well-furnished room for sleeping, yet I am comfortable and only afraid that Wordsworth will be impatient and want to hurry me away. . . .

JUNE 11th. . . . We drove to the very celebrated Certosa, four or five miles on this side Pavia. . . . It so surpassed our expectations that even Wordsworth did not regret the journey. It is the richest church I ever saw, not in its architecture, but in its sculpture. . . . Wordsworth was annoyed by the large parties who were seeing the church, and to avoid them, left it, and we went up the tower together. We saw everything quietly. . . .

JUNE 12th. To make up for the insignificance of the day before, this was one of the most agreeable of the whole journey, enjoyed by Wordsworth more than any other, yet we had to encounter fatigue.

. . . Just before we reached Como the scenery became very grand. . . . At Como . . . all other feelings were for the time overpowered by the fortunate occurrence of meeting with the Ticknors, a great and unexpected pleasure. They, too, were going up the lake by the steamboat, and thus we united to the pleasures of the scene the gratification of chat with a clever family. . . . The view of this most beautiful of lakes was in itself to me an unmixed pleasure. Wordsworth blended with it painfully pleasing recollections of his old friend Jones, with whom he made the same journey in the year 1790, and who died a few months ago. He also had a still more tender recollection of his journey here in 1820 with his wife and sister twice, during the first of which only Monkhouse and I were with him. . . . A hot and disagreeable drive [from Como back to Milan], but I read as long as the light lasted in the *Life of Scott*, by Lockhart, which Ticknor had lent us. We arrived after eleven. . . .

JUNE 13th. . . . I accompanied Wordsworth up the cathedral. A small sum . . . is required of each person, and no one accompanies the traveller—an excellent arrangement, and, as Words-

worth truly observed, the cheapest of all sights for which anything is paid. For it is a most interesting sight. The view of the surrounding country is not to be despised, but that is the least part of the sight. Its singularity consists in the effect produced by the numerous pinnacles on the roof of the church—three rows on each side, each surmounted by a figure and all of marble. Wordsworth has thus described them:

. . . But Fancy with the speed of fire
Hath past to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host
Of Figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Apennine
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees—that might from heaven have flown,
And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
Each narrowing above each;—the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height—etc.

The Eclipse of the Sun. 1820.

Memorials of a Tour on the Continent. No. xxvii.

JUNE 14th. [Bergamo.] . . . This day was, perhaps, the very best of our journey to Wordsworth. At least, it partook most of that character which expresses his personal taste. It was a day of adventure amid beautiful scenery. . . . We . . . rambled up to the old town of Bergamo, for our inn was only in the suburb below. I was much pleased with the walk. I have seldom seen a more pleasantly situated provincial town in Italy, or indeed in any country . . . Bergamo being built, as it were, on the first step of the series of hills which end in the Alps. I strolled alone into the city . . . only hurried too much and found Wordsworth not returned when I reached our inn. . . . We left our inn between ten and eleven. . . . We went . . . to Pallaguola [Palazzolo?] . . . a pleasing little town. Here the post-road terminates. . . . We had a pleasant drive through cross, but very good, roads to this little town situated at the foot of the lake of Iseo. We put up at a humble inn . . . kept within doors till the evening set in. Then a lad of the house guided us through long lanes of stone walls

to the side of the lake. The view . . . very grand. Several ridges of lofty mountains, the latter streaked with snow. The day was intensely hot. Finding a conveniently retired spot I had the luxury of a bathe. I enjoyed it greatly. Wordsworth and I had separated. He returned after dark, having enjoyed his solitary ramble. . . . In bed late, having read both evening and during the day Lockhart's *Life of Walter Scott*—a made-up book, the writer, like his subject, carrying on literature as a trade, and being desirous above all things to make a large book for the sake of the large pay. The best parts of what I have yet read are those traceable to Scott himself—extracts from his letters and anecdotes of his own telling. . . .

JUNE 15th. I rose early and wrote part of the above. Then I took a delightful walk . . . and had a fine view of the lake. . . . The *Life of Scott* was my companion. . . . Called away by the departure of the boat at eleven. It was the humblest vehicle in which gentlemen ever made a party of pleasure—a four-oared broad boat with a sail. The company about four sheep, one horse, one ass, one cow, about ten steerage passengers, cabin passengers about four or five besides Wordsworth and myself. We had the shelter of an awning near the helm, but so ill-contrived as to allow of no comfort in a posture between lying and sitting. The day was hot and at one time we were becalmed. No attempt to use the oars. It was hot to suffocation. I managed to read in the *Life of Scott*, for the motion was so slow that the scenery, fine as it was, did not fully occupy my mind. We went near twenty miles in four and a half hours. Towards the end of the lake, as we drew near Lovere, it improved in beauty, and on arriving the country was so inviting that we resolved to explore the neighbourhood till it became dark. We walked up the road to Bergamo, from whence the views of the lake are exquisitely beautiful. . . . We rambled several hours, indeed, till it was dark. We then found a respectable inn . . . where a comfortable dinner was supplied . . . and after this we had the use of a large room. Wordsworth slept and I read Walter Scott's *Life*. . . . At twelve we re-embarked on our boat [with] other animals, both biped and quadruped. . . . It was about 3 a.m. when we arrived [at Iseo].

JUNE 16th. We rose between six and seven and . . . were driven fifteen miles to Brescia . . . [where] we were glad to lie by for a few hours in the middle of the day. . . . We stayed here till half-past four, and were then driven . . . to Desenzano . . . [which] we reached . . . at dusk. We were put in good rooms fronting the lake [Garda]. . . . A long slip of land . . . runs into

the water dividing the lake into halves and ending in . . . the promontory of Sirmione, where Catullus had a villa. Wordsworth had a strong desire to visit this point, but the sight of it hence will probably be sufficient to satisfy him. A fine view towards the head of the lake determined us at once to make use of a small steamboat which . . . [on] Saturday goes to Riva. . . .

JUNE 17th. . . . At seven in the morning . . . we embarked on a small but pleasant steamboat which took us in six hours to the head of the lake to Riva. . . . After dining Wordsworth took a boat and went to . . . Torbole. I walked a couple of miles to this Torbole and from thence ascended the mountains above. . . . I met Wordsworth on his return, he having taken a boat half the way. . . .

JUNE 18th. [Riva.] . . . We walked out before breakfast and took the road to Arco, above the lake. Wordsworth soon left me, as he was annoyed by the stone walls on the road, and I sauntered on to a little town, walled. . . . After refreshing myself . . . I strolled back . . . and then read in my room Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *[Letters]*, which formed my resource to-day. I sat in my room till past one, when I became very uncomfortable. Wordsworth said he should return and take his breakfast. His non-return made me fear an accident had occurred, and, this idea having seized me, I could not rest, but walked out in search of him, being aware that in case of accident, I being dressed so much like him, should be informed of it. It was oppressively hot, but I went on and guessed that he would be attracted by the appearance of a village and castles on the mountains. I went in that direction. The sound of a waterfall caught my ear. I knew it must catch his. I pursued it, came to a mill, found he had been there and had breakfasted there. He was gone higher up. I went higher and found a man who had seen him near Riva. This relieved my apprehensions. I returned. He was there and we dined at three. . . . In bed at eleven o'clock after a very agreeable though, during some portion of it, anxious day.

JUNE 19th. [Verona.] . . . We hastened from the inn to the amphitheatre. . . . Wordsworth did not seem to enjoy the amphitheatre. The restoration of the steps seems to have taken away all the poetry and effect in his eyes. When I saw it first I was more impressed, but then I had not seen Rome. . . .

JUNE 22nd. . . . Wordsworth was gratified by our entrance into Venice. The view of the picturesque palaces on the Canale Grande was very interesting, if not beautiful. . . . We enjoyed ourselves much in the short walk we took on the Piazza. . . .

JUNE 23rd. . . . We called on the Ticknors . . . and . . . Wordsworth accompanied them to hear Tasso chanted by gondoliers, for which I had no curiosity. . . .

JUNE 26th. *Titian's House*. . . . Two pictures delighted me most, perhaps because they were not new to me: 'The Four Ages of Man,' a favourite of dear Lamb's; he valued an engraving of it, and a 'Deposition from the Cross.' . . .

JUNE 27th. . . . We thus found four days in fact enough for Venice, Wordsworth being so indifferent to mere sights. Venice on the whole I have enjoyed more than before, because I have seen it more at my ease. . . .

JUNE 28th. . . . Met Wordsworth and Mr. White [an American], an amiable young man who won on Wordsworth by being very attentive to him personally, but his qualities apparently are negative. . . . Our first day's journey [homewards]. . . .

JUNE 30th. . . . Wordsworth overslept himself this morning, having for the first time on his journey, I believe, attempted composition, and in the forenoon I wrote some twenty lines by dictation on *The Cuckoo [at] Laverna*. We therefore did not leave our nice comfortable inn [at Sillian] till seven o'clock.

JULY 1st. . . . Wordsworth himself [who had desired to take the 'new' route they were following], I believe, regrets now that we did not turn to the left as we quitted the mountains at Toblach and take the high road to Innsbruck. But I hope to make a comparison hereafter of what I have seen and what I missed. For though I feel no desire to visit Italy again, I should not hesitate another journey among the Alps, so much greater and more unmixed is the pleasure which mountains give than what cities afford us. . . .

JULY 2nd. . . . Golling. Salzburg . . . one of the very prettiest *small* waterfalls I ever saw (I mean small as to the volume of water), but the height of the fall is considerable. . . . A short post brought us to Hallein, where I was fourteen years ago in company with two young men. . . . We then came to see the famous salt works, which Wordsworth has no curiosity about, and we then went on to see what I hope to see again to-day, the grand lake, the Königsee. Hallein lies finely, as every place does in this country. I took a walk alone, Wordsworth being engaged in composition—rewriting his verses on *The Cuckoo at Laverna*—and I read a chapter in Walter Scott's *Life*, being satiated with beholding fine scenery.

JULY 3rd. . . . We . . . had a very 'delightful day's excursion to the Königsee. The drive to Berchtesgaden is most delicious,

and more perfectly beautiful country than this of Salzburg can't be imagined. . . . Wordsworth enjoyed the whole day and declared it most charming, though the lake itself did not, I believe, answer the expectations he had formed of it. . . .

JULY 4th. This day also has been very agreeably spent . . . We . . . pursued our course to Salzburg . . . and Wordsworth was enchanted with a scene which combines the most pleasing features of English scenery . . . with grand masses and forms. Especially before Salzburg the avenues and the fine grass quite won my companion's heart. . . . In the evening Wordsworth and I met on the heights near the castle, where I found him greatly delighted with the scenery as uniting every variety of beauty and greatness. . . .

JULY 5th. . . . I had accounts to make out, etc., after breakfast, and Wordsworth went out and left me alone. I met with a packet of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which interested me more than the fine scenery of Salzburg. I had before read of the death of William IV. I was anxious to know what immediately followed. I learned from these papers that the new Queen Victoria has already appointed Whig ladies her maids-of-honour, which shows that for the present her tastes and predilections are on the liberal side. Wordsworth not coming home early, I dined alone, and after dinner walked . . . I found Wordsworth on my return. . . .

JULY 6th. . . . We left Salzburg . . . and . . . the Salzkammergut has not failed to afford us all the pleasure that could be reasonably expected.

JULY 7th. [Ischl.] . . . We made an agreement with a *Pferdephilister* to have a horse to Weissbach for ten *Zwanziger*, but when the horse came, and we were ready to start, he insisted on fifteen. This disgusted my companion, for whom alone the horse was wanted, so much, that he rejected it, and we set out on foot and we were well pleased with the result. . . . We walked down the valley of the Traun by the side of the rapid river in a narrow glen for near a league, and then turned into a vast pine-wood valley along which for perhaps two leagues we sauntered. We walked slowly, Wordsworth resting frequently, and I took one or two naps . . . and early in the afternoon we came to the lake of Alter and the little hamlet of Weissbach. . . . We sauntered in the evening by the lake. . . .

JULY 10th. . . . I did not reach Ischl till past one, having been on foot since eight. Wordsworth had been there since eleven, having been taken up by an empty carriage. . . . I found Wordsworth bent on departing. Ischl is not at all to his taste, being a

bathing-place . . . with something of an attempt at gentility and a sort of smart people. . . . We set off—it was past four—and drove to Aussee. . . .

JULY 12th. [Hallstadt.] . . . After breakfast Wordsworth set out on a boat-excursion for which I had no taste. I preferred sauntering along near the lake. . . . Wordsworth returned at two.

JULY 15th. . . . The new King of Hanover has abolished (*aufgehoben*) the Hanoverian constitution! Of so violent a man as the ex-Duke of Cumberland anything may be expected. . . . Wordsworth has related to me an anecdote that on an occasion on which the Duke of Cumberland intimated to the Duke of Wellington that he would do a certain act, the Duke replied: 'If so, I will impeach your Royal Highness.' . . . We left our inn a little after six without taking any breakfast and went two stages to breakfast, i.e. to Weisham [?] Westerham] and Rosenheim. . . . We were a little annoyed by being rudely treated by a German gentleman . . . who, contrary to the post regulations, though he arrived last at Weisham [?] contrived to get the first horses. He had had some words with Wordsworth in my absence, whom he called *Der Brummbär*. He was most insolent and very un-German in his manners. . . .

JULY 16th. . . . We set off about 7 a.m. and had a charming drive . . . to Tegern See. . . . Wordsworth drew my attention to the fine figure of the female peasants—stout forms, short necks, and faces masculine and yet comely. . . . We found at the foot of the lake a palace, the summer residence of the Dowager Queen of Bavaria. . . . Beyond I found a building called the *Parapluie*, from its form, though Wordsworth said parasol would have been a better name. Here I stayed a considerable time. Read with delight extracts from *The Excursion*. . . . I read the whole of the admirable tale of Margaret from *The Excursion*. After two I found Wordsworth at the inn. He had seen all I saw and a great deal more. . . . We took a short walk after dinner, for the rain had abated. . . . It is apparently fine now. But Wordsworth says the air is full of water and we must expect continued bad weather.

JULY 17th. [Munich.] . . . I was accosted by Clemens Brentano . . . in his wild and gay tone of conversation not much altered. He was accompanied by two of his nieces. . . . On returning to the inn I introduced Wordsworth to the whole party, who dined at the table d'hôte. . . . Brentano was in his way courteous in French, though he rattled about religion in a way that could but half amuse and half disgust Wordsworth. Brentano

took us to the house of Professor Phillips, who speaks English, that he might give Wordsworth information about St. Francis, but he was not at home. Brentano also gave me a note to the conductor of Cotta's business here that he might show me some German translations from Wordsworth, whom I at once recognized as an old acquaintance, Mr. Oldenburg. . . . He speaks English, is very desirous to serve, and will be of great use to Wordsworth. . . . I looked over the translations from Wordsworth in the *Ausland* by Freiligrath. They seem in general done with feeling and talent. By the bye, Freiligrath has translated *The Ancient Mariner*. Wordsworth's translations are anonymous. . . .

JULY 18th. . . . Early in the morning we met with the courier of the Ticknors, who arrived here yesterday. We accordingly called on them and had a very pleasant chat. . . . I was rejoiced on Wordsworth's account, who very much wanted a companion.

JULY 22nd. [Ulm.] . . . I was pleased with some respectable young men in the dining-room. . . . One of them found a striking resemblance between Wordsworth and Jung, alias Heinrich Still-ing, and I told them who Wordsworth is . . .

JULY 23rd. [Württemberg.] . . . Wordsworth got into political chat with an English lady and talked very illiberally against the Dissenters. . . .

JULY 24th. After breakfast Kölle¹ accompanied us to the Royal Park. . . . We talked on German politics and the conduct of the new King of Hanover. (Wordsworth was very rude because Kölle unluckily made use of the word 'Tory.' Kölle kept his temper, but was greatly disgusted by his tone and conversation, and will make a very unfavourable report of him.) We afterwards all went to the museum.

JULY 25th. . . . While on the road Wordsworth expressed a readiness to go with me to Frankfurt if I wished it, but a desire to avoid the rich city, and I at once made up my mind to accede to his wishes as I have always done. . . .

JULY 26th. [Heidelberg.] . . . After five accompanied Words-worth to the Schlossers, where we took tea and had a very pleasant evening. Schlosser and Wordsworth seemed to take pleasure in each other. . . . Schlosser showed us his house and books, etc., and he told me interesting particulars of the death of Fräulein Gunderode, which Bettina in her *Briefwechsel eines Kindes* has sadly misrepresented. Schlosser says he believes the letters which appear to have furnished the matter of some of Goethe's sonnets were written by Bettina after the sonnets. This I do not believe.

¹ An old friend of Crabb Robinson who chanced to be in their hotel.

But in other respects I agree with Schlosser in thinking the book betrays a great want of real delicacy and moral feeling. . . .

JULY 27th. . . . I called on Geheimrat Schlosser and had an interesting chat with him on his *History of the Eighteenth Century*, from which he read me some extracts, and showed me a quotation from a letter of mine to Benecke which he made in the original language and names me with a compliment. From a writer of so great distinction this is an honour, but at the same time a liberty which few English writers of eminence would have allowed themselves to take. I do not yet understand in what connection he has made the quotation. It consisted in a not ill-expressed characteristic of Mandeville. . . .

AUG. 2nd. [Louvain.] I found opportunity to-day . . . to read some *Galignanis*. They contained an account of the borough elections, and, on the whole, I have been pleased with what I this day and have since heard. It gives me great pleasure that Roebuck has lost his seat at Bath, though it gives me no pleasure that two Tories have got in for Bath, my old acquaintance General Palmer being thrown out. . . . Wordsworth at dinner to-day said neatly: 'Mr. Roebuck is the best friend the ministers have, for his blackness makes their darkness show like light.' . . .

AUG. 3rd. . . . We hurried off from our inn and with difficulty reached the railroad office at half-past six. We reached Antwerp in an hour and a quarter—a journey that used to take five hours. Wordsworth and I were in a very genteel carriage called a 'Diligence,' for which we paid each three francs. A still higher place is the 'Berline,' but which differs only from the 'Diligence' in having arm-chairs for all the travellers. We had no one with us. Judging by my feelings only, I should have thought the velocity much below that of the road between Manchester and Liverpool. . . .

AUG. 5th. . . . We came . . . as far as Cassel. . . . Wordsworth was greatly delighted with the view from the heights of the small town, and would prefer this place as a residence to any one he has [seen] for a long time. The plain is so enriched by fine wood as to afford delightful drives. . . .

AUG. 7th. . . . There was too much wind to allow of sleep when we were out of the harbour. . . . A single discharge relieved me and going then on deck I was in comparative comfort. Wordsworth had had a much worse night and more severe sickness. . . . We had a very agreeable passage after we were in the Thames, and reached the Custom House about three o'clock. I instantly ran to Paynter's chambers, leaving Wordsworth with the carriage. Brittain . . . sent for horses and between five and

six we had our things packed. The officers behaved very liberally and we were charged nothing for our few books and prints [?]. I told them who my companion was, and that probably in some measure influenced their conduct. My luggage was dropped at the Temple gate, where I alighted, and after dining at the Athenaeum and taking tea at Jaffray's I called on Wordsworth at Moxon's. I found him in good spirits and certainly in as good health as when he set out—I think even better.

And so ends this interesting tour. It will probably be not altogether unproductive, though Wordsworth has for the present composed part only of a poem on *The Cuckoo at Laverna*.

AUG. 9th. . . . I have received the *Letters of Charles Lamb*. There are two to me and a civil mention of me by Talfourd. . . . The *Letters* I have still to read. . . . I read to-day with very great pleasure Macaulay's article on Bacon in the last *Edinburgh Review* in which the personal character of Bacon is very ably reviewed and his philosophy admirably characterised. It is, however, not a philosophical article in the German use of that term.

AUG. 11th. . . . Rogers came in after dinner—a friendly invitation to dine, which I cannot accept. Wordsworth very heavy after dinner—more like me than himself. . . .

AUG. 12th. . . . Breakfasted with Kenyon, an agreeable chat with him about our journey (and my companion. He and I are quite agreed about him) and are alike unwilling to talk aloud on the subject. . . . I then drove down to Hampstead and had a very agreeable chat with Dora Wordsworth and Mrs. and Miss Hoare. . . . Strolled with Lamb's *Letters* which I had been enjoying a great part of the day. . . . As I advance in perusal of Lamb's *Letters* they delight me more. It is a pity that those at the beginning of the volume are poor. Many readers will stop at the beginning. Talfourd has showed great judgment in the veil he has thrown over what ought not to be too palpable and intelligible.

AUG. 13th. . . . I went early to bed reading Cottle's book on Coleridge.

AUG. 14th. I breakfasted with Mr. Samuel Rogers and had an agreeable two hours' chat with him. S. Rogers was very courteous, on reflection rather more than I can hope to be a permanent feeling, assuming it to be perfectly sincere at the time. He chatted confidentially with me about (Wordsworth, but I had no pleasure, in being complimented) at his expense; nor dare I believe to the full extent of Rogers's statement that Wordsworth speaks of

me with admiration for my taking him on a journey [?]. Still it is agreeable to believe that there is some foundation for such a report and Wordsworth must have spoken not unkindly to permit Rogers saying so much.) Of Talfourd, Lamb, Wordsworth, etc., Rogers spoke kindly and without satire. I have a pleasure in testifying this. The rest of the day I spent lounging. I skimmed Cottle's *Early Recollections of Coleridge*. Not quite so bad a book as the *Quarterly Review* represents, but bad enough. It is a poor thing; vulgar cant and in a mean style, but still in the main points, the publication of Coleridge's letter on opium-taking and making known De Quincey's present of £300, Cottle is in the right, and Coleridge's family and the *Quarterly Review*, proceeding at least indirectly from the family, are in the wrong. The review is most ungenerous, and the author of the book deserved milder treatment, poor as it is. . . . I saw Wordsworth late at Moxon's and late in the evening I read¹ the third volume of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. The book is intolerable and must injure both the subject and the writer. It is a memoir of the trade of book-making and exhibits the poet in the very lowest point of view imaginable.

My first reading [after his return] consisted in Serjeant Talfourd's recent publication of Charles Lamb's *Letters*. I enjoyed the book and approved of Talfourd's reserve. Then followed the third volume of Scott's *Life*. I found the book, what Wordsworth declared it to be, a degradation of the literary character of our countryman. Walter Scott was a trader in poetry, the size of his poem being adapted to that of the building it was written to pay for.

AUG. 15th. . . . I went on with the *Life of Scott*—worse and worse as it goes on. I am glad to find the opinion of the world at large agrees with mine. By the bye, Wordsworth speaks with indignation of the *Quarterly Review* attack on Moxon as base. It is a mere attack on the publisher under pretence of attacking the poet. I took tea with Moxon. Wordsworth there.

AUG. 16th. . . . A dinner at Rogers's: the party, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Courtenay, and Mrs. Bellenden Ker—a very pleasing young woman — nothing blue - stocking about her or flighty in her manner; I never was more mistaken in my preconceptions of a person. "Courtenay and his son there, out of their place, at least the father out of his; Wordsworth and Empson, so that with our host, Wordsworth, and myself we were within the prescribed number. The day passed off well. I escaped my sleepy fit.

¹ This word is uncertain, it may be 'recid,' i.e. 'received.'

The conversation not polemical; the parties too equally divided for controversy. Rogers rather annoyed me. Empson repeating that I had boasted that I had never lost my temper or my spirits, I said: 'That is, I am afraid, not true now.' Rogers said: 'That is a reflection on Wordsworth,' and he remarked we sat as far from each other as possible. Wordsworth looked grave; I treated this as a joke, but Rogers should not have said this. Has Wordsworth said anything? He is, however, very friendly towards me. Moxon and Talfourd came in the evening. Talfourd was a great acquisition. His vivacity and good humour are quite inspiring. Courtenay praised the wine and dinner. Empson says he has seen Lord Abinger quite fidgety till Courtenay had sanctioned his dinner by praise. On this gastronomic connoisseurship rests Courtenay's reputation! How could such a man be a sort of patron and guardian of Wordsworth's purse? . . .

AUG. 17th. I breakfasted with Rogers again this morning; Empson went with me. Wordsworth had removed thither on account of Moxon's house being under paint. A very interesting chat with Wordsworth about his poetry. He repeated emphatically what he had said before to me, that he did not expect or desire from posterity any other fame than that which would be given him for the way in which his poems exhibit man in his essentially human character and relations—as child, parent, husband, the qualities which are common to all men as opposed to those which distinguish one man from another. His sonnets are not therefore the works that he esteems the most. Empson and I had both spoken of the sonnets as our favourites. He said: 'You are both wrong.' Rogers, however, attacked the form of the sonnet with exaggeration that he might be less offensive. I regret my inability to record more of Wordsworth's conversation. Empson related that Jeffrey had lately told Empson that so many people had thought highly of Wordsworth that he was resolved to re-peruse his poems and see if he had anything to retract. Wordsworth on this said he had no wish now that Jeffrey should do anything of the kind. Jeffrey had done him all the injury he could by violent attacks, and the silence of the *Quarterly* had prevented the sale of his works—otherwise he might have made his Italian journey twenty years ago. Empson, I believe, did not end his anecdote, as he had before said to me that Jeffrey having done so, found nothing to retract—except perhaps a contemptuous and flippant phrase or two. Empson says he believes Jeffrey's distaste for Wordsworth is honest—mere uncongeniality of mind. Talfourd says the same, who is now going to pay Jeffrey a visit.

Jeffrey does acknowledge that he was wrong in his treatment of Lamb. . . .

AUG. 18th. . . . I finished Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, which has left a very uncomfortable impression on my mind. It is the history of a trader in literature, not of a poet. . . .

AUG. 23rd. . . . Went down to Edmonton. I found dear Mary Lamb in very good health, and she has been so long well that one may now hope for a continuance; I took a walk with her. She led me to Charles Lamb's grave (which she showed me without emotion). As usual I amused her by playing piquet, and she seems by no means so wretchedly situated as I before thought —yet I desire removal. . . .

AUG. 27th. . . . Panizzi has obtained the Chief Librarianship of the British Museum over the head of Cary, whom I thought the best-entitled. But it seems that on account of his infirmities (he has been insane) even the Archbishop of Canterbury thought him disqualified. . . .

AUG. 27th. A visit to John Wood . . . Panizzi there, the Italian Librarian at the British Museum. A man (like Whewell) with a figure and face that would suit a bandit. Both are *strong* men—vigorous in most respects—strong will, powers of endurance in work, etc. These are they who change the face of the world, but one would not choose one's friends out of the class. Panizzi became the head librarian at the British Museum and at the same time unpopular, because this was thought an act of injustice to Cary, whom men of taste and feeling preferred, as well as the partisans of 'native talent.' Panizzi was the right man of the two—and was a gainer by the opposition of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who favoured Cary after declaring against him. . . .

SEPT. 2nd. . . . I had engaged to call on Wordsworth at Moxon's, and was there by eleven. He approves of my going with them to Hereford, and I am to order places for Friday. . . .

[*Travel journal: Hereford, etc.*] I felt dissatisfied with the journey because I returned so early in the season, and therefore I resolved on making a short excursion by way of supplement to the Italian tour, and as Wordsworth was going to Hereford to visit his brother-in-law near the city, I proposed to him to go to Hereford, and accompany him on the Wye, etc., his daughter being of the party. Accordingly

SEPT. 8th. We set out in the *Mazepa* Hereford coach. . . . The journey was one of the very dullest I ever took, and Wordsworth said the same. [It lasted from 6 a.m. till half-past ten.] . . .

SEPT. 9th. Young Mr. Hutchinson came for the Wordsworths

to take them to Brinsop, and, between eleven and twelve, Mr. Monkhouse also came. He had heard of my being here and came for no other purpose than to fetch me . . . to the Stow, Mr. Monkhouse's farm in Whitney parish, sixteen miles from Hereford.

SEPT. 10th. . . . I read through the second volume of *The Doctor*, having read (and already forgotten) the first volume at Wordsworth's a year and half ago. I was amused by the book in spite of merely tedious topographical detail about Doncaster, and though I was disgusted by the illiberal spirit and no slight portion of cant scattered throughout. The transition from the grave to comic scenes is in Wordsworth's eyes abrupt and uncomfortable, and he, as well as myself, thinks the comic passages much less pleasing than the serious. In the first two volumes, the Doctor certainly excites no interest. He is the theme of perpetual praise, but the author must ask for credit that his hero deserves this praise. The reader would not find it out for anything that he himself says and does. I think it, after all, by no means certain that Southey is the author, and do not wish to consider him as such on account of an unamiable [?] tone running through the whole, and Southey is a most amiable man.

SEPT. 11th. . . . A visit to the Hutchinsons. . . . Wordsworth had inflamed eyes and has in consequence found it impossible to compose. . . . In the evening I read Mr. Monkhouse Pope's *Dunciad*, Book IV, and the Prologue and Epilogue to the *Satires*. We were both sufficiently well-read in Pope to enjoy this like the renewal of an old intimacy, and I relished this as I did forty years ago.

SEPT. 8th. Though my journey this year abroad was so considerable, yet it terminated so much before the ordinary time for closing journeys of pleasure [that] a proposal being made by my late companion to be again his companion on a short journey to the west, and my brother being also about to take a journey in the same direction, I accepted the offer. . . . Wordsworth's daughter had joined him in London and was our lively and most agreeable companion on this occasion. We set out in the *Mazepa*, Hereford stage. . . .

SEPT. 9th. Young Mr. Hutchinson took his uncle and cousin to his father's house at Brinsop, and John Monkhouse, hearing of my arrival, came for me and took me to his farmhouse at Whitney, sixteen miles from Hereford. . . . I spent the day following rambling over a beautiful country. . . . 'There is too much wood here,' remarked Wordsworth, 'for so thinly populated a country.' It was one of his striking observations. 'Solitude in a waste is sublime which is purely disagreeable in a cultivated country.'

Here the wanderer sees neither houses nor people.' . . . The second volume of *The Doctor* was there. It gave me less pleasure than people then professed to receive from it. I was disgusted with its cant and illiberal party-spirit. It could not but amuse me. Wordsworth was of opinion, in which I fully concurred, that the serious parts are preferable to the comical. I was not then sure that Southey was the author, and did not wish to think so. The hero's excellence the reader takes on credit of the author.

SEPT. 12th. . . . I was busy reading a fairy tale by Mrs. Henry Coleridge, *Phantasmion*, which is beautifully written and set off with very pleasing poems, like Mrs. Radcliffe in her romances, and I was delighted with the beginning, but a thick volume of such luscious description surfeits as a bellyful of macaroons would. . . . What begins very pleasantly is ended with disgust. Some of the poems I should like to read again. . . .

The 11th was spent in a visit to Brinsop. . . . I was . . . interested in the family tutor, whose brother had been under Evans in the Spanish war. Of Evans the account was favourable. . . .

N.B.—Wordsworth's *Epigram*. In the doubt whether I have yet put down in writing the single Epigram of Wordsworth, I will here copy it:

The ball whizzed by. It grazed his ear
And whispered as it flew:
I touch—not take; so do not fear;
For both, my valiant buccaneer,
Are to the pillory due.

I had written to Mrs. Wordsworth that being asked whether the author of *The Excursion* had written an epigram I answered I did not think so, and this was the reply, with the introduction: 'We are affronted at your assertion. If we don't write epigrams, it is because we are too proud. This was suggested by a paragraph in the *Courier* stating that General Evans had been knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball.'

Phantasmion. I read here a fairy tale by Sara Coleridge, written in a style so rich as to delight me. But soon its luscious descriptions became surfeiting, and I felt as I should have done if, after praising some macaroons and ratafias and noyau, I was therefore expected to make a meal and stay my thirst with them!

I had during my visit gratified my host by reading some of the finest things in Pope to him—always a resource in lack of novelty.

SEPT. 13th. . . . I met Wordsworth driving to make a call on Sir Robert Price. I therefore joined him, and, entering the park when he alighted to make his call, I rambled about the park. . . .

SEPT. 14th. [Hereford.] I ascertained this morning that there is

no passage boat now between Ross and Chepstow. This took away all hope and desire to make an excursion down the Wye. I walked in the castle grounds, and found the wind so sharp as to satisfy me that this season does not suit Dora Wordsworth, and that a journey ought not to be made by her. . . . I therefore made up my mind to go to Liverpool, [to meet his brother.] I hesitated whether I should not go this morning and perhaps I should if I had not been deeply interested in *Waverley* [lent him by Mrs. Hutchinson], which I have only just finished. . . . I will here merely say that I had great pleasure from the dialogue throughout, that I skipped the descriptions, and thought the narrative better than the characteristic part. Yet it is an excellent book altogether. The conclusion very pathetic, the restoration of Baron Bradwardine to his estate, however, more so than the execution of MacIvor.

SEPT. 13TH. I had been met by Wordsworth when he was going to call on Sir Robert Price, and strolled in his park when Wordsworth was with him—a pleasing park, not spoiled by over-ornament. . . . I stayed at Hereford two days, chiefly to finish *Waverley* for the second time.

[Birmingham.] Here I fell in with two scientific or mechanical philosophers—Murchison and Sedgwick—and had the satisfaction of making them acknowledge the beauty of Wordsworth's Sonnet on Rail roads:

Motions and Means, on land and sea at war.¹

These, the two most eminent geologists, excepting Lyell, confessed they had not given Wordsworth credit for so clearly understanding the subject. From Birmingham we proceeded by coach to Worcester. My journal mentions my having an interesting companion in one Hovenden, whom I laboured, as was then my habit, to bring up to the true heighth of the Wordsworthian poetry.

[Bath.] I called on my friend, Miss Burney, an excellent person, who was living in a genteel boarding-house. She was growing old and becoming feeble, but was then engaged writing a novel.

I now read H. Martineau's *View of Society in America*. She, in this book, exhibited the strength of prejudice. With a just horror of slavery, here the act of the people, and being on questions of taste and religion always on the side of the minority, she yet refuses to recant her once maintained doctrine, that the people are always in the right—at last, she adds when pressed! . . .

. . . [Oxford.] At New College I noticed the designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, executed in glass by 'Jarvis,'² and I make this remark here because it has never been noticed, that I am aware of,

¹ *Steamboats, Viaducts and Railways. Poems composed or suggested during a Tour in 1833*, No. xlii.

² Jervais, or Jarvis.

that the shepherds in one of the designs are a palpable plagiary from Christian and Faithful in the folio edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*. . . .

My journal notices with warm praise the *Edinburgh* review of Prior's *Life of Goldsmith* as full of wise discrimination.

SEPT. 15th. . . . It was alarmingly fine, for I feared Wordsworth might come and be inclined to pursue the journey originally intended, and now I should have disliked that, my plan being otherwise fixed. He never came, nor was there any one from Brinsop. . . .

SEPT. 16th. I rose early and placed myself on the box of the Liverpool stage. . . . The day was wet: relieved from all apprehension that Wordsworth might think me capricious in not making the excursion with him to Chepstow. . . .

OCT. 7th. . . . [Bury.] . . . I kept awake [at a dinner] by means of vigorously riding my two hobbies, Goethe and Wordsworth, and I also read some specimens of Coleridge, perhaps too much. And my brother seems to think I was too didactical. . . .

OCT. 7th. My brother and I dined with Dr. Bayne. In my desire to render our hosts better acquainted with Burke and Wordsworth than they had before the means of becoming, my brother thought me dictatorial.

OCT. 11th. . . . I read to-day the fifth volume of Scott's *Life*. It is more interesting than several of the preceding volumes, and has less of that trading element which so much degrades the book, the writer, and the subject. There are some admirable letters by Scott to his children. He appears very amiable. What a pity that parental love should appear so often as an extension of self-love! Sir Walter was at the height of his prosperity in January 1825, when Captain Basil Hall visited him. Lockhart closes: 'The muffled drum is in prospect.' . . .

OCT. 21st. . . . I went to Covent Garden where I saw Lord Byron's *Werner*. I had not even read it. The fine acting of Macready gave me great pleasure: otherwise the play gave me no great pleasure. It is dissatisfying. . . . As Lord Byron wrote the play, it has no proper termination besides a doleful speech by the father. Now the main dissatisfaction arises from this—that one does not see *why* the son should be a criminal. The moral is far-fetched and obscure. . . . Looked over Lord Byron in bed.

OCT. 22nd. . . . The day was made amusing by Miss Martineau who pleased me better than before. She told me a number of curious anecdotes of Willis, whom she represents to be little

better than a swindler. Her account of American persons was very interesting and not at all offensive by any assumption on her part, though she speaks like one who is conscious of having a right to speak and form a judgment. . . . Miss Martineau gave an amusing account of Mrs. Trollope, who, she says, was admitted to no decent society in Cincinnati. . . .

OCT. 27th. . . . Miss Martineau . . . pleased me by speaking with perfect frankness of her former poverty: she had not five shillings. Her books had put her in possession of an income. . . . Mr. Robertson, editor of the *Westminster and London Review* [sic] . . . assured me from personal knowledge that the *Edinburgh Review* does not now pay its expenses nor does it regularly pay its contributors. The *Quarterly Review* is the only trimestrial review that does. . . .

NOV. 15th. . . . I went early to the Athenaeum where I finished *Ernest Maltravers*. . . . I have written a short analysis of *Ernest Maltravers* and merely say here that the whole charm of the novel lies in the character of Alice, the daughter of a villain and murderer. . . .

NOV. 21st. . . . Miss Martineau gave me good news about the progress of a copyright bill in America for the benefit of English authors which will rejoice Wordsworth. . . .

NOV. 25th. . . . I had then to go to dine with Mr. Crawford, 27 Wilton Crescent—a family party and relations and also Carlyle. I found Carlyle so very outrageous in his opinions that I have no wish to see him again, and I avoided saying anything that looked like a desire to renew my acquaintance with him. He spoke of Dr. Channing with contempt as an unreadable commonplace writer, and I was sorry that Crawford concurred in this opinion. He quite disgusted me by his avowed approbation of the annexation of Texas and of the holding the negroes in slavery. It is a natural aristocracy, that of *colour*, and quite right that the stronger and better race should have dominion! He said, however, some striking things in which if not absolutely true there was notwithstanding some truth: as that [no] man ever did any great good to society under the influence of benevolent motives. Men were impelled by instinct and impulses of passion to do great actions. This, he said, after the expression of great contempt of Dr. Channing's *Essay on Buonaparte*. He was, however, personally civil to me, and though I shunned particular conversation with him I said nothing discourteously that I am aware of.

NOV. 25th. I dined with a very superior man, a hard-headed Scotchman, Crawford. . . . Thomas Carlyle was there. He

excited strong disgust then by his outrageous declamation in favour of slavery—the negro slavery of the Americans. I resolved to be no longer acquainted with him, and I avoided saying anything that could look like a desire to renew my acquaintance with him. He approved of the annexation of Texas. He declared the tyranny of the Anglo-Americans to be a natural and just aristocracy, that of race indicated by colour. He hoped this slavery would last for ever. He spoke contemptuously of Dr. Channing, in which I was sorry to hear Crawford join. He mixed up with this offensive matter some striking thoughts, which though not absolutely true, had truth in them. It is true that the affairs of the world are carried on by impulses of passion and instincts, more than by benevolent motives—but this does not justify contempt for all philanthropists. This was said after expressing great contempt for Channing's *Essay on Buonaparte*.

He was personally civil to me, which I coldly noticed. Afterwards—some years since—he wrote his *Latter Day Pamphlets*, with his name, preceded by his defence of slavery, in *Fraser's Magazine*, anonymous and never publicly acknowledged—a sign of grace! A passage in one of his essays . . . of his *Miscellanies*, I can, without the least hesitation, assign to its proper object, and may do hereafter. It did not in the least mortify me. Wordsworth's Sonnets are a sufficient exposure of what is wrong in Carlyle. I add an anecdote. Thinking Wordsworth, who could not forgive his not writing English, unjust to Carlyle on the score of language, I sent him Carlyle's admirable Petition to the House of Commons on behalf of the Copyright Bill. Wordsworth could not but praise it highly. He concluded his letter: 'And as to the style, *it is well calculated to startle dull men into attention.*' I repeated this to Mrs. Carlyle. Carlyle had a present made him by a nobleman of a share in the Athenaeum and was brought in by the committee. I saw him then. He shook hands with me cordially. I have not seen him since.

Nov. 29th. . . . I then called on Miss Harriet Martineau; she was evidently gratified by my warm praise of her brother's *Rationale*¹ and I dare say forgives me for not admiring as she does the style and wild opinions of Carlyle. . . .

Nov. 30th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum, where I read a portion of *Oliver Twist*; a very able and quite original work of fiction—exhibiting very pathetically, but repulsively sometimes, the sufferings of the very poor. It is the history of a parish apprentice—the tendency bad but the work one of pure genius. . . .

DEC. 1st. . . . I read another chapter of *Oliver Twist*, a book that almost exceeds the allowable measure of human suffering

¹ *Rationale of Religious Inquiry*, by James Martineau.

and the temporary success of villainy, but I suppose all is to be made right at last, as we hope a future state is to redress the seeming wrongs of the good in this world.

Nov. 30th. [Oliver Twist.] My first notice of the writings of Dickens, as far as I can perceive. . . . Since this was written, Dickens has become one of the most influential of our novelists. As works of art his novels have been spoiled by being published monthly. Twelve admirable chapters *may* make a bad volume. As to the *bad* tendency. It is bad only in the hands of the poor and suffering by exaggerating the wrongs inflicted and suffered. Not all suffering is a *wrong*. It is Douglas Jerrold who afterwards carried this tendency to a culpable height in his *St. James's and St. Giles's*. These exhibitions tend to a servile war. Dickens is a fine writer and excellent man. It is to be lamented that he is ambitious of living genteely and giving dinners to the rich. With an income of three or four thousand a year, and sometimes much more, he may at length, it is to be feared, leave his children to be maintained by the public. He is delicate in his appearance and some slight tendency to be a fop. He is liberal in his opinions, charitable, and a good chairman at public dinners.

DEC. 3rd. . . . I went . . . to Dr. Paris to dine; the party small. . . . [James] Smith, diner-out and professional joker. He says good things but he says them too ostentatiously and repeats his own jokes, viz. I heard him for the third time say that, the Duke of Wellington asking him for an inscription for the new statue of King George III, Smith said: 'Oh, yes—

A cocked hat of copper
Is very improper.'

Smith, in reciting, hurries verses so as to take away all effect. He is decidedly inferior to his brother, I should suppose. . . .

DEC. 4th. . . . I was reading Landor's *Pentameron* all the forenoon. . . .

DEC. 6th. . . . I also wrote to Landor acknowledging his *Pentameron*; I was glad of the opportunity of praising with sincerity this delightful book. I praised what I have copied, his fine remarks on the atheism of Lucretius and the orthodoxy of Dante; I noticed a conceit in Charles Lamb's way on the birds and clouds not being damned. I jokingly noticed some passages which look like a covert attack still on Wordsworth, and I very briefly hinted at his family matters and gave a rapid account of our journey—I believe the letter will please him. I ought to have noticed the *Pentalogia*, which I forgot. . . .

DEC. 9th. . . . Miss Martineau . . . tells me good news from Wordsworth,—that a Copyright Bill will certainly be brought into the next sitting of the American Congress in favour of English authors with every prospect of success. . . . Mrs. Talfourd quite enthusiastic for Mr. Dickens and not a little bitter against Miss (Mitford) for imputed envy at the success of *Ion* which betrayed her to unfriendly criticisms that have ended in a breach. . . .

DEC. 11th. . . . I had this morning a letter from Landor, so absurd, in answer to mine, worse than absurd. He does not trouble himself to notice mine, or thank me for my civility or show pleasure at my commendations, but sends me loose verses! I will break with him. . . .

DEC. 14th. . . . Call[ed] on Mrs. Opie . . . She was looking well and I had a very pleasant chat with her about our Norwich friends. She seemed cordially pleased at my calling on her. . . .

DEC. 15th. . . . I wrote a note to Kenyon to be read by him when convalescent, giving an angry account of Landor's letter to me, on which account I should have declined going to Bath had he been well.

DEC. 16th. Read this morning a delicious little story called *Nurse M'Vourneen's Story*.¹

DEC. 19th. [Bear Wood.] 'The only incident of the day . . . was that I . . . called at Miss Mitford's. She was unwell. Her old father we chatted with. In the morning he is conversable. He has the air of a gentleman of the old school, an aristocratic air with which he masks his poverty. Living in a miserable hovel, he has been maintained by his daughter, who now writes popular books for their support after he had spent £20,000 she gained in the lottery. . . .

DEC. 19th. I called with John Walter, junior, on Miss Mitford, author of *Our Village*. She was living with her father in a cottage near. He was about as unpleasant a man as could be imagined. He was of good family and had a certain grandiose air. He was a tall, handsome man, and by that air imposed on the world. His daughter had an idolatrous love of him though he lived a life of gross, selfish indulgence—an habitual drunkard. To support him she condemned herself to a life of literary labour, composing popular books, tales, and plays, after she had allowed him to spend £20,000 she gained by a lottery ticket. She and Talfourd were literary friends and cronies, till a coolness arose between them, arising out of an imputed envy on her part of his literary fame on

¹ *Nurse M'Vourneen's Story*, by the author of *Hyacinth O'Gara* [the Rev. George Brittain], Dublin, 1833. See under April 1st 1842.

the success of his *Ion*. Miss Mitford is now dead, as was her father in her life-time. A subscription was raised to buy her an annuity, and latterly she published the scourings of her desk on the strength of her early popularity—a sort of literary autobiography.¹ Her *Village* alone is really popular still.

.... Forster,² now editor of the *Examiner*, had then written his biographies of the heroes of Cromwell's Commonwealth, a book to be enjoyed as Forster is really a man of talent.

.... That it may be recollected hereafter though I have no copy now, let me put down the title of *Nurse McVourneen's Story*—an Irish tale of exquisite beauty. I could not but suggest to my College friends that I would have her, if I could, propagate her religious and moral feelings, though she could not fill the Chair of Moral Philosophy. This is a tale of domestic sorrow. Afterwards I met with another by Mrs. Hall³ of a higher character, at least involving a curious problem showing how love may excite to perjury to save the life of a successful rival—a strange mixture of seeming contradictions. This also an Irish tale. The characters are Roman Catholic.

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JAN. 8th. One person in particular whose conversation interested me more than any I have met with for a long time, his name, Milne,⁴ a young man, member for Pontefract a Conservative, but one who thinks that the Catholic Church ought to be established in Ireland! This shows him to be a thinker. He is besides a man of varied reading and of most catholic taste. He is a great lover of Wordsworth and of Goethe too: besides, he is an acquaintance of De Lammensais, of whom he relates that the apostate *abbé* has of late become very intimate with George Sand! Yet he seems to think that De Lammensais is a sincere Christian after all. Milnes, however, is fond of paradoxes. He spoke in approbation of persecution, if it could be efficient—the old Catholic apology He praised the writing of one Maurice, who wrote *Subscription no Bondage* and other writings

¹ *Recollections of a Literary Life, or Books, Places, and People*, 1852.

² John Forster. *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, 1840, was a re-issue of *Lives of Eminent British Statesmen*, 1837–9 (Eliot, Strafford, Pym, Hampden, Sir H. Vane, Marten, Cromwell).

³ Mrs. S. C. Hall. *Sketches of Irish Character*, 1828. *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, 1838. *Ireland*, and numerous other publications. The story here referred to is *The Widow of Kilcrea*. See also p. 600.

⁴ So written in the MS. But it is clear that Crabb Robinson is writing of R. Monckton Milnes. At this date Milne the barrister had been an acquaintance for several years.

of High Church theology, but on such philosophic principles as to be an object of suspicion to the commonplace orthodox. By the bye, of the commonplace people, the Baldwins, to whom I lent Lamb's *Letters*, did not read much of his letters because of his having praised Dr. Priestley. They thought him unsound. Poor, dear Lamb! Talfourd put in these letters as the only few he could find in which Charles Lamb showed the least sense of any kind of religion whatever; but I could not say this to the Baldwins.

JAN. 15th. . . . Then I called on Kenyon. I gratified him by reading Wordsworth's warm praise of him, and he in return encouraged me to proceed with the publication of my letters¹—I had not the courage to ask him to read them, but I shall perhaps do so. . . .

JAN. 17th. . . . Began *Pickwick* a few days ago. I like the book much more than I expected.

JAN. 20th. . . . Reading in *Pickwick*, whom I am acquiring a real taste for. . . .

JAN. 26th. . . . Read *Pickwick*. . . . A call from Milnes. He talked pleasantly about German literature. I showed him my translation [of *Egmont*] and lent him books. We shall become acquainted. . . .

JAN. 29th. . . . A call on Harriet Martineau; my respect for her judgment diminishes daily, but not my esteem for her character. She is an excellent person. I called to lend her *Voltaire*, etc. . . .

FEB. 7th. I read for an hour in *Pickwick*, who does not improve as he advances, but in whom I am more interested. . . .

FEB. 16th. I finished *Pickwick* this morning. A book that had very much more amused me than I expected, though I cannot on reflection rank it high as a work of art. Neither Pickwick himself nor the greater number of the persons are, after all, characters at all. Only Sam Weller the faithful servant, and his father the old coachman, are characters. The rest are dull, commonplace people. Such characterless persons are good to relieve the marked and too emphatic actors, but when they are the staple of the author's persons they are very tiresome, and mere vulgarity is a bad foundation for humour and too much of *Pickwick* is mere slang. Still, Dickens has genius and will do much. . . . Dined with Edwin Field; Miss Rogers and M. Sharpe and Dr. Hutton there, and later came Joanna Baillie. It was Joanna

¹ The letters written from Germany, 1800-5, which Moxon was prepared to publish in two volumes. Selections, ed. E. J. Morley, were published by O.U.P. in 1929.

Baillie that I went principally to see. Nothing could be more agreeable than her person and manners as an old lady, nearer eighty than seventy, I am told, nothing more unimportant and insignificant than her conversation—yet nothing in the slightest degree *against* her reputation, for there was no occasion for display. She inquired about Wordsworth and recognised me as having called on her formerly with him. The conversation not in any way literary or controversial, yet no *ennui*. I recollect nothing that was said by any one, and only that I passed an agreeable evening. Of Joanna Baillie I should add that she has a broad Scotch accent, though she has left Scotland more than sixty years, and that she has the appearance of a woman of strong practical good sense. . . .

FEB. 16th. Edwin Field very kindly invited me to meet Joanna Baillie at Hampstead. I had heard Wordsworth say of her that were he asked by a foreigner to show an English gentlewoman, he would select her as the model. I had called on her with him, and she recollects my being with him. She was said to be between seventy and eighty, had a strong Scotch accent. Her countenance expressed practical sense. The conversation not literary.

FEB. 18th. . . . I dined by invitation with Rogers—a mere family party. That is, Miss Rogers and all the Sharpes, no one else. I remarked again and more strongly than before a decided unfriendliness towards (Wordsworth), which is so predominant a feeling as I think to go far towards justifying Lord Byron's attack:

Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
Where it injures to disclose it.

Though the last line may seem inapplicable, since I am not likely to be affected by such things. I cannot help thinking also that the inference is justly drawn:

'Tis but envy when all 's done.

FEB. 25th. . . . Finished H. Martineau's *America*,¹ a book that contains less objectionable matter than her former work. . . .

MARCH 14th. I finished this morning Milnes's *Memorials of a Tour in Greece*, which I had great pleasure from. It is the book of a young writer—the verses careless, the style loose, but wise thoughts and feelings, to be expected from an admirer of Wordsworth. He will become, I expect, an excellent writer. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . I left my card at Milnes's with a civil note about his poems. . . .

¹ *View of Society in America, 1836. Retrospect of Western Travel, 1838.*

MARCH 21st. This morning was spent in finishing the sixth volume of Walter Scott's *Life*, which has raised him greatly in my estimation. His conduct after the calamity had arisen was exemplary. He gave his creditors the benefit of his labour, which no law nor the practice of men in cases of bankruptcy required, and he finished *Woodstock* and the *Life of Napoleon*, the profits of which were given to the trustees for his creditors. He had a Scottish pride and a strong integrity which blended together to produce this conduct. It is not clear whether his creditors were ultimately paid. The diary by himself in this volume forms the most interesting part of the whole work. . . .

MARCH 23rd. . . . I finished Bulwer's continuation of *Ernest Maltravers, Alice*. . . . Though heavy and too diffuse in parts it is yet one of Bulwer's best. . . . At night I looked over Walter Scott's miscellaneous prose writings. The variety of that man's writing is wonderful. . . .

MARCH 24th. . . . I made a call on Harriet Martineau . . . full of wrath at the Rads for opposing the proposed International Copyright Law, and with more reason than usual. . . .

MARCH 30th. . . . I obtained from Jaffray his name to the Camden Society. . . . By the bye, I have not mentioned that this is a Society newly formed under the management to a great degree of John Collier and Amyot for reprinting curious old books as well as publishing ancient manuscripts. I was proposed as auditor. . . . The Society is most respectable—chiefly F.A.S.s.

APRIL 8th. . . . I then called on Geo. Dyer and read to him a beautiful poem from Milnes's recent volume and I went by self-invitation to dine with the Procters. . . . I spent the evening with Procter talking on family matters. . . .

That excellent man Procter, alias the poet Barry Cornwall . . . is a man whom everybody loves.

APRIL 15th. . . . I then made a call on George Dyer and read a short time to him. . . .

APRIL 16th. . . . Despatched a note to Milnes praising his volume of poems and remarking on my peculiar fondness for lyric or subjective poetry. . . .

APRIL 23rd. . . . I wrote a short note to Kenyon on his poems which I have now finished. His mind is not so poetical as Milnes's, but he has a greater variety of tastes: can exercise himself in amatory, convivial, didactic, and descriptive poetry, and I envy him his talent, though not of first-rate value. And then he is so excellent a man morally and has admirable convivial talents. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . I called on Lady Blessington—more than a year since I called. She would have been cold if she had not been indifferent. She was unusually agreeable—no flattery to me, no abuse of others. D'Orsay looked haggard as if he had been unlucky at Crockford's. James Smith besides there. I stayed very late. I am glad I renewed my visits: it would have been prudery not, yet I like Milnes the better for not sending her his poems.

MAY 7th. . . . I finished the first volume of Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*. A deal too much that is old and very little new, and unworthy omissions both of Coleridge's letter on his opium-eating, and of De Quincey's early generosity to Coleridge; a palpable preference of the hero to truth. Too uniformly eulogistic and too anxious a desire to make a good Church of England Trinitarian of him. . . .

MAY 14th. . . . I took tea by appointment with Mrs. Jameson . . . Mrs. J. pleases me on the whole. She in voice and face too much resembles Mrs. Godwin: she is very free in her opinions and bold also, but she disapproves of Miss Martineau's notion about the sex and their rights. . . . I went back to the Athenaeum and finished Talfourd's new tragedy, *The Athenian Captive*, which will fall dead from the press: as *Ion* had more than its due praise, this will have less. It is better adapted to the stage. . . . The story is not made out as it might have been, being written in a hurry, but it has finer situations than any in *Ion*. The disappointment to Talfourd—for the play will not be acted—will probably be useful to him.

MAY 14th. I went this day to Mrs. Jameson, the authoress (towards whom I never formed a clear and satisfactory feeling). She was in voice and expression of countenance so like the second Mrs. Godwin that I could not help, against my will and without any assignable reason, suspecting her sincerity. Yet at this very time I saw her under circumstances which proved her generosity as well as her pecuniary trials. . . . We learned that Mrs. Jameson supported her mother and some other of her near relations by her literary labour.

MAY 19th. . . . I had a call from Talfourd. I believe I did not please him by telling him that I thought his tragedies would stand in the way of his promotion. He is evidently annoyed at the cold reception his play has met with. . . .

MAY 20th. My breakfast party went off very well indeed as far as talk was concerned; I had with me Landor, Milnes, and Serjeant Talfourd. A great deal of rattling on the part of

Landor. He maintained Blake to be the greatest of poets, that Milnes is the greatest poet now living in England, and that Scott's *Marmion* is superior to all Wordsworth and Byron, and the description of the battles better than anything in Homer! but Blake furnished chief matter for talk. I had but little talk about Landor's family when we were left alone. . . . He made no inquiry about his wife or other children. He is most uncomfortable and unhappy and it is painful to be *tête-à-tête* with him. . . .

MAY 22nd. A delightful breakfast with Milnes, Rogers, Carlyle, who made himself very pleasant indeed, Moore, Landor—a party of eight. Rogers angry with being forced into Landor's company. Moore very civil to me, whom he on other occasions has cut. Talk very good, equally divided. Talleyrand's recent death and the poet Blake were the subjects. Tom Moore had never heard of Blake—at least not of his poems. Even he acknowledged their beauty. I left at one. . . .

MAY 24th. . . . Southey has intimated a readiness to travel with Kenyon and me in July in Normandy and Brittany. So this will probably take place. . . .

MAY 30th. . . . Then at the Athenaeum reading an admirable article in the *London and Westminster* by Carlyle on the *Life of Scott*, one of the best of his writings, wise and excellent.

JUNE 5th. . . . I went to a party at Miss Denman's. The Tulks, Sharpes, etc. Tulk said incidentally that he knew Wordsworth was not a Christian. This I took up warmly and said that it was a serious imputation on Wordsworth's integrity to suppose him an unbeliever after the publication of his Sonnets, and I called on him to state his authority. He said Coleridge told him so and that not many years ago.

JUNE 9th. . . . I called . . . to see Mrs. Opie. An agreeable chat with her about the Wilberforce and Clarkson affair. . . . She partakes of the common feeling. She told me that Southey had expressed his strong disapprobation of the publication of Walter Scott's letter to him about William Smith and that it was sent inadvertently with others, being entirely forgotten.¹

JUNE 11th. . . . To Southey I wrote about our journey to France, but chiefly on what Mrs. Opie told me—that she knew

¹ On March 14th 1817, William Smith attacked Southey in the House of Commons, citing the surreptitiously revived *Wat Tyler* as a proof of his revolutionary opinions. Southey replied to this attack in an article in the *Courier* which Scott praised in a letter of May 7th 1817, at the same time freely expressing his opinion of Smith's conduct. See also Wordsworth's views, *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*, pp. 92-3.

he had expressed his regret at the publication of Sir Walter Scott's [letter] to him about William Smith. I remarked that I wished he had [made] a public declaration to that effect, being honourable to himself, and I said I should inform the Smiths of this, etc. Now if, after all, Mrs. Opie's account should not be true, my letter will be wormwood, but I do not fear this. Southey is essentially a good man. . . .

JUNE 25th. . . . Sir Henry Bunbury has published a collection of letters of Sir Thomas Hanmer and other relics of a gentleman's family. Every ancient mansion must have a few interesting letters to the noble and honourable owners. Sir Henry Bunbury has set an excellent example. The only letter I read is one by Wordsworth to Charles Fox on the character of the poor. An admirable composition written with reference to his *Brothers* and *Michael*. It will delight many who cannot relish his poetry. . . .

JUNE 29th. . . . Southey also wrote on the publication of Walter Scott's letter to him about Mr. Smith which was done without his knowledge: he sent all Scott's letters. He also complained of the publication by the Wilberforces of what he had written of the late Vicar of Keswick. I had also a letter from Wordsworth complaining of Sir Henry Bunbury publishing his letter to Charles Fox, but I suspect Wordsworth has not seen the letter or he would have thought this an excepted case. . . . I read to-day a tale of a bandit in Sicily translated by Theodore Hook—at least he has put his name to it. Written with great power and effect. . . .

JULY 6th. . . . I went late to Lady Blessington's. It was a relief to hear that Landor had left London and, as I can justify apparent neglect, I am not anxious to do it. He was at the Coronation, and rampant, it is said. . . .

JULY 9th. . . . I wrote to Wordsworth to-day giving him an account of all about Clarkson and especially about his generous declaration in Clarkson's favour in a note to his sonnet. By the bye, the volume of Sonnets just published is a delightful book to look at: there are a few new ones. . . .

JULY 16th. . . . I looked again into Loft's curious volume [*Self-Formation*], and also into Milnes, whose last work, *Memorials of Foreign Travel*, will certainly fix his reputation as a poet. A pity that he has contrived to get a character for foppery and arrogance. . . . But he will get over this. . . .

AUG. 8th. . . . I . . . went . . . to the Haymarket to see *The Athenian Captive*. Talfourd himself there. It was the third night. It was not much applauded, and there was some

hissing at the close. It would have been by no means agreeable to see than *Ion* had Mrs. Warren been as pleasing as Ellen Tree. . . .

AUG. 8th. I saw this evening at the Haymarket Talfourd's second tragedy, *The Athenian Captive*. It was not so well received as *Ion* had been, and I committed the indiscretion of advising him, but not because he could not write a good tragedy, that he should be content with his *one* single glory. Though my advice was founded on the jealousy of the attorneys, who required undivided attention from their clients, yet it gave offence, and till just before his sudden death our acquaintance had nearly ceased. It was become formal, though appearances were preserved.

AUG. 9th. . . . A breakfast at Rogers's with Mrs. Shelley and Severn. Severn made himself very entertaining; told a curious anecdote of De Wint's malignity towards him. Pleased with Mrs. Shelley. Rogers allowed no merit to Shakespeare's Sonnets. . . .

AUG. 17th. . . . Began at the Athenaeum to-night that marvellous but to me interesting book *Sartor Resartus*, by Carlyle.

AUG. 20th. . . . [Murray] said there were 7,000 unsold copies of the works of Byron in 6 vols. which he could not sell for 30s., and he sold 20,000 of the edition in 17 vols. . . .

AUG. 26th. . . . I read a very fine article¹ in the *Foreign Quarterly* on *Religion in Germany*, the first part in Carlyle's best style, but the latter half on Jung-Stilling very inferior, and in that Carlyle himself is mentioned. Is this an editorial trick—an insertion to mislead? But the first part of the article is first-rate.

On the 28th I went to Dover, and on the following day I met at Boulogne Southey and his son, a Mr. Senhouse, Southey's friend, my friend Kenyon, and his friend Captain Jones. They had hired two carriages, and with them I set out next day on a short tour through Normandy into Brittany and by the Touraine to Paris. . . .

The Southeys left soon. I remained with Kenyon and Jones till the 31st of October. . . .

During the tour not an unpleasant occurrence with any one of my companions, and greatly improved my intimacy with Kenyon.

[*Travel journal: France.*] AUG. 28th. . . . I hope to-morrow to meet at Boulogne with our party—the Laureate and his son Cuthbert Southey, a Mr. Senhouse, his friend, an elderly gentleman of great promise, my friend, John Kenyon and his friend

¹ No article answering to the description given is to be found in Carlyle's collected writings, nor is there anything under the title *Religion in Germany*.

Captain Jones—a party of six which will, I expect, be found too numerous to be able to travel together long. . . .

AUG. 29th. . . . The Southeys and Senhouse I found well and all seeming in good spirits and humour. . . . I read to Southey the passage in my *Supplement*¹ about himself and Wordsworth, with which he seemed contented. . . .

AUG. 31st. [Abbeville.] . . . The party were in very good humour all day and Southey especially in excellent spirits—an unassuming and agreeable companion. I began to read the history and introduction to Southey's *Lives of the Admirals*, which Captain Jones had brought with him and which I found a pleasing book. . . .

SEPT. 4th. . . . My friends had the happy disposition to find everything agreeable and therefore the really beautiful valley in which Rouen stands could not but be pleasant. . . .

SEPT. 26th. . . . It was the suggestion of Southey that he should like to see Chinon on account of its connection with Joan of Arc. . . . It was here that [she] recognised, according to the legend, Charles VII, and on this account Southey wished to see the castle. . . .

OCT. 4th. [Paris.] . . . Mrs. Jaffray took me to the Holcrofts. I was glad to see Tom Holcroft so comfortably situated; he is the Paris writer in and for the *Morning Herald*, not merely correspondent, but the writer of the leading articles in the *Herald*, as well as translator from most languages. He seemed to recollect gratefully old services I had rendered him. He has a very nice wife—a ladylike, agreeable person. His books will be at my service, and I shall have pleasure in his acquaintance. He speaks feelingly of his mother and family. . . .

OCT. 6th. . . . I called on the Southeys in the evening. . . . Southey has, I believe, not been in the Louvre and cares for nothing at Paris but the old book-shops. This is a singular feature in his character. But with this indifference to the living things around him is closely connected his faculty, the poetic faculty, of beholding the absent as if present and creating a world for himself. . . . Southey read to me part of a pleasant letter to his daughter in which he said: 'I would rather live in Paris than be hanged, and could find quiet spots to reside in, in the country round. The people look comfortable, and might be clean if they would, but they have a hydrophobia in all things but one. They use water for no other purpose than to mix with their wine—for which God forgive them.' In this letter he said that the tour had been made

¹ To Clarkson's *Strictures*.

without a single unpleasant occurrence, and that six men could not be found who better agreed. This seems complimentary. He might have added: Three of them devoted themselves entirely to the service of the other three, performing every labour, and consulting their wishes and giving them the best of everything. Southey himself is sensible of this. I doubt whether the others are. At least no expression of being aware of it. . . .

Oct. 9th. . . . The Southeys . . . went off at a quarter past four. . . . This was but a broken day, being the last attentions shown to the Southeys. Southey left us with a friendly farewell to the 'faithful fellow-travellers.' . . .

The publication of Clarkson's *Strictures* relieved my mind from a burthen. It was to a great degree my own work and I was glad to have my attention drawn to other subjects. And at this time the state of Southey the Laureate's health afforded an excellent occasion. It was thought by his physicians that he might be benefited by the excursion. His friend Mr. Senhouse, a Cumberland gentleman, was desirous of accompanying him, and his son Cuthbert would be his constant companion. Captain Jones rejoiced in the opportunity of travelling with a man of literary eminence, and none of us on setting out were aware to how great a degree the mind of the Laureate was departed. Kenyon undertook to provide the necessary carriages. It was arranged that Kenyon and Jones would travel in a carriage apart, and in the other carriage were the three others. From the first we resolved that Southey should be our single object of attention. We would comply with his wishes on all occasions. And we never departed from this. . . . On the 31st [August] we left the high road to see the village of Crécy. Southey's historical patriotism made him desirous of seeing the scene of an ancient victory. . . .

SEPT. 8th. [Honfleur.] . . . In the neighbourhood . . . resided Mr. Curwen, the brother-in-law of John Wordsworth. The Southey party wished to pay him the respect of a call, and it was an agreeable visit. His wife . . . a daughter of Jesse¹ the author whom I still know.

SEPT. 14th. [St. Malo]. . . I fell in with Thomas Graham. . . . His Calvinistic violence is such that I should not have seen him with pleasure in any other place, but he is kinder than his creed. . . . He had known the Southeys and Wordsworths, but deemed Southey so odious a Tory that he would not speak to him at the inn. . . .

[At St. Malo] while we were at breakfast . . . Lieutenant

¹ Edward Jesse, 1780-1868, writer on natural history and a lover of animals. Author *inter alia* of *Gleanings in Natural History*, *An Angler's Rambles*, and editor of Walton's *Angler* and White's *Selborne*.

Hawker . . . on coming in . . . said: 'You told me that Mr. Southeby—which is Mr. Southeby?' I pointed him out. He went up to him. 'My father, Sir,' says he, is sorry that his infirmities do not permit him to come to you, but he hopes you will not pass by his door without calling.' 'And who is your father, Sir?' 'Major Hawker. He was Lieutenant Hawker when he knew you on your first arrival at Portugal on your marriage.' A cloud came over Southeby's face. He said, with great feeling: 'I should be sorry indeed to go without seeing your father.' And turning to me he said in a half-whisper: 'Seven years ago this would have given me great pleasure.' I instantly proposed, as our journey was stopped, that Southeby should return with the Lieutenant in his gig. I, in the meanwhile, would walk forward and precede him. I told him not to hurry, that I might tell the Major and Mrs. Hawker of Mrs. Southeby's death, and desire them to ask no questions. I did this. The Hawkers were glad to see me, and informed me of these particulars. When Hawker courted Miss Cripps, Mr. Buck wrote to Mr. Hill (Southeby's uncle and chaplain to the regiment at Lisbon) and inquired for a character in confidence of the unknown officer. That character was highly favourable and, indeed, led to the marriage which took place soon after. Mr. Hill became their friend, and he gave them the use of apartments till Southeby brought his bride—'the most beautiful creature I had ever seen,' said Mrs. Hawker. Under these circumstances, the call of Mr. Southeby was one of mingled feelings. . . . This incident is not noticed by Cuthbert in his life of his father, at the close of which this journey is mentioned. I reproach myself with neglecting to send him an account of this occurrence. . . .

. . . The 19th brought us . . . within the very romantic and curious district of Carnac and the other Druidical remains. . . . The weather was bad, and Southeby was unwilling that we should go to see the most famous of these curious remains, Locmariaquer, which I very much regretted. . . .

. . . From Saumur, 25th, we deviated next day to gratify the curiosity of the author of *Joan of Arc*, by crossing the Loire to see Chinon. . . .

. . . Our next object was the cathedral of Chartres, one of the finest in France or anywhere. The high relief of sculptures round the exterior of the choir made an indelible impression on me. This on the 1st October. This was followed by . . . Versailles. . . . Southeby here showed how completely he was lost to all the interests which animate the traveller. , Having before breakfast taken a short walk in the gardens, he during the forenoon preferred sitting in the room of an inn which had its windows in a cattle yard, and never quitted it. . . .

. . . On the 3rd [in'Paris] . . . we separated as *compagnons de voyage*. Southeby had obtained of me a list of the vendors of old

books and he bought a full collection of the *Bibliothèque bleu*. During his stay in Paris I understand he did not go to the Louvre or visit any public building. He had no sense of the beauties of nature or of fine art; he could perceive them only copied in a book. He had lost all power of conversation, and seldom spoke. Yet he was always amiable. He read me at Versailles what he had written about our journey. No six persons, he wrote, could be better suited to each other—a compliment we certainly deserved by never presuming to have a will of our own. At least he was sensible of our attention . . . I would not judge harshly of Cuthbert. He pleaded anxiety for his father when an intimation was made to him that he was thought to have betrayed too great indifference towards his seniors. . . . Nevertheless, I was inclined to take his part in the sad family quarrels which arose from the unhappy marriage of his father with Miss Caroline Bowles. I alluded to this acquaintance jocularly once, speaking of her as a charming young lady. Southeby answered in good humour: 'I will not deny that Miss Bowles is charming, but she is certainly not young.'

OCT. 10th. Entered on my second week [in Paris], and agreeably by breakfasting with Rogers, who is very friendly to me. But he has a habit of *médisance* which rather disturbs my high respect for him, though it never degenerates into *calomnie*. . . .

OCT. 17th. . . . I called on Rogers. A long chat with him. . . . Why does Rogers talk so very freely of the people he associates with? And why am I forced to distrust his friendly language towards myself? . . .

OCT. 18th. . . . At eight [Kenyon and I] went together to a small party at Tom Holcroft's. I found in his handsomely furnished apartments a number of very respectable persons—the best Frenchmen. . . .

OCT. 20th. . . . I made calls to-day on the Jaffrays. T. Holcroft came. I like him very much. He seems a straightforward, hard-headed man, but rather disposed to despise. He has no right to call (John Collier) stupid. Yet Talfourd does the same. Is it that I am indiscriminate in my likings and overrate all my friends? . . .

OCT. 23rd. . . . I lounged in the Tuileries with *Sartor Re-sartus*, which even for its style delights me—perhaps but few besides, for one must be German to relish it. Yet there are wise and admirable things scattered about with great profusion. And all a treatise on clothes. A supposed treatise by a supposed professor in the University of Weissnichtwo, who bears the horrid name of 'Devil's dung,' *Teufelsdröckh*. This disgusted

me and prevented, I believe, my looking into the book for a long time. . . .

Oct. 24th. . . . I called at Rogers's, and there I met with Milne. . . . He, as usual, read the paper while I chatted with Rogers—to Rogers's annoyance more than mine. . . .

Oct. 25th. Breakfasted with Kenyon at Rogers's. He made himself very agreeable. His conversation is always that of a very wise man. A little more kindness in his opinions of other people is all that is desirable in him. He has seen much of men and has enjoyed life. He tells me he is seventy-five years old. I am glad he is not older. I have pleasure in looking forward to a continued acquaintance with him. He preaches, and he practises accordingly, that the great fault of persons who are growing old is the yielding to old age. They should struggle against this tendency. He loves children and is fond of the society of young people. 'When I am old and bedridden I shall be read to by young people—Walter Scott's novels, perhaps.' Yet his taste is in this old, that he seems to have no relish for any modern books. . . . I enjoyed a walk back . . . reading *Sartor Resartus*, a delightful book, of which one must not read too much at a time.

Oct. 29th. . . . I shall finish this book at the Athenaeum. When not read too frequently it is delightful, but the style is best when it can be considered as humour. When it is purely pathetic, it is constrained. Carlyle's thoughts are better than his descriptions. All the love tale of Professor Teufelsdröckh is dull enough. . . .

Oct. 30th. . . . I called with a p.p.c. card on Samuel Rogers. I found him at home. He accompanied me to the Louvre, and pointed out to me a number of the best pictures, most of which were favourites of mine. . . .

I remained at Paris from the 4th of October to the 31st. . . . The Jaffrays were among the first I fell in with. Rogers, with his nephew, William Sharpe, was well pleased to join our party, and we occasionally dined together. . . .

Thomas Holcroft . . . the literary character of whom I was an admirer in my youth, and whose memory I still respect.

Oct. 31st. . . . I amused myself reading all day in the last *Edinburgh Review*, which I had bought for the purpose. I read in particular a very able article by Lord Brougham on the political character of the reigns of George III and IV, written with great discrimination . . . with no apparent party feeling. This article has raised my opinion of Brougham's judgment, though as a

composition it falls far below the admirable article on Sir William Temple by Macaulay. This most admired article I read on my journey to London. . . . It quite delighted me—so profound and wise, and in all respects a masterpiece.

Nov. 3rd. . . . I was engaged half the day [on the coach from Dover to London] reading one of the finest articles I ever read in the *Edinburgh Review* on Sir William Temple by Macaulay, a most able writer. . . .

Nov. 8th. . . . I was reading *Sam Slick*¹ with great pleasure. . . .

Nov. 11th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum, where I went on reading *Oliver Twist*, which is now published in the form of a novel. . . .

Nov. 19th. . . . Finished *Oliver Twist*—an excellent but not faultless book. Its merit lies in the truth of the picture of the condition and sufferings of the poor; its greatest fault that Oliver Twist has no character; he is but the poor parish boy, victim of the state of the law—or rather, would be if by most romantic incidents, by no means well made out, he did not recover property. The unfortunate girl, Nancy, and her murderer Sikes are most admirably wrought—so is Bumble the Beadle; but Monks, the half-brother of Oliver Twist, is a failure. The Jew is also powerfully conceived, and the conclusion is wrought up with admirable power. Read an article on Carlyle in the *Dublin Review*. The Catholic party would gladly get Carlyle on their side, but the attempt fails.

DEC. 7th. . . . Gratified by a letter from Wordsworth: 'Nothing has happened that gave me so much pleasure, joy, I might say, as Mr. Clarkson's triumph over his enemies to which you, my good friend, have not a little contributed. Your part of the pamphlet, exclusive of the extracts from the minutes which are so important, does you in every respect much honour. Mr. Clarkson's performance for a man of his years and infirmities is scarcely less than wonderful, and the candour with which he admits the imperfections and deficiencies of his book must endear him still more to his friends, and to the sound-hearted portion of the community who have taken an interest in the great cause.' . . .

¹ There are constant entries of a similar nature until Nov. 17th, when he 'finished the last volume of *Sam Slick*.' Subsequently he took the books to Rydal, where he read them at the Mount and at Fox How, finding, however, that they were less amusing when read aloud than to himself. '*Sam Slick*' was the pseudonym of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who produced a series of topical satires, 'wise saws and modern instances, etc.,' viz. *The Clockmaker, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville* and *The Attaché or Sam Slick in England*.

. . . I went to bed to read *Nickleby*, which I read both then and early in the morning. *Nickleby* is certainly not equal to *Oliver Twist*. One is tired of the succession of troubles arising from poverty in conflict with meanness. I leave *Nickleby* with actors. The exhibition of the Portsmouth company is amusing though a caricature, but it ought not to last long. The author always passes over which [sic] should be the main incident; as he in *Oliver Twist* omits the trial of the Jew, so here he omits the acting of *Nickleby*. He is but a sketcher of scenes; he cannot construct a story. Could not that [be done] by somebody else? He is a master of comic character drawing.

DEC. 18th. I breakfasted with Samuel Rogers. I told him a portion of the history of Dora Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan in order to interest him to use if possible, his influence with Mrs. Drummond. . . .

DEC. 22nd. . . . Wrote a letter to Mrs. Clarkson, which I sent through Pryme. I informed her of my intended visit to Wordsworth, and I wrote to him chiefly about the improbability of his poem selling—not even Kenyon's poems sell, nor Landor's, hardly Milnes's; why should Pryme's? . . .

DEC. 28th. On the Whitehaven coach at eight, and set down at Rydal after ten. Mrs. Wordsworth had taken rooms for me next to Agnes's—in a genteel house where I shall be very comfortable. My rooms are excellent, Mrs. Fleming a respectable person. I had a most kind reception from every one of the Wordsworths, and the rest of the day was agreeably spent with them. William was there from Kendal; I found all well except Miss Wordsworth, and she better than when here before. She came down after dinner and stopped with us a short time. She repeated some of her own poems very affectingly. Interesting conversation with Wordsworth: he was very civil about the *Strictures*, which he praised cordially. All here rejoice in Clarkson's triumph. On religion Wordsworth talked with his usual sagacity. He apologised for making salvation depend on opinion, by the suggestion that only depravity of will could prevent that examination of evidence which must lead to the conviction of truth; but he would not affirm that such a principle applied to the Athanasian Creed, which he pretended not to justify, but wishes to remove. Wordsworth's health is good. I dined and took tea with my friends. Played whist after tea and came home to my rooms between nine and ten. Read by my fire in the bedroom till one, taking a milk supper and reading Campbell's *Remarks on Shakespeare* in Moxon's one-volume edition—I enjoyed the short summary criticisms.

DEC. 29th [written on Jan. 1st]. I have little to say of the three days just spent here, not having memory to record the wise sayings that occasionally fall from my friend here. The incidents were simply these: That in the forenoon I called, with Wordsworth, on Dr. Arnold, of whom I shall have frequent occasion to speak, and with them I walked to Ambleside, where I left a small parcel with Mrs. Cookson and called also on the Harrisons. I dined, of course, and took tea with the Wordsworths, and after a rubber of whist—a new practice of the Wordsworths—I came home at half-past nine and found a good fire in my bedroom. I began Dr. Arnold's *Rome*.

DEC. 30th. As in duty bound, I went to church; a thin audience. A most dull business, the reading bad, the preaching worse. Even the Wordsworths can say nothing for their parson. A wet day. We dined at one, and in the afternoon I had a short walk with Wordsworth in the garden. Then to Ambleside; a call on Miss Fenwick, Wordsworth's friend, the patroness of Henry Taylor, a rich maiden lady—a sensible and agreeable woman. She enjoys good books and courts clever people. She admires both Carlyle and his writings. I am now reading her Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*. It is a fascinating book to those who are once caught by it, but the Wordsworths and nine out of ten readers cannot endure it. I have a difficulty in letting it out of my hand, and when they say, 'It is not English,' I can only answer: 'It is as good.' I wish I could have altered a very few ultra-Germanisms. I read it every morning in bed, when my head may be supposed clearest; at night I read Arnold's *Rome*.

DEC. 31st. I accompanied Wordsworth to Mrs. Luff. She was most friendly; declared: 'I quite love you for your defence of Clarkson.' She is a great friend of the Clarksons. . . . Reading Southey's *Doctor*, volume three: it is pretty light reading. But oh! how void of thought, or, rather, how *thin* the thought compared with Carlyle's book—at least, I find the third volume diffuse almost to tiresomeness. Dined with the Wordsworths; whist, etc.

My winter visit to the poet commenced this winter on the 28th of December, and referring to another section what I may find bearing upon him individually, I will here mention the few circumstances of a more general nature arising out of this visit, which lasted nearly five weeks. According to an arrangement made formerly, I slept in the handsome house at the bottom of the hill on the Keswick road, then occupied by one of the Flemings. . . . This year was marked by my becoming acquainted with Miss Fenwick—an excellent person who still survives, though

in a very infirm state, and even then considered as an invalid, a maiden lady of good family in Cumberland,¹ who devoted her affluence to acts of charity and beneficence, warmly attached to Wordsworth and Mrs. Wordsworth, and esteemed by him and her also as their very dearest friend. . . . She occupied a house at the London end of Ambleside, which Wordsworth, Dr. Arnold, and many others made the end of their walk. My first notice of her in my journal is as of one enjoying good books and clever people of various kinds. Her catholic taste enabled her to admire Carlyle and his writings—in which the poet could not join her—whose *History of the French Revolution* she lent me.

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JAN. 1st. I kept within till Wordsworth called with Dr. Arnold. I talked with the Doctor about his book in a tone that could not but be agreeable. It is, indeed, to me a good book. The morning very wet. I had no walk but for half an hour in Wordsworth's garden. Miss Fenwick at dinner; she was detained till near eleven by the non-arrival of carriage. Though we had a long evening I had no ennui and was hardly drowsy. I found more sympathy than I anticipated with Miss Fenwick. But she too is for Clarkson. It is true I have lost way by confessing that I now and then see Lady Blessington. But I lost none in declaring Kehama to be John Calvin's God. We had all sorts of literary gossip. Wordsworth talks well with her and she understands good talk and seems quite liberal as well as intelligent. She is really a very agreeable person. Home late, and read only in *The Doctor* to-night.

She [Miss Fenwick] dined at Rydal Mount on New Year's Day. I had the gratification of finding that though the personal friend of James Stephen, she did not withhold from me her commendation of my course towards him and the Wilberforces. She honoured Clarkson. I indiscreetly avowed my visiting occasionally Lady Blessington, by which I lost some ground in obtaining her good opinion. But I lost none by my strong assertion that I thought Southey's Kehama was framed after Calvin's God. I declined taking a bed at her house during the few days that Wordsworth and Southey were there, but met them and Dr. Arnold at her table. She could adjust their several places in her capacious charity, and her taste was not exclusive. She recognised the pre-eminence of Wordsworth, but could enjoy other poetry also. She was—I may,

¹ This is a mistake: read Northumberland.

I hope, say, is—as liberal in religion. She was strengthened in this by Dr. Arnold, and was by nature more devout than he. . . . The other significant incident on this visit was my improved and more frequent intercourse with Dr. Arnold. . . .

JAN. 2nd. Had a difficulty in shutting Carlyle after breakfast to write these memoirs, so much taken by it. I continued reading with great pleasure Dr. Arnold's *Rome*, and having now finished the first volume—the whole yet—I will just say . . . I now feel a strong interest in Roman history, which I never did before. I had a call from Mr. Ball the Quaker with Wordsworth, and with Wordsworth I made a call on Miss Fenwick. I dined with Dr. Arnold alone, Wordsworth being afraid of the cold. Sir Thomas Pasley there; very pleasant visit. The Doctor very friendly, though he is aware I wrote against him as Fellow of the London University.¹ He said: 'I am no longer a Fellow, therefore we are no longer enemies,'—but no other allusion. I found Sir Thomas Pasley a Clarksonian and that the Doctor had not read the *Strictures*, so I gave my copy to him. We talked easily about the religious controversies,—took all I said in good part. He is evidently bitter against the Oxford Tract men. Wordsworth is rather friendly towards them.

JAN. 3rd. I remained, as is my practice, till Wordsworth called, in my room. Between one and two he came and we called at Dr. Arnold's—he was from home. We went on to Miss Fenwick. Wordsworth talks his best with her. He spoke of poetry—on occasion of Miss Barrett; he said: 'Her poems are too ideal for me. I want flesh and blood; even coarse nature and truth, where there is a want of refinement and beauty, is better than the other extreme. At the head of this natural and sensual school is Chaucer, the greatest poet of his class. Next comes Burns; Crabbe, too, has great truth, but he is too far removed from beauty and refinement.' I told him that in this he unconsciously sympathises with Goethe. Dined as usual; a short rubber. William Wordsworth [junior] very poorly; so Dora. At night read as usual.

JAN. 4th. Was reading before six in bed, having to finish Dr. Arnold and also the third volume of *The Doctor*; but the third volume is very meagre and thin, the humour strained, the

¹ ' . . . The Doctor, th^o he knows I wrote against his scheme of forcing Scriptural examinations in the London University and perhaps not a little contributed to his defeat, which ended in his retirement from the University, is more attentive to me in every way than three years ago . . .' *Crabb Robinson to Thomas Robinson, Jan. 19th 1839.*

moral and religious parts tiresomely commonplace. As Wordsworth acknowledged it to be Southey's I must run through the other volumes, though but rapidly.

The fourth volume is better than the third. It contains at least a beautiful account of the pious Duchess of Somerset and an interesting character of Mason the poet, etc. . . .

JAN. 5th. . . . I met with Dr. Arnold and Wordsworth coming home, and I dined and spent the evening with my friends. A rubber of whist. Began at night [Isaac] Taylor's *Physical Theory of Another Life*.

JAN. 6th. Read Taylor's most interesting book, of which I will say this much, that it surprises me so excellent a writer should have remained so long unknown to me. His *Natural History of Enthusiasm* has already reached a second edition. In this *Physical Theory* he speculates about another life with great plausibility. The one new idea which seems pregnant with many, is that *body* unites the matter and spirit and itself may have a spiritual nature—as St. Paul says in the Corinthians. Even Wordsworth, so intolerant of novelties, allowed his remark on the *imaginative powers* to be pretty; but would have them, like his *Ode*, in a poem rather than in prose. . . . In the evening I read part of Gladstone's new book on the connection between Church and State. The tone is mild and gentlemanly and it is more liberally written than I expected; but I do not see much talent or good writing in it. . . .

JAN. 7th. . . . I read after dinner to Wordsworth some things in Carlyle; Wordsworth cannot enjoy Carlyle. He has a habit of opposing to everything that is said—a something not the same—and therefore what is not his own he does not like—as if there were not an infinity of relations as well as of modes of viewing things and as if all in their place and way might not be true. This is the greatest defect in Wordsworth's great mind; that it begins to ossify: he is beset by fixed ideas, he does not retain the facility of shifting his position and seeing things on all sides. We had an agreeable evening, divided between whist, Carlyle, and Gladstone. But the more I read the more ordinary I think his [Gladstone's] understanding. He has taken so little trouble to inform himself that he actually asserts that nearly all the old Dissenters of Charles II are become Unitarians! . . .

JAN. 8th. . . . I went to Wordsworth this forenoon. He was in bed of a cold. Read to him Gladstone's book, which I like only in parts, chiefly those parts that show the evil of Catholicism. . . .

JAN. 14th. I accompanied the Doctor over Lady Fleming's grounds up the mountain. . . . I may have no opportunity so fit for remarking that the Doctor's love and admiration of Wordsworth were by no means extended to Southey, whose intolerance he could not tolerate. . . . My reading at Rydal this time had very much of a theological turn. At Wordsworth's house I had met with Isaac Taylor's works, which he had not himself read (being a present from admiring friends of the poet and of the theological writer—the Miss Rickards). I was caught by the writer's zeal and a certain vigorous style. . . . But the work which at this time especially attracted me, and which I read to Wordsworth, is *The Physical Theory of Another Life*. Wordsworth was not tolerant of novelties, but he praised the imaginative power of Taylor's picture of heaven, remarking only that it ought to be in verse. . . . Gladstone's work on the Church and State had lately appeared. It was too high for Wordsworth, who wished to like it evidently more [than] he could. The spiritual aristocracy of tone could not satisfy a man of Wordsworth's quaker-simplicity. It was then thought that Gladstone was on the road to Rome. It would lead me too far out of my road were I to say more than that this admired orator has gone ever since an erratic course. His recent abandonment of the ministry, supported as it is by the nation, in their persisting in this great Russian war, has occasioned a universal expression of respectful regret and anger both heightened and modified by admiration and a recognition of his integrity.

I have one other writer still to mention, Thomas Carlyle. He had fascinated Miss Fenwick and then fascinated me by his style. His *History of the French Revolution* I then read, but Wordsworth would not be caught by it. But fascination is a transient effect, and had it been stronger might have been overpowered by subsequent aberrations.

JAN. 15th. . . . Wordsworth had spoken of Cicero's Letters to Atticus as 'supremely interesting' even in Dr. Heberden's English translation—so I took them with me. . . . To-day the Wordsworths went all to Miss Fenwick's for a few days' visit. She pressed me to take a bed there, which I declined, but accepted of her invitation to dine with her as long as the Wordsworths were with her. Southey, too, was invited for a few days, and he came this afternoon. We had but a dull dinner, partly occasioned by Southey's silence. He seemed in low spirits—perhaps occasioned by the state of his daughter (Kate's) health. Wordsworth was rather chatty and I seconded him; still, though the afternoon passed off with nothing unpleasant, it was not what, in such society, might have been expected. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . I walked out with Wordsworth. We met with Dr. Arnold, and with him I walked alone. We talked of Southey; Wordsworth spoke of him with great feeling and affection. He said: 'It is painful to see how completely dead Southey is become to all but *books*; when he comes here he seems restless, as if from a sense of duty, and out of his element. He is obliging and amiable, but indifferent to everything; I, therefore, hardly see him for years together.' Now all this I had observed on the journey. Rogers noticed it as a subject of reproach, Wordsworth only of sorrow. Dr. Arnold said afterwards: 'What you said of Mr. Southey alarmed me. I could not help saying to myself: "I am in danger of becoming like him; shall I ever lose my interest in things and retain an interest only in books?"' 'If I must,' said Wordsworth, 'lose my interest in one of them I would rather give up books than men. Indeed, I am compelled in great measure by my eyes to give up reading. Yet with all this Southey was an affectionate husband and is a fond father.' . . .

JAN. 20th. . . . I spent the after-part of the day with the Wordsworths. In the evening I read to the Wordsworths the introduction to the *Monthly Magazine*, a new series undertaken by one Heraud, a follower of Coleridge and a man of great talent, says Wordsworth. But be he what he may, he will never be the successful editor of a monthly magazine. . . .

JAN. 22nd. . . . A party at dinner—the Pasleys and Hardens, and the afternoon went off very agreeably. I amused myself with Miss Arnold, while Wordsworth declaimed with Dr. Arnold and Sir Thomas Pasley. Wordsworth seems to have adopted something of Coleridge's tone, but he is more concentrated in the objects of his interest. I am glad to find that neither he can accompany Gladstone in his Anglo-Papistical pretensions, nor Dr. Arnold neither—indeed, the Doctor is less of a churchman of the two. . . .

JAN. 24th. A fine day, therefore Wordsworth was able, in spite of his cold, to take a walk. We met Dr. Arnold, who was going to Field Head, and Wordsworth and I accompanied him part of the way to see the ravages of the storm in Brathay Wood. A number of trees, they say two thousand on this estate, fell a victim to the blast; but in Lord Lonsdale's park they speak of twenty thousand, including ancient pines of great beauty: to Wordsworth an occasion of great pain. This very memorable [tempest] exceeds anything in this country for many generations. We were reading *Sam Slick* at night.

JAN. 23rd. A violent storm of wind arose this night, more disastrous in its effects than anything that had occurred in this country for generations—20,000 trees had blown down on Lord Lonsdale's estate. Dr. Arnold, Wordsworth, and I walked to Brathay Wood to witness its ravages. . . .

JAN. 25th. I read as usual till midday, when, availing myself of the fine day, I set out. Called on Miss Fenwick. It was quite delightful to hear her talk of Wordsworth. We compared notes and agreed perfectly. She is sensible of his pre-eminent genius as a poet and at the same time knows that his is not the only poetry — and this is unusual in worshippers. . . . I had an agreeable walk to Field Head, where was Miss Arnold, and I had an agreeable evening spent reading Schiller to the young ladies and Carlyle out to the whole family. Good old Harden enjoyed Carlyle, as did the ladies. . . .

On the 25th January I paid a visit to Mr. Harden at Field Head . . . where I slept—that good old man with the sunny face, as Wordsworth happily characterised him, my Roman friend. . . .

My time during this visit was most agreeably spent reading to the ladies, besides the English books already named, some German poems by Goethe. The eldest daughter of Dr. Arnold . . . was the best German scholar of the rising generation. . . .

JAN. 26th. . . . I read with deep interest the third volume of Carlyle, of whom Wordsworth pronounces a harsh judgment. It is not only his style that he condemns, but his *inhumanity*. He says there is a want of due sympathy with mankind. Scorn and irony are the feeling and tone throughout. There is too much truth in this, and it is too strongly confirmed by the opinion so strongly expressed by Carlyle at table at Crawford's, in favour of the continuance of negro slavery by the Americans, which he, one might hope in a spirit of paradox only, was led to profess, even at war with his innermost feelings. . . .

JAN. 28th. I went early to Wordsworth to talk about the Copyright Bill which Talfourd is to bring forward and a petition which Wordsworth and others are individually to send in. Wordsworth has drawn up one in which he is too desirous to express his own impressions and cares, too little about the impressions it will excite in others. . . .

JAN. 29th. Looked over last night and this morning the new edition of Southey's works for the sake of the new matter—in prefaces. I found nothing in it to excite a desire to read again the poems I formerly read, or those I am unacquainted with—I have always thought more highly of Southey's prose works than

his poems; but, believing him as a thinker to be either quite wrong or only partially right on all the great points of religion and politics, I cannot possibly rank him very highly. Still, he is a most excellent man and of great general ability and a beautiful stylist in prose.

Wordsworth read to me some twelve or more new Sonnets—for the greater part excellent. His faculties as a poet are certainly not on the decline; I was the whole of the afternoon and evening with him.

This morning I amused myself by re-writing a petition Wordsworth had drawn up in favour of the new Copyright Bill of Talfourd. Wordsworth adopted a few of my suggestions in himself writing it over again.

JAN. 30th. . . . Made calls on . . . Miss Fenwick, who expressed a wish to see me again here or elsewhere, and whom I shall be glad to see anywhere, for she is an excellent and very lovable person. . . .

JAN. 31st. . . . I also finished Carlyle's *History*, the bad taste of which I concede to Wordsworth, but not that it is written in a spirit of derision towards the aristocratic and ecclesiastical sufferers under the Revolution. I wrote to Talfourd to-day expressing my regret that he had been unable to remove Miss Lamb during her late illness. . . .

FEB. 1st. Reading as well last night as this morning the second pamphlet written by Wordsworth against Brougham in 1818. They were on the General Election and are a very spirited and able vindication of the voting for the two Lowthers against the Radical parvenu, and have in them very little that I now dissent from. They show Wordsworth in a new point of view. He would have been a masterly political pamphleteer. There is nothing cloudy about the style; it is full of phrases such as these: 'Whether designedly for the attainment of popularity or in the self-applauding sincerity of a heated mind.' 'Independence is the explosive energy of conceit making blind havoc with expediency.' . . .

On the 2nd I left my excellent friends after a visit of pleasure more abundant than any other I recollect, though I have been able to preserve scarcely any memorials here. . . .

20, ix, 57. . . . It is nearly two years since the above was written. I intended to complete the year just begun, and can only account for the delay from an infirmity that is growing on me more than mere loss of memory—a general infirmity of purpose. I can do little more than copy from my journal. Another infirmity of old

age—lameness or a weakness that renders rest desirable, may (though an infirmity) have a counteracting effect, and I may go on with these memoranda because more active employment is rendered impossible. . . .

Without pretending to correct the few preceding pages I will add, as the sufficient qualification of what there appears, that in the short interval Miss Fenwick, after a long illness, has died. Dr. Arnold was then dead, though the fact was not noticed, so was Mr. Harden. . . .

FEB. 7th. [London.] . . . Then I called on John Wordsworth and afterwards on Quillinan. It was useful, my call. I found [J.] Wordsworth had given offence to Quillinan and therefore did not wish to meet him, but on going to Quillinan he also told me the ground of offence. I found it not difficult to remove an unfriendly impression; I told Quillinan that John Wordsworth was not unfriendly towards his pretensions (with Dora), and the end was that, calling twice on John Wordsworth and twice on Quillinan for the purpose, they agreed to shake hands in my chambers on this day, but Quillinan was forced to leave town. He wrote me a note thanking me for my interposition, quoting the text blessing the peacemakers, etc. They had shaken hands, etc. . . .

FEB. 19th. . . . I took charge of Talfourd's Copyright Petition, admirably couched in a very few sentences. I procured for him the signature of Milman, Fonblanque, and H. Taylor: White, Philip Courtenay and Hallam refused me. These at the Athenaeum. . . .

Feb. 23rd. . . . I was proud to read in Wordsworth's letter that my *Supplement*, especially the parts that contain a summary of Mr. Clarkson's service and the examinations of the books, are 'all that could be desired.' This quite satisfies me from such a man. The only other persons that were complimentary to me were Sara Coleridge, the wife of Henry Coleridge, and she says in a letter: 'We also highly approve of the *Supplement*, which is powerfully and pointedly written.' . . .

FEB. 26th. . . . I was occupied reading what I have since finished, *Eustace Conway*, a philosophical novel by Maurice, the author of *Subscription No Bondage*. It is a very exciting and unsatisfactory novel. Its object to show the formation of a religious character by suffering, after running through the various by-walks of error. There are scattered throughout beautiful thoughts on religious, moral, and aesthetical subjects, which are swamped in a novel too abstract and full of reasoning to be popular and not good enough to become a standard work. . . .

MARCH 4th. . . . I made my first call at Francis Hare's: only Mrs. Hare's sister at home—at least she was the only one I saw. Mrs. Shelley I was rather surprised to see there; her son there, a loutish-looking boy, quite unworthy his intellectual ancestors in appearance. If talent descended, what ought not to be the issue of Mrs. Wollstonecraft, Godwin, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley! . . .

. . . Meaning to call on Francis Hare, I saw a sister of Mrs. Hare. Mrs. Shelley came in, and with her a son, a loutish-looking youth, quite unworthy in his external appearance [of] his distinguished literary ancestors. If talent descended, what ought he not to be, he who is of the blood of Godwin, Mrs. Wollstonecraft, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley! He is now Sir Percy F. Shelley, Bart., and has married into the family of Whitbread. What a romance is the history of his birth! He is in Parliament. His moral character is highly spoken of. Of his abilities nothing is said. On his coming into the possession of the entailed estate he settled an annuity of £100 on Leigh Hunt. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . At Miss Martineau's: a number of distinguished persons in her little room, but there being, as she informed me *three* times, parties also at the Speaker's and Mr. Babbage's, we were not crowded. I chatted with Mrs. Reid chiefly, Miss Martineau and Jardine, Prandi and Carlyle—altogether an amusing two hours. . . .

APRIL 16th. . . . Wrote [to Wordsworth] about Macaulay's *Edinburgh* review of Gladstone's book. I read in the evening this article at the Athenaeum. It gave me great pleasure. . . .

APRIL 21st. . . . I wrote to-day . . . a letter on *Ernest*, a long poem, 10,000 lines and more, closely printed, but not yet published, on which I have written freely. I hope Lofft is not the author. The writer has mixed up imitation of Wordsworth, Cowper, and the familiar old ballads very incongruously, and I animadverted on the effect of this want of unity and harmony. . . .

APRIL. The publication of the younger Capel Lofft's *Ernest*, a regicide epic, appeared in this month. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . After dinner called on Wordsworths at Moxon's, being come unexpectedly. He is at Talfourd's for a few days. . . .

MAY 1st. . . . I heard Carlyle's first lecture on Revolutions. It was very interesting, though all the ideas were familiar to me, and too diffuse. A great number of interesting persons. . . .

MAY 1st. I heard Carlyle's first lecture on Revolutions, very interesting, of course, though I had already become sensible of his

unfitness to be a lecturer on subjects of practical life. He had drawn together a distinguished audience. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . The Wordsworths called. Wordsworth proposes that I should join him in giving our carriage to Mr. Hutchinson on his paying all the expenses, to which I readily assent. I have offered Wordsworth two of my pictures bought at the sale [of Aders's pictures]. Not yet fixed on by him. . . . I hurried . . . to Carlyle's lecture. The second pleased me less than the first. A violent declamation against the Pope would please the Protestants, but generally I think there was more originality in the style than in the thoughts. The subject was Luther. He got applause once only—that was in apology for intolerance when opposed to that tolerance which is only another word for indifference. . . .

MAY 7th. . . . Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne announced their resignation. To Wordsworth a grievous occurrence—it will postpone the Copyright Bill and prevent the arrangement about his office. . . .

MAY 9th. . . . I breakfasted with Rogers: Wordsworths there—an agreeable two hours. Townshend the clergyman and Allen the painter—a good mimic of Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, etc. Walked out with Wordsworth. . . . Dined with Capel Loftt. . . . I went at 10 to Kenyon's, a party there, a small one to dine with Wordsworth, a large one to see him. Chatted with Mrs. Nelson Coleridge. He has asked me to visit him, and I shall go with pleasure. She seems a very agreeable woman. . . .

MAY 16th. . . . Calls at Marshall's, where I found the Wordsworths, and on Miss Fenwick; a confidential chat. She tells me that Dora Wordsworth is at last to marry Quillinan with Wordsworth's forced permission, not approval. There is no other objection to the union than want of fortune. A serious talk with Miss Fenwick. . . .

. . . Among the various objects of interest this spring and summer, which were unusually productive of such objects, were a visit to town by the Wordsworths, but I must refer to them apart. . . . Wordsworth's visit this year occasioned my going to the Marshalls, . . . while Wordsworth was there, but I never formed an acquaintance with them. The Wordsworths were attached to the old lady and gentleman. But the respect did not descend on either side. . . .

MAY 18th. . . . I heard Carlyle's last lecture to-day. It pleased more than others, yet I could not assent to his depreciation

tion of the Brissotins nor be pleased with his merely saying of Robespierre that he was *unlovable*. Of the Terrorist leaders, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, he is the apologist on the ground that they had a deep and sincere feeling for the *wrongs* sustained by the masses against the privileged orders; while the Brissotins he condemns as logicians and men guilty of the *crime* of being revolutionists through vanity. . . .

MAY 23rd. . . . Read and finished Lord Brougham's *Historical Sketches*; flashy characters of all the statesmen of George III. Burke has due honour given him and Fox's want of principle acknowledged. But Brougham writes hastily, for which Landor has severely lashed him in the *Examiner*, exposing his shallow judgment of such men as Caesar, Duke of Wellington, etc.—a capital writing by Landor. . . .

MAY 24th. . . . I spent the rest of the forenoon with Landor. He talked of his two new tragedies on *Joan of Naples*¹ with amusing frankness. One of them is better than anything that has appeared since Shakespeare; both written in a few days. They are praised by James the novelist very highly, even beyond Landor's own opinion. They are soon to appear. I accompanied Landor to the diorama, a very declining work of art. . . . Then I accompanied Landor to the Exhibition, where I ended the forenoon. The heroes of the Exhibition are Landseer and Maclise; yet Maclise is introducing a sort of diabolical style, very high fierce colouring, but he has invention and power. Etty has a most voluptuous, even gross, 'Rape of Proserpine.' There is a little picture by Uwins that I prefer to all these—a long panel picture—a scene in Italy—a delicious thing. Turner, hotter and more uncomfortable than ever. I dined at the Athenaeum and called by invitation of Wordsworth late at the Marshalls'.

MAY 26th. I had at breakfast Wordsworth and Dr. Thompson and Mayer,² also Layard, whom I had asked before. Mrs. Wordsworth was to have come, but she had just heard of the death of her elder brother. The breakfast went off well enough, though Wordsworth would discuss the Church question—a tiresome one. Martin came in and talked well. Wordsworth had much to say to both Thompson and Mayer. They stayed till near two, when I walked out with them. I called on Mrs. Wordsworth at the Marshalls'. . . . Went in the evening against my will to

¹ *Andrea of Hungary* and *Giovanna of Naples*.

² Enrico Mayer, at that time secretary to Finch, was a friend made by Crabb Robinson on his first visit to Italy. He described Mayer as 'one of the most respectable' of Italian politicians.

Lady Blessington's; no one there but Landor. She was gracious and overlooked my neglecting to call.

MAY 28th. I had another breakfast that gave me more trouble than pleasure—Landor, Mayer, Thompson, Kenyon. . . . Landor praises excessively my Francia; Perugino, and the Albrecht Dürer I have been forced to give up. In other respects an amusing visit. Landor entertains by his wild talk at all events. . . . A call from Mrs. Aders. She took away the picture of an old woman by Albrecht Dürer which I bought for £3 and which Miss Lawrence begged for, and I have most unwillingly parted with. My account of pictures bought at the sale stands thus: I bought a 'Sandbank,' Ruysdael, £2; Wordsworth takes this. 'St. John in the Wilderness,' Agnani, [?] £2 2s.; I wish I had it not. 'Virgin and Child,' Van der Weyden; Wordsworth takes this. 'Descent from Cross,' Hemling [i.e. Memling], £14 3s. 6d.; Masquerier says he would not give it house-room; Aders thinks it thrown away. I am not sorry I have it, for it has great expression. 'Portrait of Old Man,' Hans Schäuffelein, £5 18s. 6d.; I like it much. 'Holy Family,' Pietro Perugino, £31 10s.; Landor says Raphael did not paint finer, but he says it is by Lorenzo di Credi. I love it much; it is the crown of my purchases. 'Annunciation,' Carlo Dolci, £13 13s.; Landor says twice as much as it is worth. 'St. Catherine,' a Francia, £6 6s.; the piece I love most after the Perugino. Total £79 10s.

N.B.—The pictures taken by Wordsworth are presents—he made a selection from the six smallest. The loss of the Albrecht Dürer has vexed me not a little. . . .

MAY 31st. . . . Returned to chambers and read *Nickleby* till I dressed for a party. This book goes on improving as a novel without being more pleasant as a picture of manners. . . .

JUNE 7th. . . . Then calling at Moxon's I found Wordsworth was at Marshall's sitting to a modeller in miniature (Wyon). I joined him there—little talk. . . .

JUNE 9th. . . . Yesterday I sent to Landor a letter on his tragedies. Fine passages, especially one between Rienzi and his wife, but no one cares for Joan of Naples, tradition makes her a murderer; Landor, a pure woman hardly a reasonable object of suspicion. His tragedies will excite no interest or attention from the public, but the few will praise.

JUNE 10th. Began this morning as a task to read Loft's *Ernest* — a poem of radical - religious, radical philosophy, with fine passages, but having no unity—a declamation with few facts or characters, but I cannot yet say what it is. . . .

JUNE 11th. . . . I called on Loftt to ask for a copy of *Ernest* for Wordsworth, which Mrs. Loftt gave me. Wordsworth has heard of the poem and, Moxon said, wanted to see it. Loftt will be delighted at this, but I doubt whether Wordsworth will be able to read much of it. The ill and small printing is a serious impediment. . . . In the evening I was at a most interesting party at Kenyon's. The Websters: Mrs. Webster the most interesting American lady I have ever seen. Also at Kenyon's, . . . Dickens, with an interesting face, but rather a disagreeable expression. . . .

It was in the month of June this year that I was one of a large party at Kenyon's. The lion of the party was Webster, the American, the famous orator and lawyer, who, rising in his profession through strength of ability, lost his reputation through weakness of character. . . . The same evening Dickens the novelist was present. The expression of his significant countenance was rather disagreeable, so says my journal. . . .

JUNE 15th. . . . I am going [on] with Loftt's *Ernest*. It is ultra Radicalism or Chartism, and Wordsworth, I suspect, will not be able to read it through or tolerate it. In spite of undoubted genius, it is unreadable without fatigue. . . .

It was after this that Capel Loftt the younger printed anonymously a poem entitled *Ernest*. This took place in the year 1839. . . . A copy was put into my chambers. It has been called a revolutionary epic. Written in various metres, it imitates various styles and in that betrays a want of originality. It justifies regicide. It became notorious. I lent my copy to Milman. He reviewed it very liberally in the *Quarterly*. The consequence of this was good. . . . Milman's review had a good effect on the writer. He resolved not to publish it . . . and *Ernest* is little known.

JUNE 22nd. . . . Called first on Quillinan, who wants my advice or assistance. He has the offer of the secretaryship of a new joint stock bank, if he could bring some good men into the concern. This I cannot do, for I know none of that class of persons. If he can get this place he may be able to marry—and dear Dora would then be able to marry. . . .

JUNE 26th. I wrote . . . a note of apology for a light word that had offended Quillinan about a scheme he had of superintending a bank of deposit. He is apt to take offence and I did not recollect his sensitiveness. . . . I hope he will be appeased. . . .

JUNE 27th. . . . I went to a party at the Lindseys'. I went

in fact, to meet Mrs. Gaskell,¹ whom I have often heard of. She is a well-bred woman and yet a sort of zealot in the patronage of ultra-Liberals. She hears Mr. Fox, receives Mrs. Shelley and visits her, and was a kind and generous friend to the Godwins. She had heard of me and was very civil, expressing pleasure at a concurrence in opinion, or, rather, feelings, having been in her youth a disciple of Godwin. I had a long *tête-à-tête* with her, and both our curiosity seemingly was gratified. . . .

JULY 14th. I had at breakfast John Wordsworth and I had asked Wimbridge to meet him because he thought he could give Wordsworth good advice about an appointment he sought in his office. . . .

At this time John Wordsworth the only son of Wordsworth's eldest brother, a surgeon, was in London seeking employment under the Government, in which he was successful. Mr. McGregor [?] (under whom was Mr. Wimbridge²) had a pleasure in obliging the great poet, who obtained an introduction, and my acquaintance with Wordsworth was of use, as he supplied useful hints about the mode of making the application. His life was short. He left the family estate to his uncle, the poet, after the death of his mother, who had married an attorney, but had no children by the second husband. John was very like the poet in figure and person, but in no other respect. . . .

JULY 24th. . . . I read another volume of *Vivian Grey*, which I felt no inclination to finish. The same occurred with *Sense and Sensibility*—a rare occurrence in novel-reading. Nor shall I think of reading anything else by the younger Disraeli. . . .

. . . I had no other familiar associates than the Masqueriers [with whom he was spending a fortnight at Leamington], and he amused himself with sketching. My own time passed in the reading the novels of Paul de Kock and George Sand in French, and the English novels of Disraeli and Miss Austen. [In] those of Miss Austen I took no pleasure—I copy from my journal a remark on *Vivian Grey*, by the younger Disraeli, as an illustration of the uncertainties of judgment and of the destiny of literary men. 'Vivian Grey. I read another volume of this, but feel no inclination to finish it. Nor do I go to the end of *Sense and Sensibility*, nor shall I think of reading anything else by the younger Disraeli.' Nineteen years afterwards, I add now the Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the

¹ This was Mrs. Daniel Gaskell, of whom Crabb Robinson said that she was very zealous on all matters of education, public institutions, etc. . . . She rose regularly at five o'clock 'to misinform herself.' Not to be confused with the novelist.

² Husband of Crabb Robinson's old friend Sarah Jane Maling.

House of Commons, when in opposition the object of terror, he being the master of *sarcasm*. . . . I was never but once in his company; it was at Lady Blessington's. There was nothing remarkable in his conversation, more than this, that he was evidently a man of the drawing-room and a talker. I think worse of my judgment of Miss Austen than of Disraeli, though I have thought myself obliged to read the subsequent political novels of the author of *Vivian Grey*. During his life-time, I used often to talk with the elder Disraeli at the Athenaeum. He was vain of his son, and greatly offended with the committee who refused to bring him in a prerogative member on account of his great literary merit. He recommended me to read *Contarini Fleming* as a portrait of himself—a promise I have still to keep.

JULY 25th. . . . I spent this forenoon reading Ainsworth's *Rookwood*—a genuine romance which interested me during the day I was reading it, but I felt ashamed of the lost time. Only the ballads and flash songs have left an impression of merit and talent in the writer. . . .

JULY 28th. . . . I had got from the library Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, of which I have written a sketch, and to this I devoted the day. . . .

AUG. 8th. I breakfasted with Rogers. . . . After breakfast there came in a novel-writer. Rogers told his history. There called lately a man who said: 'You may not recollect a person who some years ago called with some baskets; you gave me three guineas on my showing you some poems. With that money I contrived to get employment from the booksellers—I want to dedicate a novel to you,' etc. He has written with success *Royston Gower*, *Fair Rosamond*, and is now coming out with *Lady Jane Grey*. Miller¹ is a plain man—from the north—free in his opinions, with apparently a consciousness of talents, etc., but nothing remarkable in his person or voice. I should judge favourably of him. . . .

AUG. 18th. . . . I spent this forenoon in calls. First on George Dyer; he showed me an excellent letter by Cowper's friend John Newton, worth printing; but he has others and perhaps sufficient to form a volume of reminiscences after his death which I have recommended him to provide for. . . .

AUG. 26th. . . . I lounged for a long time over Shelley's poems. Enjoyed *The Witch of Atlas*, though I could make neither head nor tail of it. Such is the power of poetry—sheer poetry. . . .

AUG. 29th. . . . I had an early dinner and then I walked to

¹ Thomas Miller (1807-74).

Edmonton, where I stayed more than two hours with some difficulty to fill up the time. Poor dear Mary Lamb was ten months ill lately and these severe attacks have produced the inevitable result. Her mind is gone, at least it is become inert. She has still her excellent heart—is kind and considerate and her judgment is sound—nothing but good feeling and good sense in all she says; but still no one would discover what she once was. She hears ill and is slow in conception. She says she bears solitude better than she did. She is afraid to come to town, lest she should suffer under a renewal of her periodical alienation of mind. She did not press me to stay till the last coach, and so after a few games of piquet I took the seven o'clock stage. . . .

SEPT. 13th. . . . I was reading to-day and I have since finished Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*, a capital novel though it is too full of preaching. It is inferior in execution to Miss Austen's novels in the development of common characters, but is superior in the higher parts. . . .

SEPT. 19th. . . . Read several chapters of [John] Poole's *Little Pedlington*; enough to satisfy myself that the book did not deserve reprinting from the *New Monthly* and that Poole is but a second-rate writer. The humour lies in applying the commonplace of pompous eulogy to worthless objects—very well for a magazine article, but unfit to make a book. . . .

SEPT. 22nd. . . . I was reading yesterday and to-day *Sense and Sensibility*, which I resumed at the second volume. The last volume greatly improves on the first, but I still think it one of the poorest of Miss Austen's novels—that is, inferior to *Mansfield Park* and *Pride and Prejudice*, which is all I have read.

SEPT. 27th. . . . I read yesterday and to-day a novel by Theodore Hook—the first and probably the last. I have seldom read a novel so uninteresting. Gilbert Gurney is an ordinary character, and the tale is of ordinary events—merely to exhibit comic characters and situations. . . .

SEPT. 29th. . . . I devoted this day to the reading of No. 80 of the *Oxford Tracts*, *On Reserve in the Communication of Religious Knowledge*. I fear I have heard Wordsworth speak favourably of this Tract. It is certainly a composition of great ability, but its doctrine is monstrous. . . .

Among my autumnal reading, omitting by far the greater number of stray books, I must e'en notice one of the *Oxford Tracts for the Times*, No. 80, on *Reserve*. One reason is that it caught Wordsworth. I heard him speak favourably of it, not that he could for a moment tolerate its excess. . . . Wordsworth was at

length repelled by these excesses, witness his sonnet, *Young England*. A reference is enough. The topic belongs to the history of opinion in this age of religious agitation.

Oct. 4th. . . . I finished to-day *Cyril Thornton*, by my acquaintance Captain Hamilton. An excellent novel, mainly for this quality, that it reads less like a novel than any one I know. There is but one incident novel-like, his amours, all the rest are such as might be in any autobiography. . . . There is much Wordsworthism in the book.

. . . My time passed in reading novels, of which one only made any lasting impression on me, heightened by my knowledge of and liking to the author, Captain Hamilton, husband of Lady Farquhar. *Cyril Thornton* is full of sense; the one incident which marks it among innumerable works of fiction is the disinherison of a younger son because he, by accident, killed his elder brother.

Oct. 8th and 9th. . . . During the three days I was reading Miss Austen's admirable *Emma*. . . .

Oct. 17th. . . . I read among other things, my old friend Miss Burney's *Renunciation*, a tale in the romance of real life; It is an interesting story. The heroine is kidnapped, being a timid girl, and carried into France, where she is kindly treated and brought up as an heiress. The kidnapper makes her personate his ward, who had died and whose fortune he could not restore without ruin; he means she should marry his own son, but the moment she discovers the fraud she abandons his house and compels him to confess the fraud. There is a mystery about her birth. She marries the very heir whom she was to defraud and is found to be daughter to the knave; but the tale is left incomplete and we have not her restoration to her foster-parents nor the complete repentance of her father which one may expect.

Oct. 20th. . . . I came home early and read in bed. I have begun Boz's *Sketches*—the first work of Dickens. Number 5, the Election of Parish Beadle, gives a promise of the great popularity he afterwards acquired. This is like but far superior to Poole's *Little Peddlington*.

Oct. 27th. . . . I began de Kock's *Moustache*, and I read a few chapters in Boz's *Sketches*—both piquant enough to amuse and not interesting enough to render frequent interruptions unpleasant.

Oct. 29th. [Brighton.] . . . Continued my calls; first on Ricardo, with whom I talked on speculative matters; I found him engaged in the production of a sort of epigram addressed to Horace Smith,

which after sundry modifications by myself stands thus, though he sent it anonymously in a worse form.

To H. S., Esq.

From Addresses Rejected great fame you have gained,

But that you never have needed.

What is fame, to the happiness you have obtained

From Addresses in which you succeeded? . . .

OCT. 31ST. . . . I finished the first volume of Boz's *Sketches*. These are clever pictures of manners, with a sprinkling of romantic incident. His best articles are his representations of low-life. Yet such reading tires soon and one feels that one does not want to know more of such worthless realities than one is forced to come in contact with. It is only the great masters of Dutch painting that can render enjoyable their still and low-life.

It was on my coming home this autumn that I first became acquainted with any of the writings of Dickens,¹ then published under the name of Boz, and in the *Chronicle* as *Sketches*. In that shape and name I felt no inclination to read them. They have since filled a great space in the romantic literature of the country, and they also set the fashion of serial writings, by which his compositions were greatly injured, since he became, in consequence of his long-continued exercise, most skilful in the production of a number, a little whole, complete as such, when he was very unsuccessful in the complication of a long story. He, beginning his excellent tale exposing the evils inherent in a workhouse, naming his victim, Oliver Twist, never meant that he should represent a pious, moral, and simple lad. But this is a remark suggested by after works.

NOV. 1ST. . . . Read two excellent critiques to-day and on Sunday, one in the *Athenaeum* and the other in the *Examiner*, both holding up to reprobation Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* and the puffing expedients for forcing these disgusting annals of murder and robbery on the public.

NOV. 11TH. . . . We had a party with us—more interesting than usual. . . . and a very interesting old man, [George] Thomson, the friend of Burns and publisher of his songs. His correspondence with Burns is well and honourably known. He is about eighty years old, and he fiddled and sang Scotch songs all the evening—his vitality is marvellous. His daughter was there, an agreeable woman. . . .

NOV. 11TH. . . . When at Brighton I saw repeatedly a man to whom the lover of songs must feel under great obligation. [George]

¹ But see *ante*, pp. 542, 546, 558, and 559.

Thomson, an old man, an octogenarian, was the attraction to a large party at Masquerier's. He was more than the publisher of Burns's Songs. He occasioned the composition of many. He was a specimen of Scotch vitality. He fiddled and sang Scotch songs all the evening. A daughter attended him, the wife of an M.D., Dr. Fisher, older than her father. . . .

Nov. 15th. . . . I meant to go to Jaffray but was diverted from my intention by finding the second of Miss Burney's tales, *The Hermitage*. . . .

Nov. 21st. . . . I called on Moxon; heard from him but a sad account of Southeby. Wordsworth has written desiring that all business may be put an end to, the state of his mind not allowing of any exertion. Wordsworth himself and Quillinan down there, but what is to be done in that affair I have not heard. . . .

. . . Moxon, who was put into a respected station by the generosity of Lamb, Southeby, Rogers, etc. . . .

Nov. 24th. . . . I called on Mrs. Talfourd; saw the Serjeant also. He as usual towards me—cold, with an obvious expression of a consciousness that he ought to be more cordial with me than he is. . . . He has written, as I know in confidence, a third play He perhaps does know and is displeased that my opinion is against his literary amusements being so much indulged in. I dined with Rogers. . . . However, the old gentleman, in spite of his determination against it, is becoming manifestly old. . . .

DEC. 15th. . . . Moxon's in the evening. By the bye, a letter lately from Wordsworth: Southeby continues very weak—no hopes of his recovery, as it seems.

DEC. 28th. . . . I read to-day an admirable article by Carlyle on Voltaire. Carlyle is no vulgar reviler of Voltaire: he allows him almost to be a good man, at least a man of good qualities, more humanity and heart than his religious foes, but he exhibits him in the inferior character of a *persifleur* with no strong sense of beauty or truth—a merely very dexterous ability in carrying out the conclusions of his mere understanding. The freedom from cant in his article is quite refreshing when one recollects the temptations to indulge in it. . . .

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JAN. 2nd. . . . Read within these few days further articles in Carlyle's *Miscellanies*. His article on Jean Paul is deeply interesting, though I cannot always fathom him. His article on Schiller flattering from the general concurrence in opinion.

JAN. 11th. . . . I also read a fine article of Carlyle's on the state of German Literature. His other article on the German Playwrights I liked less; it is somewhat flippant. That on Heyne, though in a tolerant spirit, is inferior. By the bye, he has sent a civil message to me and he is now willing at least to be on friendly and respectful terms with me. More I cannot expect or even desire—he being what he is and I what I am. . . .

JAN. 24th. . . . I finished at the Athenaeum this morning Macaulay's beautiful article on Lord Clive in the *Edinburgh Review*. A wise article, distinguishing happily between the praise due to a man for a preponderance of good over evil in his public conduct and that unqualified eulogy due only to the perfect moralist. Macaulay rises every day in my esteem. I believe he will be a powerful aid to the Ministry. . . .

JAN. 26th. . . . I stayed within all the evening reading Miss Agnew's very clever *Geraldine*.

JAN. 29th. . . . I wrote . . . how much I was pleased with the ability shown in *Geraldine* though it did not produce conviction. . . . I walked on to Chelsea; Carlyle and his brother the Doctor were not at home. I chatted with Mrs. Carlyle—a sensible woman—a short time. Carlyle had before called on me, and there[fore] I was not unwilling to overlook his former manifest desire not to keep up his acquaintance. . . .

FEB. 5th. . . . To my great pleasure. . . . Madame D'Arblay has left Miss Burney £200 per annum for her life. . . .

FEB. 19th. . . . I read with pleasure this evening in *Chartism*. . . .

FEB. 21st. Quillinan breakfasted with me—very friendly. It seems that the reason why the intended marriage was not carried into execution was the discovery that certain property of his is encumbered. Dora is in town and everything remains in the same unsettled state in which it has so long been. . . .

FEB. 22nd. . . . I dined with H. N. Coleridge; no one there but Dora Wordsworth and Quillinan except a silent young Irishman, possibly a pupil. I presume that Dora and Quillinan being thus invited together is a sort of public annunciation of the connection intended to be consummated between them. Quillinan, it seems, insists that Wordsworth shall give his daughter

away. This, I think, is going too far. Wordsworth, I suppose, does not actively oppose the marriage, but submits to what he cannot successfully oppose. . . .

FEB. 29th. . . . Called on Miss Fenwick. . . . We talked about poor Southey. His death is now desired by his best friends. . . . Dined with Miss Rogers. . . . It is more and more manifest that Rogers's activity of mind is declining, yet he says strong and sarcastic things still. . . .

MARCH 1st. . . . Charmed with Mrs. H. N. Coleridge. . . . I enjoyed the reading Carlyle's article on Goethe from the *Foreign Quarterly*. . . .

MARCH 8th. . . . The *Examiner* contained . . . an ode by Landor, occasioned by some highly jocular lines against Southey in the *Globe* last month for not celebrating the Queen's marriage. Landor assumes this to be an intentional insult to Southey on his sick-bed, and is most savage in his crimination. But the detestable passage that follows is this:

No, by my soul, tho' greater men
And nearer, the envenomed pen
In Southey's breast—etc.

Greater and *nearer* can mean none but Wordsworth, and this is a monstrous injustice to that great and good man. I may perhaps write to him. . . .

MARCH 19th. I had a letter from Wordsworth on Coleridge's plagiarisms and on my not writing; I stated to him truly that I could not write to him rattling letters, and I confessed that I thought the charge brought in the last *Blackwood* against Coleridge for plagiarism from Schelling perfectly just. I shall venture to send Wordsworth, I believe, some of my metrical versions. . . .

MARCH 24th. . . . I was engaged reading . . . an admirable article in Carlyle's *Miscellanies* on Cagliostro. . . .

MARCH 27th. [Bath.] I breakfasted self-invited with Landor and I afterwards took him out with me. He had called with me yesterday on Miss Burney and she had proposed our calling on Manning, the Chinese traveller and friend of Charles Lamb. We found Manning quite the invalid—he had suffered from paralysis and this had occasioned his wearing his beard, which was iron-grey, long and bushy. His conversation was cheerful and he seemed glad to engage Landor to renew his call. Landor was struck by the beauty of his face. They are likely to relish each other's conversation. Landor was as usual wild in his talk; when alone, he inquired with feeling about his children. By the

bye, Milnes speaks of Arnold as being a wicked boy. Landor will also call on Miss Burney, for I perceive that he, after all, wants occupations and objects of interest. . . .

MARCH 24th-27th [Bath]. . . . I saw also Manning, the Chinese traveller and friend and correspondent of Charles Lamb. He had suffered from paralysis and was very infirm. I took Landor to see him. He was charmed with Manning's personal beauty and especially with his beard. He promised great pleasure to himself from their acquaintance. Perceiving that Landor was really in want of objects of interest, I introduced him to Miss Burney. But I suspect that neither introduction had any material effect. It is the beauty of early youth that attracts him. . . .

MARCH 28th. . . . I read through Carlyle's *Diamond Necklace*. The *Cagliostro* I had read going down. Both deeply interested me; yet this evening I could not make George Young feel sufficient interest in Carlyle to read his *Miscellanies*, though he greatly admired the *Petition on the Copyright Bill*. Wordsworth truly says that Carlyle's style is well calculated to 'startle dull men into attention,' and there may be much, I own, that no otherwise deserves to obtain attention. . . .

APRIL 6th. . . . I read with pleasure Darley's¹ dramatic chronicle of *Thomas à Becket*, a work of genius.

APRIL 18th. . . . I then called on Miss Gillies²—I expected admirable miniature portraits of the Wordsworths—I was disappointed—only Mrs. Wordsworth at all like and hers by no means excellent. . . .

APRIL 30th. . . . I fell in with Stephen. He told me that he wrote the article on Isaac Taylor in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that he was induced to write it by something I said to him about the fact that he was noticed by no party because he was no partisan. I did not tell him that I thought this article very inferior to his others in the *Edinburgh*. He has adopted the florid style of his subject. . . .

MAY 2nd. . . . Attended the second annual meeting of the Camden Society. I took no part except by my paying for my own and Wordsworth's tickets. . . .

MAY 5th. . . . Heard Carlyle's lecture on Heroes, the first lecture. I own there was but little in it and that little not effectively delivered. The Jaffrays there; chatted with old Sterling. No applause—I fear the lectures will injure future attempts. . . .

MAY 8th. . . . Attended Carlyle's second lecture on the

¹ George Darley, 1795-1846.

² *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*. Frontispiece to vol. and p. 748.

prophetic character of great men illustrated by Mahomet. It gave general satisfaction, for it had uncommon thoughts and was delivered with unusual animation. He declared his conviction that Mahomet was no mere sensualist nor vulgar impostor, but a real reformer. His system better than that of the Christianity current in his day in Syria. Milne[s] there; Mrs. Gaskell, with whom I chatted pleasantly; with the Jaffrays on return. Everybody pleased. Yet I doubt whether the lecture was really sound and true. My ticket, however, is numbered 248; it was one of the last. . . .

MAY 12th. . . . I went to Carlyle's lecture—on the Hero as Poet. His illustration taken from Dante and Shakespeare. I brought nothing away worth the walk—nor indeed any thought that I wished at the time to retain. No allusion to the fierce spirit or the judicial character of the poem. He once only got a clap, by asking whether we would give up Shakespeare for our Indian Empire, and he took advantage of this to make his escape. He had a very good-natured audience, and I took care to say only to the friends what I say here. . . .

MAY 15th. . . . I went on to a lecture of Carlyle's. A better than the last by far, but still I have not recovered my liking to such unformed and unarranged pouring-forth. This fourth lecture was on the Hero-Reformer; his illustrations Luther and Knox. He was at home on this subject and felt zeal on behalf of the old Puritans. The leading idea was that the Reformation is not to be considered as an abolition of Hero-worship, but a rehabilitation of it. The Pope had ceased to be the real heroic representative of Christianity. He was become a sham and a pretence; therefore, Luther resisted him. The Church was to be restored, and the equality proclaimed by the Reformation asserted merely that the field should be opened to all who might have the power to become the Christian hero. The protest against idolatry, a like striving against sham and pretence; an idol is a visible thing and when it ceased to have a meaning the worship of it became a crime, but when the worshipper is pious and fancies a meaning, even his error is harmless. Carlyle introduced an apology for diversities of form and eloquently urged the duty of tolerance—disregarding the form of the turban and even of Thor's hammer. Soldiers should recognise each other under different uniforms. He eulogised Knox—declared him to be courteous and a gentleman even towards the Queen. . . .

This spring I attended a course of lectures by Carlyle on great men. As they have since appeared under the title of *[Heroes and]*

Hero Worship, I have no occasion to say anything but of the effect they produced. I was startled by the boldness with which in his lecture on Mahomet he considered him as a reformer, an advance on the corrupt Christianity of the age established in the East. His lecture on Luther and Knox was more efficient. As a Scotch Presbyterian he was warm in praise of the Puritan spirit. Idol worship had become a crime when the idol ceased to have a meaning.

MAY 19th. . . . I heard another of Carlyle's lectures, on the literary hero, illustrating the character by Burns, who was no literator or book-maker, and Rousseau, who was scarcely so. Johnson was a professional author but hardly merited his distinction. Much cant in this lecture against scepticism. . . . I dined with Booth, a plain dinner but an agreeable one. Mr. and Mrs. [Daniel] Gaskell there: he an insignificant but very amiable man, she I suspect wrong-headed. Milnes is a relation. He said Mrs. [blank] said: 'I cannot make Mrs. Gaskell take any interest in me, I cannot pay the price; I cannot run away from my husband to make her care for me.' She has the merit of enjoying Carlyle, though she is a Benthamite. This is something. Hutton also dined there; a pleasant man.

MAY 22nd. This day was rendered interesting by a visit from one of the most remarkable of our scholars and men of science, Professor Whewell. He breakfasted with me and my nephew; the occasion of his visit was to look over his translation of *Herman and Dorothea* with the original and particularly some corrections I had made in his translation. He acknowledged nearly all my corrections. Whewell is a poly-historian and on account of the multifariousness of his pursuits is sneered at by those who have only one pursuit. Someone said Whewell's *forte* is *science*. 'Yes,' said Sydney Smith, 'and his *foible* is *omni-science*.' The geologists affect to despise him. Wordsworth would not tolerate his English hexameters; even Milman does not. I gave him my lines in answer to his, but he did not read them and of course will not like them either for form or matter. I spent the morning out.—At Carlyle's last lecture, on Cromwell and Buonaparte; much better on the English than the French usurper; but on the whole these lectures have lowered, not raised, Carlyle in my opinion. . . .

JULY 22nd. . . . I read a very interesting article in the last *Edinburgh Review* on the recent Shakespeare criticism. The article somewhat mystical, but by one who has studied German criticisms. He has made me curious about a new German critic on Shakespeare—Ulrici, praised as superior even to the Schlegels/

They also speak favourably of Franz Horn and depreciatingly of Tieck. It is a very exciting article.

[Crabb Robinson was busily engaged this summer in writing his *Exposure of Misrepresentations contained in the Preface to the Correspondence of William Wilberforce*. His book was published by Moxon on July 31st.]

AUG. 5th. . . . Reading *Humphrey's Clock*. . . . Read with interest Milman's *History of the Jews*, a very entertaining book having no pretence to philosophy. . . .

AUG. 9th. [Bear Wood.] . . . In the evening Miss Mitford came and took tea with us. She talked with great warmth of Kenyon, with kindness of Talfourd, with kind feeling of everybody. She is really an amiable person, most generous, Kenyon says. She seems disposed to be kind to everyone.

Miss Mitford I saw several times, as I walked to see her at her cottage at Shinfield, and on this visit she recommended herself by her apparent benevolence of character. At other times I have thought her merely sentimental and under the influence of literary vanity. But her *Village* and personal memoirs speak for themselves.

OCT. 29th. I continued reading . . . *Cromwell*. . . .

Nov. 3rd. . . . I finished to-day a heavy historical novel edited by Horace Smith. Nothing can be worse and more uninteresting than the novel part, but the character of Cromwell is well conceived—better than by Scott in *Woodstock*. . . .

Nov. 8th. . . . I was all day reading the last *Edinburgh Review*, which has one magnificent article by Macaulay. No one else could have written it. It is on Ranke's *History of the Popes*. The article maintains the probability that this Church will continue to verify the poet's character: '[And] doom'd to death, [though] fated not to die.'¹ It shows the infinite worldly wisdom of the Papal scheme, especially in the skill with which it makes use of enthusiasts; showing that at Rome the Countess of Huntingdon would have been St. Selina and Mrs. Fry the foundress of the sacred order of the Sisters of Gaols. Loyola, at Oxford, would have founded a sect of separatists and John Wesley at Rome would have founded an order of monks. He likens in like manner St. Theresa and Joanna Southcott. Other good articles, but this is the crack article of the volume. . . .

Nov. 10th. . . . Being out, I called on Mrs. Barrett; she is removing into a larger house. She told me that Madame

¹ Dryden. *The Hind and the Panther*, l. 8. Macaulay adapts the verse, writing: 'Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was still fated not to die.' Crabb Robinson misquotes Dryden's line, which has been corrected in the text.

D'Arblay has left her property chiefly to Mrs. Barrett's eldest son, the clergyman that is to be; but Madame D'Arblay had only about £400 per annum to dispose of, so that young Barrett has at present only about £40 per annum, but after my friend, Miss Burney's, death there will fall to him £200 per annum, and after Martin Burney's death another £100. Madame D'Arblay seems to have made a wise and benevolent will. The Queen left Madame D'Arblay an annuity of £100 for life. . . .

DEC. 11th. . . . I received to-day Landor's *Fra Rupert*, a drama of great beauty of style, but in which I could not take any great pleasure.

DEC. 18th. . . . I went out early to breakfast with Rogers. . . . I enjoyed my chat with this excellent man. He grows more kind every day. . . . He spoke very freely of (Wordsworth)¹ in a way I could not hear without regret but could not object to. . . . I wrote to Landor to-day on his *Fra Rupert*, anxious to say all I could with truth that would give him pleasure and therefore honestly congratulating him on the full possession of his powers, contrasting his state with poor Southey's. . . .

DEC. 21st. I finished this morning Coleridge's posthumous *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, of which the most remarkable feature is that it contains an eloquently-expressed denial of the doctrine of plenary inspiration, which makes the supposed inspired writer the mere organ-pipe of a foreign spirit. The writings lose all individuality and characteristic worth—because dead and inoperative, and I expressed my pleasure in the book in a letter to H. N. Coleridge. Indeed, in publishing this liberal book he has redeemed his fault in giving publicity to some illiberal sentiments of the poet in his *Table Talk*. . . .

DEC. 22nd. I went out early to breakfast with Rogers, calling by the way on Moxon to inquire for messages to Rydal. A most agreeable chat with Rogers; he was very cordial, communicative, and lively; gave us copies of the cheap editions of his *Italy* and poems, though he had before given us the better editions, and he pointed out to us his beautiful works of art and curious books. I could not help asking what is to become of them. 'The auctioneer,' he said, 'will find out the fittest possessor hereafter—he who gives money for things values them. Put in a museum nobody sees them.' I allowed this of gold and silver, but not of books such as his Chaucer, with the notes Tooke wrote in it when in the Tower, with minutes of the occurrences that then took place; so Tooke's copy of the *Trial of Hardy*, etc., with his notes.

¹ This word, in shorthand, is erased but decipherable.

'Such books you should distinguish with a mark and say in your will: All my books with the marks set out—to so-and-so.' I fear he will not pay attention to this. . . .

DEC. 24th. [Rydal.] . . . I found at the Wordsworths', William and Miss Fenwick, and all of them seeming well, except poor Miss Wordsworth, and she is better. She came down, but could not stay many minutes. I was in high spirits, and a great deal of pleasant talk, *de omnibus*. Besides which I had talk with Mrs. and Dora Wordsworth on the sad dissensions in the Southey family, of which I shall be forced to say more hereafter. . . .

DEC. 25th. . . On coming out of church Dr. Arnold stepped in for a moment with Wordsworth. I went to an early dinner, after which I took a walk with Wordsworth. We called on Mrs. Luff and accompanied her to Ambleside. An agreeable chat with her; a very lively talk over our tea, to which came Mr. and Mrs. Hill, though she was made grave by the occasional references to her father; but there were none to the family differences. She is a sweet woman and he a sensible man. I came home at nine, took my milk and read the second volume of *Reminiscences of Rome*, which I have just been finishing—a book of no great talent and by a bigoted Romanist. . . .

Dec. 26th. At one I called on Dr. Arnold and walked with the family to Ambleside; Miss Arnold, indeed all the family, as amiable as ever. . . .

DEC. 29th. . . . Came home early and read Shelley's prose from half-past nine to half-past eleven.

DEC. 30th. . . . I have been delighted with Shelley's *Letters*¹ from Italy in the second volume of his Prose Writings. His taste is most delicate and altogether there is a captivating moral sentiment throughout. His contempt for Christianity is strongly expressed and is a stain on the book, but even that I believe was a very honest mistake; I am glad however to find that he was fully sensible of the deformities of Lord Byron's mind and character. One does not, however, see why he should, with his own habits and life, express himself with such abhorrence of *Childe Harold*. His politics violently Radical; *anno 1819* he seriously advised his friends to sell out of the English Funds; he looked forward to a revolution as inevitable and believed the strangest fables, the news of the day, such as the Inquisition in Spain murdering seven thousand people before they succeeded in effecting a revolution; marvellous ignorance occasionally, thinking Godwin's answer to Malthus triumphant.

DEC. 31st. . . . I chatted with the ladies on the Mount. By

¹ *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments, 1840.*

the bye, I have not yet mentioned that Miss Wordsworth is amazingly improved. She can talk for a time rationally enough, but she has no command of herself and has the habit of blowing with her lips very loudly and disagreeably and sometimes of uttering a strange scream, something between the noise of a turkey and a partridge but more shrill than [either]. She can be withdrawn from this only by being made to repeat verses, which she does with great feeling, quite pathetically. We played whist after tea. . . . Read Quillinan's first tale in *The Conspirators—Sisters of the Douro*. . . . I have finished the tale with pleasure. . . .

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JAN. 1st. . . . After dinner I called with Wordsworth on the Arnolds. Charmed with the account Mrs. Arnold gave of their family habits. On the first day of the year the father and mother dine with the children in the schoolroom as their guests, the children sitting at the head of the table, etc. She also told me of the *Fox How Miscellany* which appears this day, all the family contributing an article to the magazine. One would not have expected this in a schoolmaster's house. . . . Began at night to look over Coleridge's *Remains*, in which I found very great delight.

JAN. 2nd. I made extracts from Coleridge's *Literary Remains*—very striking, if not very consistent one with another. . . .

JAN. 3rd. I finished this day the volume of Coleridge's *Remains*: from the *Omniana*, admirable morsels of profound thought and eloquence. . . .

JAN. 5th. . . . There was a dinner party at the Mount. The Arnolds, the Robinsons, etc., in all twelve, and the afternoon was singularly agreeable. The ball of lively discussion was kept up with ease, and yet I can recall as little of this as of the *tête-à-tête* chat with Spedding. Spedding, I ought to say, is a clerk in the Colonial Office, a liberal thinker, in politics rather more than a Whig, for he advocates the ballot. He is not a brilliant and learned man, but clear-headed and judicious and associates with the best of his age, between thirty and forty only. He is seemingly free in his religious opinions, but religious in his tastes and feelings—he does not oppress by superiority but encourages by sympathy. . . . At night I finished [Quillinan's] tale of *The Royalist*. . . . I also finished to-day an *Essay on Cicero* by young Hallam. Spedding says that Hallam's *Remains*¹ give no

¹ Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's friend, son of the historian, who published the *Remains* privately in 1833, the year of the young man's death.

adequate idea of the promise his precocious talents presented to the world.

My Xmas visit to Wordsworth this year, of which I do not mean to write now. . . . I met at Ambleside this year Spedding, then a clerk in the Colonial Office. He has since distinguished himself as one of the joint editors of Lord Bacon's works. A very superior man. I was conscious of my entire incompetence to become one of his acquaintance. We have occasionally met in company, when he has been courteous.

JAN. 8th. . . . My reading to-day was in Shelley, Coleridge, and chiefly in Mackintosh's *Ethical Philosophy*. . . .

JAN. 13th. Read Quillinan early — *The Rangers of Connaught*. . . . I continued reading Coleridge's *Remains*, from which I am collecting admirable specimens. . . . I have been reading the first volume of Shelley's Prose; he is master of an admirable prose style but his writings are not attractive. His translation of Plato's *Symposium*, like all Plato's dialogues in English, I found uninteresting, except that Socrates' account of Diotima's doctrine of Love is really very delightful; but *Ion* I thought mere pedantic sophistry. I have no doubt this is my fault. There are several beautiful fragments of poetic prose—a fantastic scene at the Colosseum and an eloquent fragment of a tale of the Assassins. But his metaphysics are very mystical.

JAN. 17th. . . . The afternoon I continued at the Mount. Mrs. Wordsworth having a cold did not appear. I had a chat with Miss Fenwick—a sensible woman whom I much like, and she even improves on me, which was not easy, so much have I liked her from the first. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . Made my letter amusing by copying the verses of Southeby which I will add here. Someone pressed him to write in an album: there being on the opposite leaf the names of O'Connell and others with whom he does not sympathise, he wrote:

Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Vide the opposite page:
But do not thence gather
That I'm of like feather
With all the brave birds in this cage. . . .

JAN. 19th. Finished in bed and after breakfast what I began last night, Montgomery's *Lectures on Poetry*. The subject so attractive that no dissertation can be otherwise than interesting. I was pleased to find him sensible to the excellence and high

merits of Wordsworth, and I am indebted to him for drawing my attention to the exquisite beauty of the 104th Psalm; I was charmed with that admirable composition. . . .

JAN. 21st. After breakfasting and packing up I went to the Wordsworths after ten. Wordsworth read me a beautiful manuscript poem, *The Norman Boy*, which will be popular. A peasant lad builds a hut and plants a cross on it. At twelve I left my friends with renewed and enhanced regard and with warm expressions of kindness on their part and invitations for another year. . . .

I returned to London on the 22nd of January when my attention was very much engrossed by the family quarrel of the Southseys.¹ I will not enter into it at length here, nor indeed need I enter into it at all. Wordsworth espoused the cause of Cuthbert generously, and I have a sealed letter in his favour to be used if necessary. But all is now forgotten.

JAN. 27th. . . . In the afternoon . . . I learned . . . that my friend (Collier has suffered both a loss and a humiliation. He is reduced to a clerical office—from eight to five guineas a week—and is forced to go into the [reporters'] gallery again, but as a set-off against this he is about to edit Shakespeare, for which he is to receive five hundred guineas). . . .

FEB. 14th. . . . I finished this morning *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The pathetic parts are among the best things Dickens has written. The character of Nell is quite ideal and that of Kit the servant boy also in a way ideal, but true to nature. Quilp, the attorney, who is drowned at last, is a very monster of baseness, and not natural—he has no human quality. I shall read no more of Dickens's things in numbers. . . .

FEB. 17th. . . . I went to Joe Parkes's² in search of him, meaning to give £5 to him for poor Hone, for whom he wrote a begging letter. . . .

FEB. 20th. . . . My friend J. P. Collier is, I fear, going down in the world—having sunk in his position in the *Morning Chronicle*. . . .

MARCH 15th. . . . I was taken into the Reform Club and there fell in with the Right Honourable [Thomas] Babington Macaulay. A short but gratifying conversation with him. He began on the subject of my Wilberforce controversy: 'I have never thanked you

¹ It has not been thought necessary to transcribe the details of this family quarrel, which occupies a good deal of space in Crabb Robinson's diary.

² 'The well-known Joseph Parkes, a political character. He and I are always on free and easy terms,' July 11th, 1863. Parkes (1796–1865) was a parliamentary lawyer.

for the book you gave me long ago; I wish you to know that I altogether disapprove of the conduct of the Messrs. Wilberforce and did so from the beginning.' Not in the order in which he said so, but this was the substance: 'I have a sort of hereditary respect for them, but I know very little about them; I believe them to be pious and sincere men; quite in earnest; but they are incapable of anything generous or liberal or kind. This they take from their mother (or mother's family) I cannot say which.' I said that I had out of respect for his feelings not sent him the second book. He smiled and said he had read it; he looked as if he meant I should think that he thought it indiscreet to say how much he approved of it. All he said was: 'I do not quite agree with you on all points as to Mr. Clarkson's egotism; but that is a trifle, and it was most ungenerous to treat so eminent a person of his years and after such a life, in such a way.' I began to refer to the estrangement between Clarkson and his father, when he said: 'I was not aware there was anything that amounted to estrangement; I know my father thought that not enough was said about Stephen.' I said: 'That is admitted in the *Strictures*. I hope you were satisfied with Clarkson's apology and with what he said about your father.' He said with great warmth: 'Oh, quite, quite!' On Wednesday I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson giving her an account of this conversation and at the same time pressed on her my wish that Mr. Clarkson should write to me an acknowledgment of my services, lest the Wilberforces should represent him as disclaiming my aid. . . .

MARCH 22nd. . . . Read in bed Hurwitz's *Hebrew Tales*. I called on Moxon and paid for the *London Encyclopaedia*, of which I have sent a copy as a present to Wordsworth and Dora with a playful letter assigning as a reason for including Dora that I feared Wordsworth would otherwise burn it as an offering to the *manes* of the Copyright Act—the book being published by Tegg. . . .

MARCH 29th. I went out after writing the above to breakfast with Milnes, and an agreeable meeting it was. There were poets, host included, viz.: Kenyon, Barry Cornwall, Browning, author of unreadable books, and Alfred Tennyson, who looks a bandit of genius—also Harness, Mrs. Procter, Hayward and myself and some others I do not now recollect. We stayed late, the talk lively and no one prominent—but Kenyon quite silent. . . .

MARCH 29th. Monckton Milnes's breakfast parties are celebrated by Disraeli. I partook of one to-day.

MARCH 30th. . . . At the Athenaeum, where I finished a very

clever novel, *Cecil [or the Adventures of a Coxcomb]*,¹ the author not known, Mrs. Gore supposed to be part writer. It is the history of a coxcomb in the first person and has the fault most hard to avoid—that the character being such, he could not know himself to be such. The writer does confess himself a coxcomb. He is a younger brother, son of a heartless fine lady; his elder brother is an orator and politician, the pride of his otherwise heartless father: he has unsuccessful amours, travels, and ends by giving the fashion to the Court and the prospect of being heir to the noble house. A tone of affected levity and satire runs throughout, but there are powerful touches of feeling. The adventure with the gipsy girl admirable. Pathos in the adventure with the Portuguese girl and in his being the innocent cause of his nephew's death. Lord Byron is introduced, and with kind address. . . .

APRIL 3rd. I had a genteel and plentiful breakfast which was not honoured as it deserved. Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Coleridge did not come; I had only Dora Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan (about whom I heard news with pleasure which I ought to have heard before, but better late than never. They are shortly to marry). . . .

APRIL 8th. . . . Read at night and next morning the first three numbers of Warren's clever but coarse *Ten Thousand a Year*, in *Blackwood*. It has much of Dickens's style, but is much heavier and grosser. . . .

APRIL 19th. [Bath.] . . . Having dined, I went in search of the Wordsworths—I found them at number 12 North Parade, and had a very kind reception. A general invitation from Miss Fenwick. Wordsworth wrote to me, he said, yesterday, to thank me for my magnificent present, and from what they all say I have no doubt they really find it a very acceptable gift. By the bye, I have already in private asked Miss Fenwick to advise me about a present for Dora on the forthcoming marriage. Miss Fenwick: 'Why think of anything more? Dora is grateful for your *Encyclopaedia*.' But I told her that that was not so meant, and she promises to think of it; I told her of the salver of the Coleridges. During the evening I heard of the new poems written as well as of old poems to be published, nearly a volume already collected, and I heard with, I hope, a pardonable gratification of my vanity, that the Italian series is to be dedicated to me.

¹ The author was Mrs. Catherine Gore, 1799–1861, and the novel appeared in 1841. She wrote many other books, among them a sequel to *Cecil*—*Cecil, a Peer* (see p. 602), *Mothers and Daughters*, and *The Hamiltons; Official Life* in 1850. Several of her novels appeared anonymously.

Wordsworth walked out with me before tea and I called on Mr. Spender—a sad, sad account from him,¹ of which to-morrow. I took tea with Miss Fenwick, from whom I have a general invitation, which I will not abuse, and did not come away till past eleven.

APRIL 20th. . . . Read *Sartor Resartus* at night.

APRIL 21st. . . . Then strolled in meadows with *Sartor Resartus*, which gives me very great pleasure on a second perusal. His humour I can relish, and his philosophy (essentially that of Coleridge) not unintelligible. . . . Read again in Carlyle till seven, when I went to Wordsworth. Took a stroll of an hour with him. Then had tea and a cordial gossip with them. Miss Fenwick has decided my present for me, a teapot and cream jug, so this will be done with ease and is business settled. . . .

APRIL 23rd. . . . In the afternoon I took a long walk with Wordsworth and took tea with the ladies as before. I continued reading Carlyle.

APRIL 25th. I read Carlyle in bed as I did yesterday and with great pleasure. *Sartor* is full of genius though of unhappy taste. . . . I made calls on Miss Burney, looking over her will, and on Landor; he was in high spirits, declared himself to be the happiest of men; he praised Dickens as being with Shakespeare the greatest of English writers, though indeed his women are superior to Shakespeare's. No one of our poets comes near him. I dined with Miss Fenwick and drank tea with her after going with the Wordsworths to hear a Mr. Tottenham, a very popular preacher. He pleased Wordsworth and Dora, and not at all Mrs. Wordsworth. She thought him a ranter. Wordsworth says Mrs. Wordsworth would have a man preach out of a mummy-case. . . .

APRIL 26th. . . . Went to the Wordsworths. Took a short walk with Mrs. Wordsworth and played whist with the ladies. Finished *Sartor Resartus*, a book I had enjoyed without requiring others to enjoy it too. It is only an acquired taste the relishing it. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . I went to breakfast with Landor and spent nearly four hours with him. He took me a beautiful walk to Weston and pointed out sweet scenes to me with great interest. His sense of beauty of all kinds is his most enviable quality. Were his moral as well as his aesthetical judgment equal to the strength of his feelings he would be an estimable man. He was full of anecdotes; related the story of a Catholic

¹ Of Tom Robinson's hopeless condition.

girl in France who being forced to marry a Terrorist from whom she was separated, but not with the Church's sanction though by law divorced, was willing to be the mistress of another, but would not marry him because God would forgive anything except the breach of a sacrament. Landor praised his brother Robert's tragedies, which he has lent me. I joined Wordsworth at one and walked with him to Prior Walk Park. . . .

APRIL 28th. . . . I dined with my nephew and I left him at five that I might call on Joseph Cottle—he lives now on Knowle Hill with his sister Mrs. Hare, and her I found living in a charming place on a height. I was induced to stay and take tea there and postpone returning till half-past eight, and I really enjoyed my visit and it has led to Wordsworth's acceptance of an invitation. He means to take his ladies there to-morrow. Mrs. Hare seems a sensible woman: he, in spite of writing bad poetry, is a very worthy man. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . I have been [reading] Robert Landor's plays. He is a man of genius certainly, but like his brother, wild and odd. One drama called *The Ferryman* is full of power and poetry but in a singular style. . . . The play has powerful descriptions with mean accompaniments. . . .

MAY 1st. This beautiful month opened gloomily—not, however, early, for I read in bed with interest Robert Landor's *Earl of Brecon*. . . .

. . . Wordsworth and company were then [spring 1841] paying a visit to Miss Fenwick at Bath, so that I could take up my residence there and make frequent visits to Bristol or Clifton [to see his consumptive nephew, Thomas]. I therefore took a bedroom at the 'White Lion' where I usually breakfasted, and dined with different friends during my stay. I left London on the 19th of April and returned on the 4th of May. The interval was shared by the Wordsworths, at Miss Fenwick's, and my nephew and niece. . . .

. . . I had a variety of friends at Bath, among others my Italian friend Miss Burney—the youngest of the family of which Madame D'Arblay was the eldest. . . . While at Bath I read Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which I enjoyed, without requiring others to enjoy it. Carlyle's queer style can escape under the shelter of being burlesque or simply humour. I did not omit to call on Joseph Cottle, who, though one of the worst of poets, was one of the kindest of men.

MAY 11th. I then went . . . to Emanuel's, where I got a teapot and cream jug, a bridal present for Dora Wordsworth, who I trust

was married to-day to Quillinan. This was a business glad to have got over. . . .

MAY 17th. . . . I then breakfasted and called on Mrs. Massquerier and went on to Athenaeum. There wrote to Mrs. Quillinan inquiring whether she would like to have her husband's crest put on the plate, as Mrs. Wordsworth had written to me that she had inquired of Mrs. Quillinan where it should be sent. . . .

MAY 27th. . . . Began to read Dyer's MS. memoir of his own life.

JUNE 3rd. . . . I also wrote to Mrs. Wordsworth setting forth my wants about her and Wordsworth's expected visit to me. Then I dined with H. N. Coleridge—a very genteel dinner and the party also agreeable. There were the three Coleridges, three of the Murrays ('absolute John'), Dr. and Mrs. Southey. . . . Like all such parties, it afforded little conversation. From Dr. Southey I learned that Mrs. Southey has acted liberally towards Cuthbert in money matters and Mrs. H. N. Coleridge says that Cuthbert is much softened down and improved by adversity. Yet there is no immediate prospect of a reconciliation. . . .

JUNE 6th. . . . I walked out with the intention of calling on Mrs. Wordsworth at the Marshalls', but forgot my gloves and could not go in. I then walked on to the Athenaeum, where I wrote a letter to Mrs. Wordsworth. . . . Gosson's *School of Abuse*, a fierce attack on players, with Heywood's answer, I have also read. . . . These are the first publications of the Shakespeare Society. These make me fear this Society will not be much better than the Percy Society, whose first year's publications are very unpleasant books—not one do I recollect that has given me any pleasure.

JUNE 7th. I went out before the post came in to breakfast with Rogers. Unluckily Riou was there, that is, because I was by his presence prevented speaking about Mrs. Dyer's subscription, which I had meant to do. While there Wordsworth followed Mrs. Wordsworth, and this led to arrangements for my dinner party being on Saturday. This is now quite a matter of business with me; it occupied me this morning anxiously. I drove with the Wordsworths in Marshall's carriage round to Miss Rogers and back to Cavendish Square. . . . It occurred to me to-day that one might get something for Mrs. Dyer from the Literary Fund, and I drew up a letter accordingly, but I must settle that this morning. . . .

JUNE 8th. I breakfasted at Marshall's. Whewell there; I afterwards walked with Wordsworth. Called on Cookson and

at the Rock Office. I then occupied myself about the subscription for Mrs. Dyer and made a bad business of it. . . .

JUNE 9th. . . . My first concern was to get rid of the application for Mrs. Dyer to the Literary Fund. . . .

JUNE 10th. . . . Reading Carlyle on *Reineke Fuchs*—a piece of interesting criticism on old German literature. . . .

JUNE 11th. . . . The Wordsworths are on the point of leaving London for the north. They will return to the neighbourhood perhaps—that is Richmond.

JUNE 13th. . . . I breakfasted with Kenyon; only Landor there and Milnes and Forster; an amusing morning, but nothing to remark on. Landor did not bring Walter with him, his second boy, an interesting youth. . . . The afternoon passed over very well; Wordsworth in very remarkable good health and looking quite handsome. . . .

JUNE 15th. . . . I left my bridal present for the Quillinans at Mr. Moxon's. . . .

JUNE 25th. . . . I was at home all the forenoon reading Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*. Very coarse, but still as a novel quite efficient. Among the very successful parts are the scene in which the upstart Tittlebat is introduced to the house of Lord Drelincourt—the ex-journeyman linen-draper's insolent sheepishness well done; capital pictures of Scarlett as Subtle, Brougham as [Quicksilver], and the Attorney-General (Lyndhurst) are the best things I have yet met with. Too much religion and cant with the Aubreys on losing the estate. The knave Gammon is also good, his partners Quirk and Snap more commonplace, yet there is so much uncomfortable that I wish I had not begun it. . . .

. . . During my stay in Bury [for his nephew's funeral] I read Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*—angry with myself for doing so, it being a gross libel on public men and lawyers, and disgusting in its dishonesty and party spirit. Bribery is actually charged on a named Committee of the House of Commons. Subtle (Scarlett), the Attorney-General (Lyndhurst), etc., are powerfully drawn.

JULY 5th. . . . At four at Mrs. Hoare's. There the Wordsworths, Quillinans, and also the Doctor [C. Wordsworth], Master of Trinity. He was very lively—decided in politics. The poet quiet; I took the poet and Quillinan to see Miss Sharpe's garden. A very agreeable afternoon. . . .

JULY 10th. . . . Wordsworth called on me. I walked out with him. . . . Wordsworth has seen Peel about the Copyright Bill, whom he is labouring to secure—not yet determined who is to succeed Talfourd in that business.

I had a dinner party of eight to-day given in consequence of Wordsworth's coming to me. It consisted of Wordsworth, Copley Fielding, and Dr. Carlyle, Booth at the bottom, Cookson, Harness, and Dr. Wood. It did not go off so well in consequence of the too great length of the table. We were not near enough and groups were formed, but I believe my company pleased each other. Harness and Dr. Wood got very comfortable together; Kenyon and Fellows came in after dinner. Kenyon made himself, as always, agreeable; Cookson pleased with my friends. Fielding was particularly pleased with being invited and so I believe was Booth. Wordsworth talked chiefly *tête-à-tête*, but he seemed to be in a good mood. On the whole he is improved as a companion since his last being in London. He is not triumphant at Tory success.¹

JULY 14th. . . . Went out after breakfast and called on Mrs. Quillinan to engage her to come to me; I then went to see Mary Lamb, at length happily removed to 41 Alpha Road, Regent's Park, to a sister of Miss James. This happy event has been effected by the interference of Barry Cornwall, *alias* Procter, who is a Lunatic Commissioner, and she rejoices at having escaped from a place far removed from all her friends and where she was not even kindly treated. She had offered to come and see me and perhaps I shall ask her to accompany the Quillinans and Coleridges. . . .

JULY 19th. . . . Then I made calls on Mrs. Quillinan, on Mary Lamb to secure Mary Lamb's coming to me to-morrow. . . .

JULY 20th. . . . My second dinner went off quite as well as the first. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Quillinan, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, and Mary Lamb. Mary Lamb took but little part in the conversation, but enjoyed herself quietly. The other ladies very agreeable. H. N. Coleridge talked very well: in short, everyone as he should be.

JULY 22nd. . . . In the forenoon I called on Mrs. Quillinan and dear Mary Lamb. Pleased her by looking over her old books. She was quite comfortable. . . .

JULY 28th. . . . I strolled in the fields . . . reading *Queen Mab*, in which I found a number of splendid passages; I have no doubt that even his [Shelley's] atheism proceeded from ill-directed and perversely applied virtuous emotions: a partial sense of the follies and crimes perpetrated in the name of God and Religion has made him zealous to extirpate what he honestly thought in his youth to be pernicious error. But in his own notions was also error both flagrant and pernicious. . . .

¹ In the recent general election.

JULY 30th. . . . I called on the Quillinans and Mary Lamb. Continued looking over her books. . . .

JULY 31st. . . . I fell in with Rogers. He pressed me to dine with him, which I did. The Quillinans and Dr. Henderson there. An agreeable afternoon, though Rogers sensibly declines in his power of conversation. He was very amiable. . . .

AUG. 2nd. [Hastings.] . . . My day was spent in reading *Ivanhoe*, which I heartily enjoyed, caring nothing for criticism. I was sufficiently interested in the story to care for nothing else. The contrast of English and Norman manners, the like contrast of the Saxon and Jewish beauties, are well preserved. The Templar, the Jew, are too melodramatic and *Ivanhoe* too insignificant; King Richard, too, a commonplace, but the Fool and Sowherd are delightful and the incidents admirably knit. I shall go on with the Waverley set. . . .

AUG. 6th. . . . Carlyle will be an injury to English literature,¹ yet I have read with interest three of his lectures on Hero-Worship—at least the first on Odin, much better than those on Mahomet and Cromwell.

AUG. 9th. . . . I read at intervals Carlyle's Lectures. . . .

AUG. 11th. . . . Finished on Tuesday evening Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*. The death of Gammon is powerfully conceived, meant to rival the like scenes of Dickens, and he terminates well with the bad ones, but he is tiresome with his good folk at the last.

AUG. 15th. . . . Mary Lamb not at all well, I fear she will soon be ill again. She moaned sadly, but even if ill she will be better off than at Edmonton. . . .

AUG. 19th. . . . I then went to the Athenaeum, where I amused myself by copying some marginalia of Coleridge in *Letters concerning Mind*, by Petvin, a book I found at Miss Lamb's on Wednesday and brought away. This occupied me the forenoon. . . .

AUG. 20th. . . . I went to Mary Lamb, carrying her a cake and some fruit received from Bury. I chatted a little with her. . . .

On Wednesday the 25th I set out on a five weeks' journey into Devonshire. . . .

[Travel journal.] AUG. 29th. . . . I began to-day *Barnaby Rudge*, which promises to be one of the most delightful of Dickens's works. He improves in general style. . . .

AUG. 30th. . . . Reading *Barnaby Rudge* . . . and have only this now to say—that the character of the selfish Chester seems the

¹ This is apropos of the style of inferior imitators of Carlyle.

most original of the author's invention. It is the combination of quiet imperturbable ease and good humour with utter heartlessness which constitutes the originality. . . .

SEPT. 1st. I arose very early, but I had so worked myself into the tale of *Barnaby*, the idiot (who thus far is not important), that I would not walk out till I had finished a part before breakfast. Then I took a short walk with *Barnaby Rudge* and the book occupied me all day. . . . Dickens will lose popularity with the saints, for he too faithfully exposes cant. . . .

SEPT. 4th. . . . The picture of the riots of Lord George Gordon's mob is excellent and has poetical truth whether it be historical or not. . . .

SEPT. 5th. . . . Finished all of *Barnaby Rudge* yet published. . . . I will read no more till the story is finished. . . . I will not expose myself to further anxieties. . . .

SEPT. 8th. . . . On my walk I enjoyed very much reading some of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* written since his nine volumes and reprinted in a little volume compiled by his friend Mr. Ablett. That on the fall of Carthage between Scipio and Polybius I read for the second time with great delight. . . .

SEPT. 9th. [Exeter.] . . . A call on Miss Manning, the sister of my friend the Serjeant . . . his mother a lively old lady, more than eighty, very chatty and full of the merits and excellence of her sons. . . .

. . . The old lady could not foresee that one of her granddaughters would acquire popularity as a writer of numerous one-volumed tales of fiction, *Mary Powell* (Milton's wife), being the work to which the others have referred. They are very pleasingly written. . . .

SEPT. 16th . . . A Bristol and Bath magazine in which I read . . . a poem by Crosse,¹ a very long and wild ballad, *The Black Doctor*, neither sublime nor beautiful, only horrid and fantastic. I read also an interesting account of a murder written by Poole at the request of Wordsworth and Southey. . . .

SEPT. 26th. . . . I did spend the evening with my friends

¹ 'Kenyon's friend Crosse, a most entertaining man certainly, and apparently a very scientific and able man. . . . He . . . repeated some very clever verses' [which Crabb Robinson copied out, but which are not particularly amusing or good], '*The Apple*, of which the serious thought (extravagantly and playfully developed) is that death is necessary to life. Were there no death the universe would be chock full—a great inconvenience. And therefore we are obliged to Mother Eve for eating the apple.' [Crabb Robinson.]

[Kenyon, Mrs Reid, Miss Bayley] and read them *The Widow of Kilcrea* which brought tears in Kenyon's eyes: all admired it. . . .

SEPT. 27th. . . . Read to the ladies another tale by Mrs. Hall, *Grace Connell*, also an exquisite picture of disinterested love—of a woman selling everything to give her half-sister to take to Australia . . . but it is not so remarkable as *The Widow of Kilcrea* on account of the instigation to sin by the noblest and purest passion.

OCT. 7th. . . . Calling on Mary Lamb I found her again ill, but Mrs. Parsons says she is not unhappy and I am sure she will be kindly treated. . . .

OCT. 13th. . . . I had accepted conditionally an invitation to dine with Booth to-day, that is if Mrs. Marsh, the author of the *Two Old Men's Tales*, should be there. She did go and I had a very agreeable evening. The party consisted of the Hutton family and the Marshs. Mr. Marsh is a gentleman and nothing more and Mrs. Marsh is a fine woman, middle-aged, no assumption and yet her look and manner show she has a consciousness of being somebody—a thorough Liberal and humane to the utmost, being against the Government on the sugar question. The Marshs were in pecuniary difficulties when Mrs. Marsh became a writer, but they are in affluence now. . . .

OCT. 13th. . . . I met a very interesting person, Mrs. Marsh, the author of *Two Old Men's Tales*, a beautiful story of the *intime* class, that is a novel of sentiment. I was much pleased with her. This was her first work of repute. She afterwards became a voluminous novelist, and what she has gained in quantity, she has in a degree lost in quality. This is inevitable, with rare exceptions.

OCT. 17th. . . . I also wrote a letter to Mrs. Wordsworth, having had a letter from her in which she said that Wordsworth had resolved to sell out his National Provincial Bank shares. I wrote to inquire why. Mrs. Wordsworth invites me for a month and I suppose I must go.

NOV. 5th. . . . I continued skimming as I did yesterday a disagreeable novel meant to be philosophical and an attack on the modern Liberal school of philosophy—the younger Sterling's *Arthur Coningsby*. The incidents and character of the French philosophy very coarsely treated. . . .

Julius Hare had extravagantly praised *Arthur Coningsby* by the younger Sterling. I tried to like it, but in vain, though now

Carlyle has distinguished his name and character—famous by an article of biography.

Nov. 8th. . . . I read to-day at the Athenaeum great part of Macaulay's fine article on Warren Hastings—not merely a splendid composition but also wise thoughts such as: an honest prosecutor will often demand, what only a dishonest judge will grant. His exposure of the iniquities of Sir Elijah Impey, etc., is admirable—great temperance and discrimination in his appreciation of Hastings. . . .

Nov. 12th. . . . I finished to-day Macaulay's delightful article on Warren Hastings. I was pleased, too, with this incidental compliment to Clarkson: 'Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering and hatred of injustice and tyranny were as strong as in Las Casas and in Clarkson. And although in him as in Las Casas and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is like them entitled to this great praise, that he devoted years of intense labour to the service of a people with whom he had neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners, in common, and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause, could be expected.'

Nov. 16th. . . . I called on Mrs. Barrett. She is about to publish a life of Madame D'Arblay, and her son is at work on a book about the Hebrew language. The Burney family are already the most literary (she said the most 'authorial') in the country. She talked more agreeably on books than on creeds. . . .

Nov. 17th. . . . I also read considerably in Mr. and Mrs. Hall's *Ireland*. The charm of the book is the natural eloquence as well as the generous affections of the Irish peasantry related in pathetic tales. I skip the descriptions, which are accompanied by beautiful designs. . . . I was attracted to the book by *The Widow of Kilcrea*, which Leigh showed me at Lynton. . . . [At] Mrs. Montagu Bourgoynes . . . I met [at Brighton] with Mrs. Ogle, the lady at whose suggestion Wordsworth has written a poem, *The Peasant of Normandy*. She is a pretty young woman, a warm admirer of Wordsworth and would be very agreeable if she were quite free from affectation. She wrote to Wordsworth and he was pleased with her letter. She discriminates in her admiration. Mrs. Montagu Bourgoyne, when a young lady, saw Dr. Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's. He was out of humour with Mrs. Thrale and the company; said 'the green peas were good for the pigs,' took himself into the garden and fed the swans and was kind to her and went

away without going into the drawing-room when they returned from their stroll in the garden after dinner. . . .

Mr. Leigh made me acquainted with one of the most exquisite Irish tales by Mrs. Hall, *The Widow of Kilcrea*, a combination of superstition and heroic virtue most curious: *Grace Connell*, another tale by Mrs. Hall, exquisite in feeling. . . .

Among my acquaintances through the Masqueriers was Mrs. Montagu Bourgoyne, who, when a very young lady, . . . saw Dr. Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's and related as a genuine anecdote that when out of humour on one occasion, he declared that some peas were 'food for the pigs,' took himself into the garden and fed the swans. He was kind to her, and went home after a stroll in the garden without returning to the drawing-room.

Nov. 18th. . . . I have now finished the Halls' *Ireland* and I will here enumerate the pathetic tales which are the charm of the book, that is [of the] first volume: Mary, the singing girl (12), Grace Connell who let her sister take her lover to Australia (30), Mogue the car driver and the poor squire (76), The Widow of Kilcrea (102), Anty Casey the girl who was drowned (170), The schoolmaster and his pupils and blind sister (266), Rachel and the stern father (372), Mary and Mark Lawler (408), Romeo and Juliet (428). The one quality developed in all these tales is the purity and strength of the love of Irish women.

Nov. 28th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum, where I began *Cecil, a Peer*. The same glittering antithetical style as in *Cecil the Coxcomb*; but I shall probably find as it a whole less attractive. The continuations of such books of necessity contain but the leavings of the author's faculties. I dined with Rogers, a *partie carrée*, Rogers, Captain Jones, and Turner, R.A. Jones (it was his first visit) did his *most* to make himself agreeable: oh, the mass of commonplace which was expectorated by him that day! yet not at all unpleasant, I dare say, to entire strangers. He makes himself agreeable. Turner is a man of real genuine talent—I may say genius. But in society he is rough (not coarse),¹ sarcastic, and looks at least as if he could be cynical. . . .

Dined at Rogers's with Turner, R.A. What a contrast between him and Captain Jones, also there. Jones laboured commonplace. Of Turner I wrote: A man of genuine talents and real genius, but in society rough, not to say coarse.¹ Sarcastic tones and looks as if he could be cynical.

DEC. 1st. . . . I read *Cecil, a Peer*. The Peer is so much duller than the Coxcomb, even more insignificant and heartless,

¹ The contradiction is Crabb Robinson's.

that I doubt whether I shall finish the second volume, pleasing as the first was. . . .

DEC. 6th. . . . I finished *Cecil, a Peer*, just good enough to engage my attention, but hardly enough to justify it. It abounds in shrewd remarks and in powerful pictures of life, but it wants plan and object as a work either of art or morals. The pictures of the death of Danby, and that of the old Lord, who is made a lunatic by his mean son-in-law Herries, are excellent, and there are a number of affecting pictures; Mary the humble dependant on the rich Indians. There are several interesting and amiable characters besides hers, whom at the close of life, he shows to be worthless, and Cecil rejoices in not having yielded to transient admiration. Cecil closes his life a peer and rich, but heartless and living without any object honourable to himself or useful to others.

DEC. 12th. . . . I dined with Talfourd. . . . There was a jovial looking man, Rev.—Barrow¹—or what was it?—the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, a humorist whom I cannot fancy in the pulpit. . . .

DEC. 15th. . . . I next called on Moxon. We talked about Wordsworth and his *not* now publishing his poems. Moxon complained of the bad state of the bookselling business. The returns are not a sixth of what they were a year ago. . . .

DEC. 24th. . . . [At] Kendal we [the Quillinans and Crabb Robinson] could not find place in the only mail and came to Rydal in a covered car, which brought us for £1 to Mr. Wordsworth's door before the Whitehaven mail. We overtook Wordsworth. . . . I found everybody well at the Mount (William Wordsworth [junior] also there), and we had only too much interesting conversation about Courtenay² and his affairs, about the danger of American property, about Richmond,³ etc., for I fear we should at such a rate be too soon exhausted. Wordsworth was exceedingly kind, and informed me of his intention to dedicate some hundreds of lines to me—a most flattering and honouring distinction. We played a little whist and I came home—that is, to my old lodgings at the bottom of the hill—after nine o'clock.

¹ Richard Harris Barham.

² Philip Courtenay had recently died at a Liverpool hotel from an overdose of morphia. The Quillinans had some National Provincial Bank stock of which Wordsworth feared the loss through Courtenay's death. Crabb Robinson had ascertained from Kenyon that there was no danger of this.

³ The fanatic American minister who wished to be consecrated bishop in order to convert the Turks.

DEC. 25th. My first day was without incident. It being a festival not kept by Dissenters, I was under no obligation to go to church and I, therefore, stayed at home all the forenoon. I wrote the above memoirs and was otherwise occupied. I saw no one but the Arnolds, whom I chatted with from my window. We dined at one and after dinner I accompanied Wordsworth a short walk. We called on our way on Mrs. Arnold. She was as charming as ever, and Wordsworth called also on the Roughsedges. In the evening the Hills took tea with us. . . .

DEC. 26th. . . . After dinner I took a walk with Wordsworth to his old servant Mary—an annual Christmas call. He was very cordial and communicative. He informed me that he had when last in town altered entirely the arrangements (of his will; he had substituted for executors his son William, Mr. Cookson, and his bailiff¹ Mr. Carter instead of Courtenay and myself on account of my age; he thought it would relieve me from a burthen). I told him I entirely approved of this, as I most sincerely do. . . . An evening of chat and without any reading.

N.B.—Greatly pleased with the warm cordiality both of Wordsworth and everyone, including Miss Fenwick, towards myself—a just reason for congratulation undoubtedly. . . .

DEC. 27th. I read this morning early Dr. Arnold's very interesting inaugural lecture as Professor of Modern History. Distinguishing history as the record of the acts collectively of men . . . opposed to biography, those of the individual man. Liked the whole except the too confident annunciation of this being the last age of the progress of mankind; as if there could not be a third. This I intimated to the Doctor himself when he called afterwards, and I stated to him Lessing's views. . . . I was interrupted . . . by Wordsworth, who called for a walk to Ambleside. We stepped in to speak with Mr. Carr, whose health seems not worse than it was; he is suffering with cheerfulness (how I envy him that power!) under the incurable disease of a stone in the kidneys which exposes him to occasional pain, most acute, but which comes and goes at once. It grows, this stone, and must destroy him, and with a full knowledge of this, having been a surgeon, he yet enjoys life occasionally. Visits are a godsend to him, and I shall every now and then go to him. I came home to finish my letter,² was again broken in upon by a call

¹ The shorthand appears to stand for 'bailive,' but the term 'bailiff' is inappropriate. Carter was at first a clerk, who later became a general factotum to the Wordsworths.

² To Richmond.

from Dr. Arnold, and only finished it this morning (the 28th), and mean to-day to send it away and my copy of it to my brother to be kept.

We had a dinner party: Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, and Mr. Faber. This ultra-Puseyite High Churchman, whom I had taken a dislike to, pleased me to-day very much. He has been a long journey with Mr. Harrison's son to Constantinople and has written a book about the state of religion in the countries he passed through. He is a lively narrator and very spirited talker. His prejudices are strong, or should I rather say his opinions are *one-sided* and *violent*? He speaks with abhorrence of the French Protestants and says the Huguenots were always a factious and worthless set. Their representative Henri IV. Like him ready to change their religion (manifestly false, why did not they?). He speaks with equal contempt of religion in Prussia and of the Prussian Government. The King wishes to establish a Church without rights and entirely dependent on the State. Faber is one of those who would make the Church independent. In nothing do I so much dissent from him as in his admission that he thinks the true Church ought to be supported by pains and penalties. He is not friendly to Romanism; says Lingard's *History* is one consistent *lie* throughout. He says Wiseman is not an honest man and has been convicted of false quotations. Yet with my utter dissent from much that Faber said, his manner pleased me and I should like to see him again. Came home as usual and sat up late reading a *Times* newspaper.

DEC. 28th. I . . . went early to Wordsworth and challenged him to a walk. Faber walked with us, an interesting talk. . . . I would not take leave of him without letting him know how much I disliked some of his Church notions. . . . We called at Dr. Arnold's for the *Examiner*, and he accompanied us on a walk before dinner. . . .

DEC. 29th. Read early in bed as usual; finished *Monaldi*,¹ a very interesting story exhibiting in contrast Maldura, who is the victim of malignant passions. . . . It is a very painful tale and I do not wonder that it is not popular—Moxon says it does not sell.

After writing the above I went to Ambleside with my letters and I called on Mr. Carr and had a long and very agreeable chat with him, and afterwards on the Cooksons. Returning home-wards I met Wordsworth and took a long walk with him so that I had little reading to-day. We had a dinner party; the Arnolds

¹ By Washington Allston.

and Roughsedges, agreeable but nothing to write about. Miss Roughsedge has married a young clergyman, a Mr. Hornby, whose person and manners please me much. Read *Times* late.

DEC. 30th. Read yesterday and finished this morning an admirable lecture on the present age by Dr. Channing. He has developed the tendency of the present age to *universalism* admirably and justified it triumphantly, that is the blessings of education may and ought to be and will be given to all. It is a piece of *twopenny trash* to be extensively circulated. . . . I walked out with Wordsworth; we called on the Roughsedges and at Dr. Arnold's and afterwards walked with Dr. Arnold. Agreeable chat with him. Dined alone to-day and we had a rubber in the evening. At night I read some interesting notes to Arnold's *New Sermons*, the last, urging that the Scriptures should be studied as other books of ancient learning are studied, contending that their difficulties are not insurmountable and that the inability to solve some ought not to detract from the authority of the rest. Read also Sermon 27th to which the note refers. . . .

DEC. 31st. . . . I read at home till one, when we dined to accommodate the servants, who had a treat. After dinner I walked out with Mrs. Quillinan to Mr. Roughsedge's and then I went on to Grasmere, joining Wordsworth at Mary Fisher's. We took early tea and in the evening we played whist as usual, called on Miss Wordsworth, etc. There came this evening the new *Quarterly Review*, a very interesting number. Wordsworth gave Henry Taylor a set of sonnets on capital punishment, which he has wrought into a long article on Wordsworth's Sonnets; an article much too preaching and prosy to be suited to the delightful extracts on which he comments. The new Sonnets are admirable, but not all equally lucid. He has not written for 'runaway readers,' as the commentator terms them, and I have myself found the obscurities vanish on a second perusal. Wordsworth objects that the entirely abolishing capital punishment nourishes the false notion as if life were the most valuable of things, and he justly condemns the religious pretence for abolishing it—when we consider that by punishing with death we shut the gates of mercy on mankind . . .

Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.¹

I also read this morning a sermon of Dr. Arnold's, the 32nd,

¹ See the whole Sonnet x of *Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death*, which makes Crabb Robinson's meaning clear.

in which I think he admirably points out the degree of respect due to the Church as an instructor without ascribing to it infallibility.

1842

JAN. 1st. I began the New Year well as I ended the old, by reading Wordsworth's Sonnets, and this article being finished I read part of an article in the *Quarterly* on Gothic Architecture, if not by a Papist, by one with his face turned Romeward. . . . We dined at one, a family custom, and the Cooksons with us. They are excellent women, but still not easy to keep up a conversation with them. Wordsworth and I took a walk beyond Fox How and in the evening after a rubber we read part of an article on copyright by Lockhart in the *Quarterly*. He complains in a letter to Wordsworth that Murray is on the other side, and insisted on certain things being left out—but Wordsworth is, nevertheless, pleased with the article. Lost several hours at night reading *The Times*.

JAN. 2nd. I read in the morning, early, the third and fourth lectures of Harwood and afterwards a sermon by Dr. Arnold—I can enjoy opposites. These occupied me till church time. A couple of hours of ennui there were followed by a short walk with Wordsworth before dinner and after dinner a delightful walk with him by the Rydal Head, towards the cove that shuts up this little valley as all the valleys of the Pyrenees are shut up. A fit scene this for chat about Italy. Wordsworth talks of the past journey there with pleasure and builds castles of a second journey with Miss Fenwick, Mrs. Wordsworth, and myself. In the evening I read to the party Richmond's *Memorial to the Bench of Bishops*, which Wordsworth said was beautifully written—all but the allusions to his own eccentricities, and that was injudicious. Began at night to read James's *Corse de Leon*.

JAN. 3rd. I went on with Harwood's lectures on Strauss; and it being fine purposed taking a walk with Mr. Hornby, but he was gone out when I went to him. I, therefore went on to Mr. Carr and chatted with him a considerable time. I took him Mrs. Barbauld's prose volume and read him her essay on *Inconsistency*, etc.; he will quite enjoy her, I am sure, for he was not shocked at Harwood on *Materialism in Religion*. He is a liberal and clear-headed man. On leaving him I walked to Rydal by the road above Ambleside. I traced the stream Scandalebeck,

thinking it to be Rydal Beck, was imprisoned by the walls encircling Lady Fleming's park, scaled them and so regained the high road in time to dress for dinner at Dr. Arnold's. There was a party and we were in good Christmas spirits, to which I contributed. There was a Mr. Blackstone, also the Roughsedges—all more or less Tories—playful attacks, on all sides well received. We came home between nine and ten, and I read in bed. I read to-day with the usual interest a novel, *Corse de Leon*. Wordsworth at Dr. Arnold's mentioned his having dedicated a poem¹ to me and his attempt in vain to bring in my name. It is too mean for verse! I fear, too, there will not be an allusion to it, so the dedication may be lost in a subsequent edition.

JAN. 4th. . . . I afterwards took a short walk with Wordsworth. The afternoon and evening we spent as usual, and at night I read *Corse de Leon*.

JAN. 5th. The first thing I did this morning in bed and after breakfast was to read Faber's Education Sermon, which I read here last year. I dislike it less than I did before; I see more distinctly that Faber is as a Churchman quite consistent, but it is a consistency that is likely to drive men out of it both ways, up or back to Romanism or down and forward to Dissent.² . . .

JAN. 6th. . . . I have neglected making memoranda of Wordsworth's conversation while here. It has been remarkably agreeable. To-day he talked of poetry. I can now remember that he held Pope to be the greatest poet, but Dryden to have the most talent—the strongest understanding. Genius and ability he opposed—as others do. He said his preface on poetical language had been misunderstood. Whatever is addressed to the imagination is essentially poetical, but very pleasing verses deserving all praise, but not so addressed, are not poetry. We dined alone, had whist, and at night I finished *Corse de Leon*. . . .

JAN. 7th. . . . Wordsworth came to me there [at Mr. Carr's]. We walked home by the Scandalebeck Bridge. The evening—we had a party at Wordsworth's which I forgot. At night read Townshend's *Mesmerism*.³

JAN. 8th. I began this morning Southe's *Colloquies*; I some years back set about this book, but could not get on with it—I like it better now. It is true I find only thoughts and views of society familiar to me. I expect nothing new and little that I shall be

¹ To Henry Crabb Robinson. Prefatory lines to *Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837*.

² It drove Faber to 'Romanism.'

³ *Facts in Mesmerism*, by Chauncey Townshend.

able to sympathise with, but there is a charm in Southey's style that makes commonplace palatable, and though I cannot agree with him—I generally wish I could—his religion is free from much of the objectionable intolerance of both Romanist and Calvinist theology. He is too liberal after all to be an out-and-out Churchman; he disbelieves in the eternity of hell. . . .

JAN. 9th. Read early Southey's *Colloquies*. The first volume contains little to object to but his bitterness towards the Puritans. He is even unjust to them, though unconsciously. At church, as usual. The sermon of Mr. Hill on the childhood of Christ pleased me. . . . Wordsworth also praised the sermon. . . . I received to-day from Sir Robert Inglis an invitation to breakfast with him in company with Richmond to-morrow. It being right to acknowledge the compliment, I took this opportunity of writing at some length to Sir Robert about Richmond, with a request that he would use his influence to induce him to return if he thought as I did. I wrote this letter off-hand after dinner, and Wordsworth expressed his entire approbation of my letter, with a compliment for the rapidity with which I had written it. Reverencing as I do Wordsworth, I have been not a little flattered by several other like compliments I have received from him since I have been here. We spent the evening as usual; I had a chat also with Miss Wordsworth. . . .

JAN. 10th. . . . I then wrote at Wordsworth's request a short letter for him which he wishes to send to Lord Wallis recording Sir Henry Bunbury's account of a breach of trust committed by Burke towards his own family, of which he has written more gently in a note in his collection of Sir Thomas Hanmer's *Letters*. This Sir Henry said to me years ago when I abused Barker for publishing some scandalous anecdotes of Burke on the authority of a high-minded and worthy man who would not allow himself to be named.

I called after this at Dr. Arnold's for the *Examiner*. The afternoon with the Wordsworths—a walk with the ladies and Wordsworth. In the evening Mr. Roughsedge with us—to play whist. At night I read Southey's *Colloquies*. . . .

JAN. 11th. . . . Wordsworth called on me and we walked together to Ambleside and from thence took a look at the cataract; the day very fine and the walk delightful.

The evening, as usual, at the Mount. We played whist. . . .

JAN. 12th. . . . Dr. Arnold had promised to walk out with me to-day, and did not come till past one. We then had an interesting walk, and as to-day (Thursday) there is a fall of snow, it was

probably the last day of the season when such a walk could be taken. We went up the Rydal Beck towards the Rydal Head, crossed the mountain, and returned by the Scandalebeck. I could not have made the walk alone, nor scaled the walls, but with the Doctor's aid it went off well; I enjoyed the walk, though at last we were forced to hurry, in order not to be too late for dinner. . . .

JAN. 14th. All the forenoon engaged reading Southey's *Colloquies*—a delightful book notwithstanding his manifest injustice to the Dissenters. Having finished it I shall now take notes of the curious books which he has quoted, and which I am desirous to look into. A call from W. Wordsworth, junior, to talk about Miss (Fenwick's will). Afterwards went up the Mount. The snow continuing deep, no further walk to-day. A very interesting chat with Miss Fenwick. I shall (make a codicil to her will, and she has given me advice concerning a present to Mrs. Wordsworth, viz. tea-spoons.) This relieves from an embarrassment. The rest of the day at the Mount. We had a rubber of whist. A letter to-day from Sir Robert Inglis. I am gratified by finding that he fully agrees with me in the impracticability of Richmond's project and will make it his business to see him. This cannot but do good. . . .

JAN. 16th. . . . I went up the Mount at one and did not leave till nine as usual. I read the paper, etc. My letter to Sir Robert Inglis approved. I read at night Dix's *Life of Chatterton*—a poor composition. It contains some newly discovered poems. I never could enjoy Chatterton—*tant pis pour moi*, I have no doubt—but so it is. This morning I have finished the little volume; I do feel the beauty of the Mynstrelle's song in *Ælla*—and some of his modern poems are sweetly written. I defer to the highest authority, Wordsworth, that Chatterton would have probably proved one of the very greatest poets in our language. I must, therefore think he was not a monster of wickedness, but he had no other virtue than the domestic affections very strongly. He was ready to write for both political parties at once. I think Horace Walpole has been too harshly judged. Chatterton was not the starving genius he afterwards became when Walpole coldly turned his back on him. But certainly Horace Walpole wanted generosity. . . .

JAN. 17th. . . . It was almost affecting, the parting from Mr. Carr—he spoke in feeling terms of his destitution as to society. Wordsworth is his only intelligent friend here, and Wordsworth no longer can be so frequent in his visits. He cannot take long walks, nor does he want Carr as Carr wants him. In this

respect Carr looks on Miss Fenwick as a sort of enemy. She is a treasure to Wordsworth, and by the resources her society supplies, he is enabled to live without seeking for intercourse out of his own house. Two such women as Miss Fenwick and Mrs. Wordsworth seem, indeed, enough for any one. Miss Fenwick is a substitute for Mrs. Quillinan. The evening spent as usual. We had our rubber of whist and a kind, cosy chat at last. Wordsworth read the intended dedication to me. 'Cheerful companion and experienced guide and long-tried friendship,' are words of kindness I feel to be honouring; but he is dissatisfied with the word 'cheerful' and '*tried* friendship' as too strong, 'experienced' would be better. . . .

I asked Wordsworth this evening wherein Chatterton's excellence lay. He said his genius was universal; he excelled in every species of composition, so remarkable an instance of precocious talent being quite unexampled. His prose was excellent, and his powers of picturesque description and satire great. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . I went up the Mount, took leave of all my kind friends, and at ten o'clock Mrs. Quillinan and I were packed up in a car and drawn in three hours to Kendal. . . .

This year, like many before and after, began and ended in Westmorland, and, as my poor reminiscences of the poets have been or are to be brought together, an inconvenient irregularity has been introduced. . . .

Among my Lake friends no material change has taken place except that in political questions a diversity of sentiment had sprung up between Wordsworth and Arnold. . . .

This was the last time I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Arnold; but there was no apprehension of his health and no especial attention given to his conversation. He was a delightful man to walk with, and especially in a mountainous country. He was physically strong, enjoyed excellent spirits, and was joyous and boyish in his intercourse with his own children and pupils. . . .

JAN. 27th. . . . I dined with Talfourd—only the Moxons and Mary Lamb there. Poor dear Mary Lamb was very flighty in her talk, so that I fear she will soon be very ill again. She has had too much going out lately. . . .

JAN. 31st. . . . Began Madame D'Arblay's journal. It is not without interest as a picture of manners in those days of formality. . . .

FEB. 8th. . . . I rose late and breakfasted by self-invitation with Rogers. He was alone and very amiable. Talked with great kindness of Wordsworth and everybody else. . . .

FEB. 10th. . . . Finished Madame D'Arblay's first volume, which has a deal of tiresome twaddle, but has some capital Johnsoniana, and it offers a lively picture of what was then considered the best society. . . .

FEB. 17th. . . . I forgot yesterday to put down an incident of some interest. Calling on Moxon he showed me a proof of the forthcoming volume of Wordsworth's *Poems*. It contains the following inscription on the title page of *Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837*:

To H. C. R.

Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In¹ whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal² that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

I am perfectly satisfied with these lines. They are neither poetical nor encomiastic—so much the better. They come from the heart, and the highest praise, after all, that I can receive is that I am an object of regard to such a man.

FEB. 24th. . . . I rose and went to breakfast with Rogers. I had a very agreeable several hours' chat with him, though my object in going to him was not attained, for I never once mentioned Miss Denman's business—the Flaxman models; Moxon first and Milnes afterwards coming in I had no convenient opportunity. I had, however, a very interesting chat with him. I repeated to him the nine lines, which he expressed heartily his approbation of. He called them very beautiful and even poetical, which I should not, on account of the simple style and the warmth of the feeling. He told good stories and was in capital humour. . . .

. . . Carlyle it seems, said to Richmond: 'Americans are good for cutting timber now. They will be fit for other things hereafter.' . . .

MARCH 2nd. I finished this morning *Barnaby Rudge*, a novel full of talent and wisdom—as a story full of faults, there being many characters left mere shadows, such as the younger Chester and his love, Miss Haredale. The charm of the tale lies in the

¹ Crabb Robinson writes 'To.'

² Crabb Robinson writes 'joy.' Probably the first version was as he transcribed it.

comic characters. The honest locksmith, Mr. Varden, his wife not amiss, and his daughter Dolly capital. Old Willett, the landlord of the 'Maypole,' is a fine picture of a fool, but, above all shines Miss Miggs the servant, the most odious creature imaginable made delightful by the exquisite skill of the author. Barnaby is a poor idiot—deeply pathetic, but one cannot enjoy it. Hugh, the bastard son of Chester, a mere ruffian. The murderer, Rudge, is but a melodramatic villain, his poor wife, the idiot's mother, very affecting. The melancholy Papist, Haredale, is only interesting, but of the villains above all is Mr. Dennis the hangman. Lord George Gordon is well done, not overdone, and all that concerns the riots is kept within due bounds. But this is more than enough. . . .

MARCH 6th. . . . Called on Naylor junior. I carried him some books about *Reynard the Fox* . . . and he read me some parts of his version, which seems pleasant though very free and even paraphrastic occasionally. . . .

MARCH 7th. . . . Called on Moxon, with whom I left the eighteen spoons I bought at Emanuel's . . . and I wrote a short letter to Mrs. Wordsworth . . . referring to my present, and I wrote also to Mrs. Quillinan expressing my satisfaction with the *Dedication*. I told Mrs. Wordsworth also of Rogers's admiration of it. . . .

MARCH 14th. . . . I called afterwards on Moxon, proposing a double volume to Wordsworth's poems, one to be volume the seventh. I then went to the Athenaeum, where I read a long report in *The Times* of last Friday containing an account of a sad case of the Brydges family in which Quillinan defends *in forma pauperis* and is charged with participating in fraud. There can be no doubt that he acted most incautiously and weakly in signing deeds, and being an assenting party to transactions which were of a most iniquitous character; but still I am perfectly convinced of his honour and integrity, and I wrote a letter to that effect to Mrs. Quillinan, which I hope will be a comfort to her, but it is, after all a melancholy mode of escaping from an imputation on one's honour by allowing that the fault must be transferred to the head. . . .

MARCH 24th. . . . I called . . . on Kenyon, an interesting chat. I have lent him my book on Goethe for Miss Barrett. . . .

APRIL 1st. . . . I finished this evening reading a very clever little volume entitled *Irish Men and Irish Women*, by the author of *Nurse M'Vourneen*¹—not so very good as that gem, but very

¹ See under Dec. 16th 1837.

clever: it is written in a spirit I do not like. . . . I think all this writer's books worth reading. . . .

APRIL 8th. I spent this forenoon . . . reading *Irish Tales—Hyacinth O'Gara*. . . .

APRIL 9th. . . . Reading *Honor Delany*, another excellent *Irish Tale*. . . .

APRIL 19th. . . . To-day I was glad to read in *The Times* a declaration from the Vice-Chancellor that he believed Mr. Quillinan was free from all intention to commit any fraud, but he is made liable with some four or five others to make up the difference between £22,000 and £7,000, besides costs, which will be a sad dead weight lying on him, and prevent his doing anything for his wife.

APRIL 20th. . . . I have been reading with great interest, and shall take to London to finish, Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women*. Written with great feeling and discrimination. She classes together as women of intellect Portia and Isabella, both characters of great dignity, Isabella being the holiest, Beatrice and Rosalind: in all mind predominates. Perhaps there may be too much subtlety. Characters of passion and imagination are Juliet, Helena, Perdita, Viola, Ophelia, and Miranda. Especially successful is she with the portraiture of the first and last of these.

APRIL 25th. . . . At Moxon's I learned that Wordsworth would not let a single copy be sent to the papers. This is injudicious. His pride is wounded. I know not what to do. I am afraid to order it to be done at my own cost; he might be offended. I will write to Mrs. Quillinan. By the by, the lines on Aquapendente are exquisite, and as far as I have yet read I am perfectly satisfied. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . I wrote to Mrs. Wordsworth chiefly to suggest the danger to the sale of Wordsworth's new volume from his not allowing any copies to be sent to the papers; in consequence it has been noticed by no one. . . . To Samuel Rogers, to whom I had invited myself to breakfast. I stayed till twelve with him. He was as amiable as ever, and he spoke with great warmth of the new volume of Wordsworth's. 'It is all gold—the least precious is still gold.' He said this accompanying a remark on one little epitaph which he said would have been better in prose. He quoted someone who said of Burns: 'He is great in verse, greater in prose, and greatest in conversation.' So it is of all great men; Wordsworth is greatest in conversation. This is not the first time of his preferring prose to verse. . . .

MAY 1st. I . . . looked over preface to *A Record of the Pyramids* by Reade¹—a vain poet whose works nobody will read. I have seen him at Kenyon's: he has therefore sent me the poem, which I have prudently acknowledged before reading. . . .

MAY 2nd. . . . I read Macaulay's article on Frederick of Prussia, which I finished at night. A good article, but not one of his great productions. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . I finished Wordsworth's poems. On the whole better pleased with the new than the old poems, and I like the least the Salisbury Plain incidents.² The *Epistle to Sir George Beaumont* is beautiful—indeed, all is beautiful, but the question occurs: Why was not this published before? or, Why is it published now? . . . Then I went in search of Wordsworth, who came before nine. While Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth drove to Spring Street, I walked with William, and I sat an hour with them. The Wordsworths are come on business, and most heartily do I wish them success (to get if possible something for their son William). But I have only faint hopes of success. But little talk to-day.

MAY 9th. I had my breakfast party, which enabled me to give pleasure to several friends. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. and William Wordsworth, the Cargills, the Westons, Miss Bayley, and Trotter—all rejoicing in the sight. Mrs. Reid came for Miss Bayley, and so had a glimpse of the poet, and Fellows too came down, and the party all stepped up to Fellows's room to see his curiosities. Wordsworth was pleased with him, and Mrs. Wordsworth with Miss Bayley. The Miss Westons took Mrs. Wordsworth home, and I walked with Wordsworth to the Stamp Office. . . .

MAY 11th. . . . At eleven I went to the Quillinans. Mrs. Quillinan is looking very poorly, and her father is anxious about her. Quillinan was going to call on Miss Rogers, where there had been a breakfast party—*inter alia*, Miss Stanley, the lady I was introduced to at Bunsen's (Miss Rogers joked at my familiarity), and Washington Irving. His person not at all attractive, rather coarse, but he is really a man of genius. Wordsworth called with me on Mary Lamb. She received us with composure. And then Wordsworth and I followed Rogers and Washington Irving and Mr. Leslie to the painter's house, where we saw a very pleasing picture of the christening that lately took place—making for the Queen. I left the painter's to be at Kenyon's to a luncheon at two o'clock. There were Mrs. Jameson, Fellows, etc., and

¹ John Edmund Reade, 1800–70.

² *Guilt and Sorrow, or Incidents upon Salisbury Plain.*

Wordsworth and Rogers joined afterwards, which was my suggestion. I stayed there till four and found the party very pleasant. . . .

MAY 12th. . . . I . . . called on the Wordsworths. We had an interesting chat about the new poems. Wordsworth said that the poems: *Our walk was far among the ancient trees*, ii, 297; then, *She was a phantom of delight*; next, *Let other bards of angels sing*, i, 158; and finally, the two sonnets *To a Painter* in the new volume—but of which the first is only of value as leading to the second—should be read in succession as exhibiting the different phases of his affection for his wife. . . . I went to meet Mr. Plumer Ward. I found him a very lively and pleasant man in spite of his deafness. He related that soon after his *Tremaine* appeared he was in a party when the author (unknown) was inquired about. Someone said: 'I'm told it is very dull.' On which Ward said: 'Indeed, why, I have heard it ascribed to Mr. Sydney Smith.' 'Oh, dear, dear no! That could not be; I never wrote anything dull in my life.' . . .

Met with Mr. Plumer Ward, author of *Tremaine* and other novels of the respectable and dull class. . . . When *Tremaine* was accepted by Murray, . . . while the authorship was a professed secret, at a party where literary men were, including Sydney Smith and Ward, someone said: 'I'm told it's very dull.' Ward: 'Indeed, why, I've heard it ascribed to Mr. Sydney Smith.' 'Oh, dear no! That could not be,' said Smith; 'I never was said to write anything very dull in my life.' Charles Fellows, etc., were there. . . .

MAY 20th. . . . After this I went to the Athenaeum, etc. My dinner party had been a subject of solicitude, and therefore I had to go into the city before I went to the Athenaeum. . . . I went to Alsager, and with difficulty found him. It was a lucky choice, for, besides gratifying Alsager very much, Wordsworth too was particularly pleased to see him. Sat next him and was in excellent spirits, but talked with almost every one. . . .

MAY 20th. A dinner party at home—interesting on many accounts. Wordsworth the star. An assembly of dissonants. There were Alsager and Fraser, who had for many years worked for *The Times*, and yet had never seen each other—an illustration of the habits of reserve on the part of Walter. When I first became acquainted with Walter, Fraser was the most powerful and scholarly writer; Alsager was the man of business as well as Barnes, but not a writer. . . . At this dinner were Cookson and Madge, Unitarians, Quillinan, and Gooden.

MAY 23rd. . . . Mrs. Payne is very sensitive about the *Memoirs of Madame D'Arblay*, which she thinks very injurious. I went from her to the Athenaeum where I during the day amused myself by reading the second volume of *Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs*, which as a picture of manners is valuable, though the thing described is in itself not valuable. Mrs. Payne sensibly remarks that this is the great reproach to Madame D'Arblay, that she should record nothing but the conversation that respected herself, be it praise or blame, and that nothing else even of Johnson's or Burke's conversation made any impression on her. It is not possible that they said nothing worth remembering, yet she seems to have remembered nothing. I feel a little piqued with her for writing: 'Dined with Mrs. Barbauld to-day,' as well as for going to see Mrs. Siddons in one of her great characters and then, without a word of her, praise excessively a *Mr. Lee!* . . .

Mrs. Barrett was at this time in course of publishing the *Life* of her aunt, *Madame D'Arblay*, a book which disappointed everyone. The first volume showed in the strongest light her intense vanity. She seems to have recorded nothing but what respected herself. Being given to the public, one had a right to expect that such things would be published which had some interest for the public. The third volume of *Madame D'Arblay's Life* has an admirable specimen of her talent in comic and satiric description, and I can bear witness to her success and substantial fidelity of manner in narrating how a sentimental German lady — my earliest Frankfurt acquaintance, Madame de la Roche — presented herself to her, throwing herself before her in something like worship. The touch of ridicule is perfect — no extravagance.

MAY 26th. . . . Went to Quillinan's, where I spent several hours; Wordsworth, etc., came home late from the Lords, where the Copyright Bill had been discussed, and may be considered as substantially passed, though not formally. William Wordsworth walked back with me. He was not in spirits. He is about to succeed his father as Distributor of the Stamps. This is an arrangement which Wordsworth has been anxious to make, that in case of his death William should not be unprovided. But William is honourably minded and cannot take anything from his father's limited income, so for the present he rather loses than gains. The emoluments of the office have been greatly reduced by the Whig economical reforms. However, there are hopes (that Wordsworth will have a pension given him, but he will not accept less than has been given to any one that has three hundred pounds).

JUNE 1st. . . . I dined with Mrs. Hoare. All the Wordsworth party were there, including the Doctor, who made himself agreeable; but nothing occurred worthy of note during the day. Wordsworth talked about his own affairs with feeling; if (he got a pension he expected he would be able to go abroad and live a year in) Italy. In that case I would join him. Except this, nothing to remember of the day. . . .

JUNE 8th. . . . She [Mrs. Basil Montagu] accused (Wordsworth) of great selfishness and even ingratitude for past kindnesses and expressed herself with passionate ill-will, which annoyed me. I am afraid there may be some little foundation for this. . . .

JUNE 10th. . . . I went early to Moxon's, Wordsworth being there. A large party of authors. Milnes, whom I am to breakfast with on Wednesday, Campbell, Sir John Hanmer, etc. It was not till past one that I could get Wordsworth away, to take him to Mrs. Aders. He sat full two hours to her. I fear the likeness will not be a good one. . . .

JUNE 13th. . . . Milnes informed me of the death of Dr. Arnold. A really afflicting event. . . .

JUNE 14th. After breakfast I called at the Wordsworths. They were all in affliction at the death of the Doctor. He is said to be only fifty-two. What a happy house at once broken up! Bunsen's remark was: 'The *History of Rome* is never to be finished.' . . .

JUNE 15th. . . . She [Mrs. Aders] has nearly finished Wordsworth. It will not be good. A fierce expression and no character. . . .

JUNE 20th. I went after breakfasting with my brother, self-invited, to Forster's to hear him read to Kenyon, etc., some of Dickens's letters from America—better letters I never heard read. The descriptions most animated, satire and sublime painting admirably intermixed. I was gratified by finding that he had not been deceived by the gross flattery of the people; he sees through them. He confirms my dislike of the people. Their want of honesty is not so flagrant as their grossness of manners, but it is as certain. . . . These letters must form the nucleus of a work on America which might be one of the most efficient ever written. . . .

JUNE 21st. . . . Mrs Aders had done two copies of Wordsworth, which I made into a parcel and carried to Mrs. Quillinan. She was struck, as I was, with a want of truth in the eye, which does not suit a profile; otherwise not unlike. . . .

JUNE 26th. . . . I . . . hastily looked over the political and philosophical sentimental tale which Wordsworth, Mrs. Norton,

Landor, and Milnes contributed to adorn—*La Petite Chouannerie*.¹ . . . [A. F.] Rio is a writer of some talent, but I could not sympathise with the book. . . .

JUNE 29th. . . . I have been reading two essays by Emerson on *Self-Reliance* and on *Compensation*. *Self-Reliance* is mischievous, likely to foster that conceit that is the ruling vice of Americans, and extinguish any seeds of veneration in their minds. I cannot conceive a more deplorable habit of feeling than that of looking up to nothing. . . .

JUNE 30th. I breakfasted by self-invitation with Rogers. . . . I had . . . a very interesting chat with Mr. Rogers and looked over curious letters from remarkable persons—Byron, Fox, etc. I drove with him to Miss Rogers. . . .

JULY 1st. . . . I breakfasted with Rogers by self-invitation and found a full table. . . . It was a very lively and agreeable party—just enough disputation to render the conversation lively. Rogers bitter against Goethe, whom Mrs. Jameson and I defended. Rogers now sets up for a moral critic and deplores the abuses of literary talent. It would have been better if Goethe had never lived. Was it always so?

[*Travel journal: Tyneside, etc.*] JULY 6th. . . . I was surprised at her [H. Martineau's] appearance. She looked well, and then and ever since talked not at all like an invalid. In fact, under the salutary influence of laudanum she has long periods of mental repose and she is during these times able to enter into conversation with all her former spirit . . . and she talks well. . . . Monckton Milnes sent her a poem, which she has permitted me to copy. . . .

CHRISTIAN ENDURANCE²

Mortal that standest on a point of time
 With an eternity on either hand,
 Thou hast one duty above all sublime—
 Where thou art placed, serenely there to stand.
 To stand, undaunted by the threatening death
 Or harder circumstance of living doom,
 Nor less untempted by the odorous breath
 Of those that issue even from the tomb:

¹ *La Petite Chouannerie, Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'Empire*. A. F. Rio. To this book Wordsworth contributed *The Eagle and the Dove*; Caroline Norton, *The Breton Mother*; Landor, *Cities but rarely are the haunts of men*; R. Monckton Milnes, *For honest men of every blood and creed*. Southey and Moore, while sympathising with the Bretons, did not find time to contribute.

² The poem does not appear under this title in either *Poems of Many Years* or *Poems for the People*.

For those will never dull the present pain,
 Nor fear will ever keep thee safe from fall,
 Unless thou hast in thee a mind to raise
 Over thyself, as God is over all.

"Tis well on deeds of good, tho' small, to thrive,
 "Tis well, some part of ill, tho' small, to cure,
 'Tis well with onward upward hopes to strive,
 Yet better and diviner to endure.

What but this virtue's solitary power,
 Thro' all the lusts and dreams of Greece and Rome,
 Bore the selected spirits of the hour
 Safe to a distant immaterial home?

But in that patience was the seed of scorn,
 Scorn of the world, and brotherhood of man,
 Not patience such as in the manger born
 Up to the cross endured its earthly span.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while:
 Above, yet never separate from thy kind,
 Meet every frailty with a tender smile,
 Tho' to no possible depth of evil blind.

This is the riddle thou hast life to solve,
 And in the task thou shalt not work alone;
 For, while the worlds about the sun revolve,
 God's heart and mind are ever with His own.

R. M. MILNES, Nov. 1841.

JULY 9th. . . . A very interesting chat with Miss Martineau about her own affairs. She showed me her correspondence with Mr. Hutton and also with Charles Buller, which showed that she refused a pension offered by Lord Grey and also by Lord Melbourne. *Four times* did she refuse, and she stated her reason to Buller at length. She could not take what was the produce of taxation and what others were better entitled to than herself. £150 was offered. . . . She receives many attentions from all classes of persons.

JULY 10th. . . . The more I hear Harriet Martineau talk about herself, the more I am interested in her character. Mrs. Reid remarked to-day that her character is most egregiously mistaken in general—that she is perfectly feminine in her feelings and tastes and would have preferred being wife and mother to literary celebrity. She became an author merely for bread, having first from impulse written and acquired a habit of com-

position when she wrote merely for pleasure. Her judgment seems sound on all points unconnected with America. She read to us this evening an admirable letter from Emerson about her brother who died, which will make me interpret more favourably his *Essays*, which I have brought with me. Miss Martineau thinks him a more original character than Carlyle and morally a superior man, whatever may be thought of his literary powers. I began in bed and finished in the morning one of Miss Martineau's tales in the *Playfellow* called *The Crofton Boys*. . . . It is a wise and highly moral tale which would improve any schoolboy—remarkable for the perfect truth of the narrative. Not an occurrence or a word in conversation that reads like a fiction. The feelings and tone in conversation of school, with no attempt at idealisation.

JULY 11th. . . . Read also Harriet Martineau's *Settlers at Home*—a tale of an inundation produced by a wilful cutting of the dykes in the Lincolnshire fens, and of the sufferings of a family saved from destruction. An affecting but an uncomfortable story. . . .

JULY 12th. . . . My reading at home to-day was another of Miss Martineau's *Playfellow* [stories] and the most picturesque and agreeable by far. The picture of Norwegian life and manners is quite charming: *Feasts on the Fjord*. . . . It is wonderful how much wisdom Miss Martineau has thrown into a very pretty story.

JULY 18th. [Carlisle.] . . . Wrote to Moxon, desiring him to send to H. Martineau the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge and works of Lamb. . . .

JULY 20th. [Ambleside.] . . . I instantly went back to Rydal where I had a cordial reception from my friends, with reproaches for not taking up my residence with them. . . . The poet was looking thin but not unwell. I dined with them and after dinner walked with them to Fox How. Mrs. Arnold I was consoled by finding not only able but ready to talk of the Doctor. . . . Began in bed Henry Taylor's *Edwin the Fair*.

JULY 21st. . . . I remained with her [Mrs. Arnold] till it was time to dine with Wordsworth. . . . We had a most delightful walk which lasted till half-past seven o'clock, and which was one of the most enjoyed that I recollect at any time in this country. We went up Loughrigg, not the straight path but circuitously. We had first a fine view of the Windermere scene and afterwards of the Loughrigg Tarn, which Wordsworth especially admires. Then we went round till we had a delicious point overlooking

Grasmere, and here Wordsworth pointed out to us the Point Rash Judgment and the vicinity of the Wishing Gate—altogether a delightful succession of beautiful scenes. . . . At night I read *Edwin the Fair*. . . . It has very beautiful passages, but on the whole it will not add to the reputation of *Philip van Artevelde*. . . . But there are fine passages of didactic and declamatory poetry.

JULY 23rd. . . . A gentleman . . . offered to accompany me towards Bowness. This was before he knew I was going first to Wordsworth. He was a barrister . . . Hulton. I accepted his offer and introduced him to Wordsworth as I took my leave of him. Wordsworth would show him the beautiful view out of his grounds, and this took up time. . . .

JULY 26th. . . . I lay by the way [Bowness to Kendal] reading Emerson's *Essays*. . . . After dinner wrote a letter to Harriet Martineau in which I gave a free opinion of Emerson, having before read his essay on *Spiritual Laws*. . . . I was reading Emerson great part of to-day, but could get no relish for him. As in his earlier essays, truisms and paradoxes are strangely blended. More originality in the words than the thoughts.

JULY 28th. . . . [Yorkshire manufacturing villages.] The brown houses, though of the soil, are frightfully offensive, and so far offend Wordsworth's theory that houses should be of the colour of the soil. . . .

JULY 4th to AUG. 6th. Harriet Martineau, the authoress, who had acquired a reputation among the Liberals in Church and State, especially among the American Liberals on account of her attack on that monstrous iniquity, slavery, had injured her health very seriously. Indeed, her recovery was despaired of, but with all her weaknesses and maladies she had a marvellous strength of constitution, so that now, at the distance of seventeen years after our journey, she still lives and works with an ardour and a faculty of literary labour that is a matter of astonishment. Her intimate friend Mrs. Reid intended paying her a visit, and I being a man of leisure and wishing to make a journey of pleasure, was glad of the opportunity of commencing a tour with accompanying Mrs. Reid. [At Tynemouth] I soon was informed that Harriet Martineau would see me for a few hours in the evening when, by the use of opium, she managed to be able to converse with her friends, while during the rest of the day she was condemned to solitude in her suffering or to a very few of the particular friends of her own sex and her attendants. . . . I was pleased to find that Harriet Martineau had obtained the good-will of the Tory gentry of the neighbourhood, who sent her fruits and flowers in the season. She had written the *Playfellow*, of which the tales are in

an admirable style, and it was at this time that she enjoyed the public favour in the highest degree, which was more interrupted by her adoption of mesmerism than by her writings hostile to revealed religion. My esteem was won by her *Martyr Age of Abolitionists*, published in the *Westminster Review*. . . .

On the 19th I went by stage through Cockermouth, and my stay being short, and not wishing to interfere with my forthcoming Christmas visit, I remained at the Commercial Hotel [at Ambleside], where the mail set me down, during the three days of my stay there, and I had just time to make a call on each of my friends, of whom, alas, scarcely any is now remaining! . . . At Wordsworth's, I saw, and took a mountain walk with, the son of Sir Robert Peel, the young man who the year before had received the prize at Harrow School. . . . The schoolboy son of a Prime Minister cannot but be an object of interest. . . .

AUG. 7th. . . . I also wrote to Mrs. Barrett in answer to a letter from her asking my opinion about the propriety of making omissions in a new edition of the *Memoirs of Madame D'Arblay*. I also began the fourth volume of the *Memoirs*. . . .

AUG. 8th. . . . I received on my return from the north a letter from Baudouin complaining of the conduct of Mr. Wordsworth in not answering his letter. I put it into Quillinan's hands to have the benefit of his counsel. . . .

AUG. 9th. . . . A chat with Quillinan about Baudouin's letter. He has since sent me a very sensible letter in French of which I shall make use whenever I answer the letter. Of course, I shall not take any notice of the letter here. . . .

AUG. 19th. . . . Jaffray . . . sent me a corrected copy of my letter to Baudouin, which I altered again and sent next day—so writing that Baudouin may not be tempted to write again, I giving Baudouin to understand that Wordsworth had not the means of doing anything further, and that his means had been reduced. This I sent on Saturday. . . .

AUG. 20th. . . . I finished the fourth volume of *Madame D'Arblay*. I am far from agreeing in the most contemptuous review in the *Quarterly*, which declares it to be the worst book of the kind ever written, and that Madame D'Arblay was insincere and altogether an ordinary and very offensive person. . . .

AUG. 23rd. . . . Called on Mary Lamb. She has not been long visible. I found her quite in possession of her faculties and recollecting everything nearly. She was going to call on Thomas Hood . . . and I walked with her. . . .

AUG. 30th. . . . I also finished *Zanoni* [by Lord Lytton]. . . .

It is a powerful work but will hardly be popular. One is not satisfied as to his preternatural beings. . . .

SEPT. 8th. [Bury.] . . . Read to my brother a number of delightful political squibs by Tom Moore. . . .

SEPT. 11th. . . . Engaged reading, chiefly Sydney Smith. I have now finished the first volume of his works, consisting of articles published in the *Edinburgh Review*. On the whole they have somewhat lessened my impression of his merit as a writer. His humour is easy and pleasant, but rather shallow and commonplace. It lies in a great measure in ridiculous and commonplace epithets. The two subjects treated of in this volume in which he is most successful are the *Methodists*, and on *University and general education*. He cannot be said to have taught anything, but he has recommended and given circulation to useful practical truths. All his articles are in favour of humane reform, viz.: emancipation of Roman Catholics, the chimney - sweeping children, the poor from the game laws, lunatics from cruel treatment, our convicts under transportation, and the people at large from religious fanaticism. But, after all, he does not appear in these first articles, which come down to 1819, so great a comic writer as I expected. . . .

I read Sydney Smith's collected articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, etc. The first volume lessened my impression of his merits as a writer. His humour pleasant and easy, but rather shallow. Most successful when he treats of education at the University and attacks the Methodists. He taught nothing, but gave currency to practical truths. All his papers favourable to humanity. . . . In the second volume he appeared to greater advantage. His papers to be considered rather as *useful actions than works of art*. . . . My journal speaks, and perhaps truly, of Sydney Smith's pamphlet on *The Ballot* as his very best. I thought at the time that his *Peter Plymley's Letters* were specimens of graceful humour and that wit and logic were never more happily combined. . . .

SEPT. 20th. . . . I walked to the library and read in the new *Quarterly Review* an eloquent and philosophical article on *Tennyson's Poems*. One long extract brought tears into my eyes. The reviewer has done justice to Wordsworth's profoundly reflective and philosophic poetry at the same time that he eulogises *Don Juan* in a way that I cannot at all sympathise with. . . . and in the evening I went on with what I have since finished—*Peter Plymley*. Sydney Smith has maintained his characteristic humour in these letters very successfully, but his pamphlet on

The Ballot is the most masterly union of wit and logic, irresistible argument and irresistible pleasantry, that I ever met with in combination.

SEPT. 22nd. . . . I spent the evening as usual, having begun Miss Austen's *Persuasion*.

SEPT. 23rd. Another day of quiet reading. I went on with *Persuasion*, finished it, began *Northanger Abbey*, which I have now finished. These two novels have sadly reduced my estimation of Miss Austen. They are little more than galleries of disagreeables and the would-be heroes and heroines are scarcely out of the class of insignificants. Yet I ought to be suspicious perhaps of my own declining judgment. I also looked over Sir Henry Bunbury's volume of Sir Thomas Hanmer's *Letters*. These are the letters of great people, but I do not recollect more than two that are in themselves worth anything: the admirable letter of Wordsworth to Charles Fox on presenting him with his *Lyrical Ballads*, on the importance of preserving the affections of the poor, and an interesting letter by Crabbe relating the distresses of his early life when in deplorable poverty. . . .

SEPT. 30th. . . . I was sufficiently amused reading *Helen*¹—rather amused than interested. . . .

OCT. 1st. . . . I called on Miss Denman to talk about Mrs. Aders. I found on my arriving here [London], as presents from her, Blake's *Catalogue* and *Poems*. . . .

OCT. 9th. . . . I read . . . an old comedy by Porter, *Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, a very pleasing thing . . . Charles Lamb ventured to prefer² it to *The Comedy of Errors* and *Taming of the Shrew*, which I should not have dared to do.

OCT. 18th. I had a very gratifying letter from Wordsworth to-day. Sir Robert Peel has offered Wordsworth out of the Civil List a pension of £300. This was quite unexpected. It is the death of the Marquis of Wellesley which has set this sum at liberty. Wordsworth writes with great pleasure of it. I went at night to Mrs. Quillinan to rejoice with her about it; she is quite delighted. Now probably Wordsworth will go in the spring to Naples, or rather in the autumn. . . .

OCT. 20th. . . . Occupied . . . partly looking into Dickens's *America*, a book which will do good; it will be very popular and influential. His opinions on slavery will have great weight and they are what they ought to be. . . .

¹ By Maria Edgeworth.

² In the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, Lamb says only that 'it is no whit inferior.'

Oct. 29th. . . . In the evening at the Quillinans'. Mrs. Quillinan looked very poorly. They go to Rydal on Monday, their lodgings being under repair. The pension of Wordsworth is now in all the papers, and I rejoice to find that not a single paper, as far as I can hear, or a single person even, sneers or snarls at it. . . .

Nov. 1st. . . . I then went on to Mary Lamb and had a short chat with her. Quite well in health, but she is growing very old and her deafness makes it difficult to keep up a conversation with her. . . .

Nov. 2nd. I breakfasted this morning with Samuel Rogers *tête-à-tête*. . . . Very little said about Wordsworth's pension, which, however, Rogers says he rejoiced in. . . .

Nov. 14th. . . . Then I went on to Mrs. Barrett. At her request I had the fifth volume of *Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs*. I had no other suggestion to make to her than that she should correct minute faults of style, the book being full of the most outrageous faults of language—obsolete words and affectations, quite ridiculous. For these she was more than judiciously thankful, and means to correct some of the more flagrant. I was better pleased with Miss Burney's amour with D'Arblay than with any part of her life besides. Her prudery towards Madame de Staël was very childish, whose letters, on the contrary, are the gems of the work. . . .

DEC. 2nd. . . . I dined with Mrs. Reid. . . . Mr. E. Darwin, whom I chatted with for the first time, I found very pleasant. . . .

DEC. 2nd. A dinner at my friend Mrs. Reid's, where for the first time I had conversation with Erasmus Darwin, grandson of him whom Wordsworth said he for six months thought to be a poet.

DEC. 3rd. . . . I began to read with interest an *Imaginary Conversation* in the new *Blackwood*, by Landor. It is between Porson and Southey on the poetry of Wordsworth and betrays all the malignity of the author. He alludes to the slanders of his poem and he repeats all the old trite ridicule on the most exceptionable of Wordsworth's early writings. I do not so much object to Porson's vituperation against Wordsworth—it is in character—it is spirited and fair in the way of abuse, but it ought not to have been met in so mawkish and drivelling a way as Southey does, at least in the first quarter, for I have read no further yet.

DEC. 19th. I called on Kenyon after breakfast, and was glad to find that he felt as I did towards Landor for his scandalous

critique on Wordsworth. Like me he has no wish to see him again, there is so much malignity mixed up with his best compositions. . . .

DEC. 24th. [Rydal.] . . . Mrs. Wordsworth . . . was looking but thin, while Wordsworth was looking remarkably well. . . . An agreeable evening diversified by a rubber at whist. . . .

DEC. 25th. . . . The Wordsworths dined at one and I had a very agreeable chat at and after dinner. Every one in good humour. In the afternoon I walked with Wordsworth. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . I was at about one summoned to a walk by Wordsworth and Quillinan, and we went to Grasmere. While they called on Mrs. Luff, in affliction for the loss of Captain Hamilton, I copied an inscription in the churchyard on the late landlord of the 'Swan,' written probably by Hartley Coleridge, for it is not a commonplace composition. (Names of all four given.)

Pause, Traveller. Sleeps beneath this humble tomb
 'The host that cheered thee with his ready smile.
 Three youthful sons have met the common doom.
 Two lie in this, one in a distant aisle.
 This solemn sign of piety, not pride,
 'The sons that still survive have sanctified. . . .

1843

JAN. 1st. . . . After an early dinner I had, however, a delightful walk with the poet to the church lately erected on the road leading to Langdale, a picturesque object in a splendid situation, but, within, a naked and barnlike building. A very interesting conversation which I regret my inability to record. It was on Goethe and his poetry, on his own poetry, and, sad bathos, even on myself. The latter subject I will advert to because of its relative importance though absolute insignificance. He again pressed on me the drawing up reminiscences of the great men I have seen in Germany, and by the earnestness of his recommendation has made me more seriously resolve to execute my long-formed purpose. He approved of the title *Retrospect of an Idle Life*, to which I object only because it seems to embrace my whole life, and I think it is only abroad that I can find fit materials for a publication; but he thinks otherwise. Of Goethe Wordsworth spoke with his usual bitterness, and I cannot deny that his objection all well-founded—that is an extreme defect of religious sen^t to his

perhaps I should say, moral sense—and this suffices, says Wordsworth, to prove that he could be only a second-rate man. Wordsworth, however, does not deny that he is a great artist—but he adds this, in which I do not agree: In Shakespeare and Homer we are astonished at the universality of their penetration. They seem to embrace the whole world. Every form and variety of humanity they represent with equal truth. In Goethe you see that he attempts the same, but he fails. In Milton and Spenser there is not the attempt. You have admirable representations, and what the authors mean to do they actually do. Goethe's *Tasso* and his *Iphigenia* Wordsworth declares to be flat and insipid; but then he knows them only in translations. He has formerly said the same of *Herman and Dorothea*: he expressed disgust at the *Bride of Corinth*, which Herder called *scheusslich*. I have no time to write more now—only adding that Wordsworth repeated to-day his sonnet on *Wansfell*, which he declares to be one of his most perfect as a work of art.

JAN. 5th. . . . I was sorry to be taken from them¹ to accompany Wordsworth and Faber on a walk. Their conversation I was not competent altogether to follow, but certainly Wordsworth's tone was that of deference towards his younger and more consistent friend. . . . Wordsworth denied Transubstantiation on grounds on which, says Faber, 'I should deny the Trinity.' Faber objected to the sonnet on [Pope] Alexander III putting his foot on the neck of the Emperor,² and says it is founded on a flagrant falsehood . . . Wordsworth declared in strong terms his disbelief of eternal punishment, which Faber did not attempt to defend. . . .

This year opened at Rydal, but the Xmas season at Wordsworth's was marked by the place of Dr. Arnold (I mean as a companion) being supplied by Faber, who had not yet avowed, nor perhaps was conscious of being in heart a member of the Church of Rome. . . . We took several beautiful walks together—one to Easedale Tarn on the 30th. This is the scene of the fine ballad *Fidelity*. . . .

JAN. 12th. . . . I went up the Mount and talked with Miss Fenwick about her wish to visit Milan next summer. She is become very confidential and friendly towards me, as all my friends here are remarkably kind and attached. . . .

JAN. 13th. . . . Wordsworth challenged me to a walk. I accompanied him and Mr. Lee to Mrs. Arnold's. The poet

L. ¹ Law's *Letters to Bishop Hoadly*.
to fine ² Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xxxviii. *Scene in Venice*.

endoctrined the scholar with his notions of poetry, and I ventured to recommend to him also Schlegel's critical writings. Wordsworth and I then walked round to Ambleside. Called on Mrs. Quillinan. . . .

JAN. 15th. . . . I had a great deal of interesting chat with Miss Fenwick about the Wordsworths and herself. She is, I perceive, become really a friend—her tone is very cordial. The Wordsworths, too, are most affectionate. . . .

JAN. 16th. . . . Having breakfasted, I went up the Mount and spent more than an hour with my friends. Their attachment to me is warm and affectionate, and Miss Fenwick seems to have caught the feeling. Nothing could be more cordial than her shake of the hand when I took leave. . . .

FEB. 3rd. . . . I began Miss Ferrier's *Inheritance*, which I am delighted with.

FEB. 7th. . . . To-day I finished Miss Ferrier's novel, *The Inheritance*, which is the history of a girl who being received as the heiress of a foolish Scotch Lord (Rossville) is, after his death, discovered to be the daughter of her nurse, being born abroad, on which she is abandoned by her lover, the profligate heir to the property, but she transfers her affections to the magnanimous and generous Lyndsay. There is an assortment of low and comic characters as usual. The novel has a somewhat too sectarian and evangelical character, but is full of talent—hardly equal to Miss Austen, however, or even Miss Edgeworth. . . .

FEB. 12th. . . . Called on Kenyon. A long and agreeable chat chiefly about a subscription to be set on foot for Miss Mitford—really to pay her father's debts, which no one approves of, and also to raise an annuity for her if possible. . . .

FEB. 21st. . . . Last night I received an account of the death of my old friend Mary Hays (turned eighty), one of the oldest of my friends—a very worthy woman. In her day she had a sort of popularity, that is with those who could tolerate a warm friend of Mrs. Wollstonecraft. She was very liberal in her opinions and had stuck fast in them. . . .

MARCH 1st. . . . The Robinsons lent me a very interesting little Memoir by Smyth (Cambridge professor) recording his living in Sheridan's house as tutor to Tom Sheridan. He does justice to the great talents of the orator and dramatist and makes known his infirmities. The book is not a publication, only printed privately, and is written with great delicacy. The professor, with great propriety and good sense, abstains from all criticism on the works of Sheridan. He confines himself to his

personal intercourse, being a contribution to the future biography of Sheridan. Read this in bed night and morning.

MARCH 6th. . . . I sent off two [letters] to Miss Fenwick and Mrs. Wordsworth. To Miss Fenwick I forwarded an amusing letter I had received from Miss Burney, to whom I had written inquiring about her journey to Milan with a view to expense and arrangement. Her amusing answer will entertain Miss Fenwick, though a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth informs me that Miss Fenwick is no longer so sharp-set on the journey. . . .

MARCH 19th. . . . I then went on to dear Mary Lamb's. But how altered she is! Deafness has succeeded to her other infirmities. She is a mere wreck of herself. I took a single cup of tea with her to while away the time, but I found it difficult to keep up any conversation beyond the mere talking about our common acquaintance, and that is a discourse about the dead. . . .

MARCH 26th. I breakfasted with Rogers. . . . It was an unusually pleasant morning. There were, besides Kenyon, only Twopenny and also Thomas Moore, who came in uninvited. The conversation was very pleasant. Rogers and T. Moore both related anecdotes which I regret I cannot now recollect. . . . Moore was very unassuming and very agreeable; Rogers unusually animated. Rogers said: 'The three works of fiction that I would exhibit to foreigners as specimens of English genius are the *Robinson Crusoe*, *Lilliput*, and *Brobdingnag*. . . .

APRIL 1st. . . . I went to the Athenaeum, where I stayed till one reading with great interest Quillinan's *Imaginary Conversation* in *Blackwood*, between Landor and the editor. It is admirably conceived. Landor inquires whether the editor, North, will admit the article. North exposes him to himself, but lets in the article, as we learn by an aside, as the best punishment. I am delighted with Wilson for letting it in. The moral material parts are well done. The only parts that are not successful are the enumeration of the absurd opinions scattered through the Dialogues, because they may be characteristic, and prove nothing as to the writer's own opinion. But on the whole this *Imaginary Conversation* gives me great pleasure.

APRIL 1st. There appeared in *Blackwood* the capital *Imaginary Dialogue* between Landor and the editor, by Quillinan, of which I supplied the materials. . . .

APRIL 2nd. . . . I had an interesting chat with Moore about Goethe. On inquiry he assured me he never received the letter

I sent him from Weimar in 1829 containing an account of my conversation with Goethe about Lord Byron, and he wishes me to collect from my papers the substance of what I recollect. He says he shall probably have an opportunity of making use of it as there is an intention to collect his prose writings. . . .

APRIL 5th. I had a letter from Wordsworth this morning informing me that he had declined the laureateship, and on going out I found that it was announced in the papers that he had done so, alleging . . . advanced age (he becomes seventy-three on the 7th instant). This I approved of and rejoiced in; but I have now heard (the 6th) that he has yielded on a second application, which I am sorry for, as I am sure his motives will be misconstrued. . . .

APRIL 6th. I have already mentioned having had a letter from Quillinan. He writes in good spirits about his attack on Landor as well as on Wordsworth's acceptance of the laureateship. . . .

APRIL 8th. . . . Called first on Mr. E. Darwin and gave him £25 for the testimonial for Miss Martineau, which he received as a good omen. . . . He told me that Miss Martineau has not more than £150 per annum. . . .

APRIL 9th. I finished this morning in bed reading Newman's *Sermons*—at all events a book of great power. . . .

MAY 5th. [Bury.] . . . So I went to the library. There I took up Trelawny's *Younger Son*, and was so much excited by it that I carried it home and read what formed in the original edition the first volume. But I will not go on with it. It is a very uncomfortable book. It is the history of an ill-educated man. . . . I met the author in Italy and afterwards at Lady Blessington's—a weather-beaten elderly man. I said to Landor: 'You know Trelawny?' 'Oh, yes, he is my friend.' 'I've heard he was either pirate or smuggler, I forget which.' 'For the matter of that I dare say both.' But this was said with a laugh and not to be taken seriously. In all that I have read of the novel and the rest which I looked over, I found all the numerous mottoes taken without exception from Byron, Shelley, and Keats. . . .

I began Trelawny's *Younger Son*, which I could not get on with. It is the history of an ill-educated man—a victim of the education which the aristocracy imposed on their own families. I met the author in Italy and at Lady Blessington's—a weather-beaten, elderly man with a ruffianly fierce countenance. In my ignorance I said to Landor: 'You know Trelawny?' 'Oh, yes. He is my friend.' 'I've a strange impression. Has he not been accused of being a smuggler or a pirate?' 'Oh, for the matter of that, I dare say he was both.' But this was said with a laugh, as if not

to be taken seriously. In so much of the novel (a sort of autobiography coloured) as I read, all the mottoes are taken from Byron, Shelley, and Keats. So much is in my journal. Since the death of his friends, Byron and Shelley, he has written about them. He was a fighting philhellene and passed through marvellous adventures against the Turks—a man in whom noble impulses were suffered not only to run to waste, but in the conflict led to crimes.

MAY 6th. . . . I went to the library and finding there Bulwer's *Last of the Barons*, I began it, and so much did it interest me during the forenoon that I could do nothing else but read it. . . .

On this visit I was employed reading the historical novels of Bulwer, which I could not but consider as instructive as the general history of Hume—not to compare Shakespeare in his plays with either.

MAY 11th. . . . The interest I had felt in the novel was greatly diminished when I had finished it—partly on account of the confusion in my imagination arising from the same historical individual being treated so differently by Shakespeare and by Bulwer.—I beg pardon of Shakespeare's spirit for the juxtaposition. . . .

MAY 12th. . . . Read Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens*. . . . The book praised beyond its merits. . . .

MAY 24th. . . . I sat up reading till eleven. Looked over some letters of Coleridge to Mrs. Clarkson. I make an extract from one of a part only of a parenthesis as characteristic of his involved style:

'Each, I say (for in writing letters I envy dear Southeys power of saying one thing at a time in short and close sentences, whereas my thoughts bustle along like a Surinam toad, with little toads sprouting out of back, side and belly, vegetating while it crawls). Each, I say,' etc.

MAY 27th. . . . I rose early and looked over an entertaining book of Memoirs by Henry Bruce, from which Wordsworth has taken his Russian lady.¹ . . .

MAY 30th. . . . Having breakfasted, I wrote a letter to Quillinan giving an account of myself, adding a joke of Landor's which Kenyon told me. 'I am told a Mr. Quillinan has been attacking me. His writings, I hear, are *Quill-inanities*. . . .'

JUNE 4th. I breakfasted by appointment with Rogers, and Thomas Moore was there. The elder poet was the greater talker, but Moore made himself very agreeable. He expressed himself

¹ In *The Russian Fugitive*.

as seriously apprehensive of the result of the Repeal agitation. Rogers showed him some manuscript verses, rather sentimental, but good of the kind, by Mrs. Butler. Moore began, but could not get on; he laid down the manuscript and said he had a great dislike to the reading of poetry. 'You mean new poetry,' Rogers said. 'No, I mean *old*. I have read very little of any kind of poetry.' Rogers spoke very depreciatingly of the present writers. Moore did not agree. He assented to a warm praise of Tom Hood by me, and declared him as a punster equal to Swift. But the article (good poetry) is become of less value because of its being so common. There is too much of it. . . .

AUG. 2nd. [Bury.] . . . I . . . heard Mr. Cobden address the farmers . . . against the Corn Laws. I was very much pleased with his manner and style and even with the matter. . . . Read in Carlyle to-day and found his *Past and Present* more piquant than I expected, though I found great tautology and a frequent quaintness of expression with no originality of thought behind. . . .

I had the pleasure of hearing Cobden address the farmers against the Corn Laws, and conceived the highest opinion of his abilities. They were genuine, not showy. His manner and style I thought admirable, and the matter boldly and skilfully brought forward when calculated to give offence—as that tithes do no wrong to landlords who have no *right* to more than nine-tenths of the produce, nor to tenants who do but pay a portion of their rent to the Church. He also affirmed that the English people are less taxed than any one. This in the open air to farmers is well worthy all praise. He who could do all this with impunity and success deserved [for] his own gain [the] honour [of] his seat in Parliament and his offer of a seat in the Ministry afterwards—had he known when to stop. The same may be said of O'Connell: he would have been indeed a great man in actual business.

AUG. 8th. . . . I forgot to mention yesterday that I had had a letter from John Wordsworth of Keswick enclosing a Russian letter which he wants me to translate, addressed to an impostor calling himself Count Osolinski. I took it to the Athenaeum, where Hall undertook to show it to Kohl, the Russian traveller. . . . This matter occupied my attention, though it was hardly right in Wordsworth to advise his nephew to send it to me; but this comes of having the character of a good-natured man. . . .

AUG. 14th. . . . I read an article by Carlyle on Francia and the other Southern American heroes. His ordinary sarcastic style

well adapted to such a subject and his old favourite thoughts repeated. On the whole he is disposed to represent the tyrant of Paraguay favourably. . . . I enclosed for Mr. Taylor a copy of Southe's letter to me declining to come to London for any emolument however great. I was authorised by Walter to offer him £2,000 if he had been inclined to come, but my letter was only general.

AUG. 27th. . . . I took tea with Mrs. Reid and read some of Tom Moore's incomparable squibs to them. . . .

SEPT. 7th. . . . I went to Miss Aikin, with whom I had a very nice cosy chat. . . . Read her Miss Edgeworth's letter about Mrs. Barbauld, but she did not confirm Miss Edgeworth's testimony to the goodness of Mrs. Barbauld's temper. . . .

SEPT. 15th. The single incident of this day was the breakfasting with Kenyon and meeting there with Mr. Crosse, a very interesting young man. . . . This young Crosse has been living five or six years in Germany and been there the intimate friend of Schelling. Of course, he is more acquainted by far with the modern German literature than I. . . . He, I have no doubt, will do something of importance for the spread of German literature and philosophy. . . .

[*Travel journal: Brinsop.*] SEPT. 27th. . . . I found the Wordsworths quite well . . . I spent the rest of the day very pleasantly with my friends.

SEPT. 28th. The Wordsworths and Mrs. Hutchinson were engaged to take an early dinner with two maiden ladies of a certain age, the Miss Whalleys, and I accompanied them to Hereford, being driven by Mrs. Wordsworth, in a taxed cart. We found them two very benevolent old maids, quite delighted to receive at their house the great poet, though I suspect they know very little about his works. But they seemed most respectable old ladies notwithstanding. . . .

. . . I read . . . with great interest Hartley Coleridge's *Life of Bentley* in his *Yorkshire Worthies*. . . .

SEPT. 29th. I was driven over to Mr. Monkhouse's by Mr. Wordsworth. . . . I forgot to mention that the news arrived yesterday of the death of Miss Joanna Hutchinson, the youngest sister of Mrs. Wordsworth and Mr. G. Hutchinson. This much affected Mrs. Wordsworth and saddened our yesterday evening at Brinsop. . . . I also looked over Southe's poems while Wordsworth and Monkhouse were engaged talking, and in the two days read the *Tale of Paraguay* with no great pleasure. His ballads are not to my taste, and his blending of humour with the serious

seems to me not successful, as in his *Cock and Hen* miracle legend. I also read, but that was at Brinsop, a squib by Quillinan against Lockhart and Wilson, called *The Retort Courteous*—a versification of the egotistical passages contained in *Peter's Letters*. This was in reply to a slashing review of his poems published in the name of 'A Heavy Dragoon.'

SEPT. 30th. . . . Drive home. As we went Monkhouse was evidently gratified by the visit of the poet, and Wordsworth also enjoyed his visit, for he has a great regard for Mr. Monkhouse both on his own account and that of Thomas Monkhouse, our companion in Switzerland in 1820. This has been, he said, a visit both of duty and inclination, and therefore particularly agreeable. . . .

OCT. 3rd. . . . A lady [Mrs. Stone] with whom I was kept in amusing conversation [on the coach to Gloucester]. . . . She mentioned having some thirty letters of Southeby to Dappa [Richard Dappa, barrister, her uncle] which she will let me see and, if I approve of it, will let Mr. Henry Taylor have the use of them.

OCT. 24th. . . . I heard also from Mrs. Clarkson inquiring about Mrs. Wordsworth—Joanna's death. This led me to write both to Mrs. Clarkson, giving an account of my late excursion, and also to Mrs. Wordsworth on the death of their servant Jane, of which Cookson informed me. . . .

OCT. 31st. I had an offer from Mrs. Talfourd to take me to see Mary Lamb, who lately put out her shoulder bone. We found her better than we feared. The bone is not set, which she is not aware of. Mary Lamb is eighty on the 3rd December next. She was in spirits, inquired after my brother, but talked rather ramblingly. This accident has brought her to herself sooner than would have been. . . .

NOV. 4th. . . . I had an interesting chat with Fonblanque. . . . Sydney Smith joined us as we were talking. He received our compliments for his letter about the Americans. He was vastly pleasant. . . .

NOV. 12th. . . . We fell in with Horace Smith, with whom we chatted pleasantly. His health is not good just now. I never thought his conversation equal to his reputation. Smith has made a fair epigram, which I have entitled: . . .

BRIGHTON ATTRACTIONS

Sea without ships and, without trees, land
Three miles of glare and a beach without sand.

Nov. 18th. . . . Miss Costello¹ also there; with her I chatted pleasantly enough about France, but she rather expects too much, for she wants me to read *all* her writings—novels and travels. . . . She is young, lively, and agreeable. . . .

Nov. 29th. . . . After this I had a long, interesting chat with Mrs. Henry Coleridge on Puseyism and her father's note in Pickering's *Herbert* about the Sacrament, which reads like a sneer at the Church of England. . . .

Henry Nelson Coleridge had lately died, leaving his admirable wife and cousin, daughter of the poet, to exhibit great zeal and labour in publishing her honoured father's works—and with her brother Hartley presenting an exception to the rule that genius is not hereditary, though talents often are.

DEC. 3rd. . . . I read Jeffrey's note to his article on Wordsworth included in the republication of his papers. He apologises for the tone of contempt as unbecoming, but adheres to the judgment substantially, and while he acknowledges the admiration of a large class protests his inability to admire *Peter Bell*, *The Waggoner*, *White Doe*, *Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death*, etc. There is a want of generosity in his not taking occasion to praise the numerous admirable works which have since appeared. The friends of Wordsworth will not be pleased. . . .

DEC. 6th. I received early Harriet Martineau's *Life in [the] Sick Room*, a deeply interesting volume, anonymous. . . .

In October appeared *Life in [the] Sick Room*, anonymously, by H. Martineau. . . . I thought it then the best she had written, and think so still.

DEC. 7th. . . . I am going to breakfast with Samuel Rogers. I found Moxon at Rogers's and I left him there. Our conversation was of the usual kind. Rogers rather a depreciator of the present men and writers compared with the past. But he was not ill-humoured or uncharitable. . . .

DEC. 12th. . . . I had received from Quillinan a letter recording the very warm praise of the Wordsworths of Harriet Martineau's *Life in [the] Sick Room*, even more than I expected, for I thought the want of positive religion would prevent the enjoyment I could otherwise have so confidently anticipated, and I could not do better than copy the letter and send it to Harriet

¹ Louisa Stuart Costello, a prolific writer of travels, memoirs, etc. Among the books which had appeared before 1843 are *Pilgrimage to Auvergne*, *A Summer amongst the Bocages and Vines*, and *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*.

Martineau, at the same time apologising for a seeming breach of confidence towards Mrs. Reid. I also wrote to Quillinan vindicating Harriet Martineau for what he calls her 'falling short,' and justifying her conscientious abstinence from religious professions. I wrote also to Quillinan on the doubt I entertain whether I shall be able to go to Rydal this Christmas. From Moxon I learn that Harriet Martineau is quite satisfied with the reception the book has received already, but my letter will give her greater pleasure for Wordsworth's praise. . . .

. . . Having finished the book, I cannot but consider it as one of the very best, indeed the best she ever wrote. It is to be applauded for its perfect honesty and freedom from cant. I took care to praise her to Quillinan for her exuberant natural piety, which not even Unitarianism could extinguish. The book is full of acute and original remarks. It is full of bursts of eloquence. . . .

[*Travel journal: Rydal.*] DEC. 24th. . . . I went to the church and heard a sermon and the service performed in a manner that impressed me unfavourably. . . . Wordsworth even praised the sermon! After a few words of chat with Mrs. Arnold . . . I went up to the Mount, where I dined and after dinner I accompanied Wordsworth to Ambleside, where I took tea with the Quillinans . . . and walked home with Wordsworth.

DEC. 25th. . . . James . . . gave notice¹ to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. They followed soon and I had from them every consolation that friendship and kindness can administer. . . . I had a call from Quillinan in the evening as well as from Wordsworth several times. . . .

DEC. 26th. . . . I was put into Miss Wordsworth's carriage and drawn to the Mount. I was put into a room adjoining James's sleeping place. He is an excellent nurse. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . I have found it very difficult to talk and Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth have therefore been short in their visits. . . .

DEC. 28th. . . . The Wordsworths went to dine with the Quillinans. . . .

DEC. 30th. . . . In the evening, finding Mrs. Arnold was below, I got James to dress me and surprised them at their tea. I was cordially greeted and I was in excellent spirits and chatted freely enough. . . .

DEC. 31st.² . . . I had a pleasant two hours' chat below. . . .

¹ On Christmas Eve Crabb Robinson fell downstairs at his lodgings, and had to spend several days in bed, James Dixon, the Wordsworths' servant, acting as his nurse.

² The reminiscences conclude on December 17th 1843.

1844

JAN. 2nd. . . . I finished in bed the life of Taylor¹ that had so much occupied and interested me. I came downstairs at one and chatted with Miss Fenwick, the others being all gone out, and I then wrote a long letter to Mr. Robberds thanking him for the book. I praised him for his honesty. . . . I mentioned my defence of Taylor against Carlyle² and I informed him that Mrs. Barbauld did not write the review of *John Woodvil* in the *Annual Review*. . . .

JAN. 3rd. . . . A new book from which I may hope to derive great pleasure—Mrs. Austin's translation of Ranke's *History*. It abounds in general views and in those philosophic thoughts on questions of social importance in which I delight and which are all I can retain in my memory. . . .

JAN. 4th. . . . We went early and took tea with Mrs. Arnold. Mrs. Ward and her son . . . who has been travelling in Germany, alone there. He is a sensible and *liberal* man—at least he took the liberal side in argument against the poet on the subject of the despotism of the King of Hanover and the intolerance of the late King of Prussia. An evening taken up with disputation. . . .

JAN. 5th. . . . A very interesting letter from Harriet Martineau . . . partly consisting of a well-expressed statement of the effect she promises herself from her vindication of her ideas of the dignity of human nature in opposition to the common notion of human depravity. Even Miss Fenwick could on this only remark that she believed there was a great deal of mistake and that persons might mean the same, using different words. This letter is excellent and was, I have no doubt, meant for my friends.

JAN. 6th. . . . We went to Mrs. Fletcher, with whom we dined and stayed till nine. . . . The conversation rather heavy, but not amounting to dull. Mrs. Fletcher spoke with moderation of her Scotch friends, especially of Jeffrey. She saw Southey at Edinburgh on the appearance of the *Edinburgh* review of *Madoc*. Southey felt it much as a matter of interest. He saw at once that it would be decisive of the immediate fate of the work. And so it proved. His profits at the end of a year were £3 15s. Mrs. Fletcher expressed her disapprobation of the note on Wordsworth by Lord Jeffrey. She thinks that he ought to have explicitly acknowledged two things,—first that public opinion had greatly

¹ *Life of W. Taylor of Norwich, 1765–1836, containing his Correspondence with Southey*, by J. W. Robberds, 1843.

² In a note to Crabb Robinson's *Goethe's Works*, No. 3, *Monthly Repository*, August 1832.

changed concerning Wordsworth, and he ought also to have pointed out some half-dozen poems and acknowledged their worth. Wordsworth was very chatty to-day. . . .

JAN. 7th. . . . An agreeable chat with the Wordsworths. Wordsworth not in good spirits. He has been with Mrs. Quillinan, who is in a poor state of health, I fear. . . .

JAN. 8th. . . . The afternoon or rather evening spent as usual. We were alone and played whist.

JAN. 10th. . . . Began putting Wordsworth's books in my room in order.

JAN. 11th. I finished Ranke to-day — a most exciting and instructive book. . . . Called . . . at Quillinan's. She but an invalid. . . .

JAN. 12th. . . . Mrs. Quillinan came to-day. She is very much of an invalid and fills both Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson [? Wordsworth] with very great anxiety, and not without too much cause, I fear. . . .

JAN. 13th. . . . I went at three to Mrs. Luff, with whom is now Lady Farquhar. There Wordsworth met me by appointment and we had an agreeable chat. Lady Farquhar I had not seen since Captain Hamilton's death. Mrs. Quillinan with us. Quillinan came in the evening and we played whist as usual. . . .

JAN. 14th. . . . In the evening we looked over the Camden Society, books which are in favour here. . . .

JAN. 15th. . . . Read to the ladies an article in the *British and Foreign Review* on Dr. Arnold—too liberal for any one but me. Indeed the *Review* is an Ultra-Anti-Church Review, though it professes to be Anglican. Its articles on Puseyism are excellent. . . .

JAN. 20th. . . . I went to Mrs. Arnold's to read the Doctor's Sheffield letters, papers published in the *Sheffield Courant* on the social state in England, on the evils of poverty principally. Most humanely and liberally written. They are to be republished with other small tracts. . . .

JAN. 22nd. . . . A very agreeable chat with Miss Fenwick about a present I want to make to Wordsworth. She says I must not give so large a present as I wish, not more than £5. On being satisfied, she proposes I go and do this.

JAN. 23rd. . . . I had my last dinner with Mr. and William Wordsworth with the Quillinans. . . .

JAN. 24th. My last morning I spent most agreeably with my friends. I never left them with a warmer feeling of gratitude for kindnesses towards all of them. I gave great pleasure to James by presenting him with a second-hand silver watch. . . . Miss

Fenwick is very cordial indeed. Her feeling amounts to friend-ship, which from such a pious woman is a good sign. . . .

When I took leave of him [James] on this visit, I hung round his neck a second-hand silver watch I had engaged William Words-worth [junior] to buy for me. James was so surprised that he literally was unable to thank me. 'How ungrateful he must think me,' he said to Mrs. Wordsworth. When on the death of Wordsworth, Mrs. Wordsworth had to make her election between James or her carriage; for James was grown too old to manage a horse, she preferred James; and on Mrs. Wordsworth's death, James possessing then some £600 or £700, the interest of which could more than supply him with clothes, it was arranged that James should have a home with either of the Wordsworths, going from one to another as he liked, doing no work but enjoying himself as the infirmities of age may permit! ¹

JAN. 26th. . . . Coming home I found here my new acquaintance, Mrs. Stone, my travelling companion from Ross to Gloucester. She brought me a bundle of Southe's letters to her uncle, Richard Dappa, which I am to keep—to be printed with other letters of Southe if thought suitable. . . .

JAN. 30th. . . . I went about buying a set of tea and breakfast things for Wordsworth at Daniell's. I did not attend to Miss Fenwick's injunctions, and bought a set of china with gilt rims for £6 18s. A full set except that I had only six breakfast cups and saucers, and consisting of eighty pieces. They are, however, neat rather than gaudy and I have no doubt will please. . . .

FEB. 2nd. . . . I dined at Booth's—a very agreeable party which was, however, made an inauspicious one by the accidental calling in of Mrs. Marsh,² who was made to stay, and by staying made our party thirteen. She is a very interesting woman, author of *Two Old Men's Tales*, and well worth the incurring apprehensions. . . .

FEB. 21st. . . . In the course of the evening and the next morning I amused myself by reading Hood's *Whimsicalities*. Hood is not one of my favourites, but I cannot deny his power. I like best his simply good-humoured pictures of humble character [in] low life—his Mrs. Gardner, for instance, a good Cockney who has but one passion, flowers, of which she never speaks, but

¹ This passage from the reminiscences has been transferred from an earlier date that it may follow the diary entry. The same remark applies in many instances, which occur at dates before the conclusion of the reminiscences when the discrepancy could not be observed by the reader as it might be in the present case. (Cf. also the entry under Jan. 8th 1844.)

² Anne Caldwell, afterwards Marsh, 1791–1874.

in the first person singular—a source of very obvious and rather too easy jokes. Ease is both the merit and the temptation. He writes so easily that he gives himself no trouble. There is a class of his works which I do not like because the *kind* is offensive, and that is the horrible; but sometimes he happily blends the serious with the comic, even when the comic comes as a damper or disappointment: for instance, in *The Defaulter*, you have a picture so drawn that you are sure the hero has embezzled, from his suspicious conduct. It turns out that he is only the happy father of a babe after fifteen years' waiting. So a ghost appears, only to give notice to the heir: 'There's tippence due for salt at No. — and not booked.' Of the purely horrid is the poem *The Forge*, very vigorous, but offensive. But he is declining in his puns.

FEB. 22nd. I continued reading Hood. I have now finished the second volume and am glad there is not a third to read—such things soon tire. He is fond, but too fond, of frightful situations, such as a figment of a man who takes a madman up in a balloon with him, and who is about to throw him out: that of a man who takes shelter from a loose tiger in his cage. Also fond of disappointments; that of a very vain man who expects to be introduced to the Camberwell Beauty: it turns out to be a butterfly. But enough, Hood is first-rate in nothing but punning. . . .

FEB. 23rd. . . . *Pour passer le temps* I read to the party some of Southe's letters to Dupper brought here to be looked over. They are very pleasant letters, and several very fit for publication. In the year 1807 he writes thus of Dr. Wordsworth and Robert Fellowes: 'I was in hopes Wordsworth would have done as much (for Dupper in the way of reviewing his *Michael Angelo*) in the *Critical* by means of his brother, who writes the red-hot orthodoxy there, he being, as you know, the man who believes in forty articles, thirty-nine not being enough for his capacious conscience. Had it not been for this I might have applied to Fellowes the anti-Calvinist, a very interesting man, such a one, indeed, that though I never met him but once I could without scruple have written to him. Wonderful to tell, he bears a part in that review, though his opinions are as opposed to Hunt's and all his other steeple-hunters, whippers-in, as light is to darkness.' This shows that Southe's transition was a slow process. . . .

MARCH 4th. . . . I called on Dr. Bostock. He had asked me to inform Wordsworth that he had been elected an honorary associate of the Royal Society of Literature,¹ and he sent me the

¹ The Secretary informs me that Wordsworth's name does not appear in the list of members of the Royal Society of Literature.

last year's report. 'There I found that among the associates are Bernard Barton, Cary, and James Montgomery. I therefore told Dr. Bostock frankly that I thought the proposal all but an affront and I could not expect that he would accept the honour offered in that way. Miss Bostock agreed with me, and the Doctor, who did not appear to concur precisely, said that the communication should be made by Mr. Cattermole. . . .

. . . Fell in with Moxon. He tells me that Landor has given all his Dialogues to Forster, who is going to publish them at his own risk. But he will not allow the attack on Wordsworth to be among them. . . .

MARCH 8th. . . . I lounged over one of those gossiping books over which one loses so much time, Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*: occasionally striking thoughts and just views of men—for instance, Walter Savage Landor is understood. But most are overpraised, as Talfourd, Leigh Hunt (who is coupled with Wordsworth). . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . The only really interesting circumstance was that I saw Miss Edgeworth! I noticed, without knowing who she was, a little old woman, with a very fair complexion, dressed in white handsomely—a face strongly marked with an expression shrewd, if not shrewish. She reminded me of Mrs. Barbauld, so that [when] W. Lloyd told me she was in the room I knew it must be the lady I had seen: I could not get near enough to her to hear her voice. . . .

MARCH 15th. I read in *London* early and after breakfast I looked over and made extracts from Southe's letters to Dupper, which will supply interesting particulars to his future biography. An agreeable morning reading and making extracts from these. . . .

MARCH 18th. . . . I stole away to go to an evening party at Guillemand's, which I was lucky in being able to do, for there was Miss Edgeworth. I got myself introduced to her. . . . She has not seen the Aikins. She was dressed in white, but not so grandly as at Murchison's—or did the novelty of her appearance give dignity to the impression? Miss Edgeworth does not impress me with the notion that she is particularly amiable or kind. There is a sharpness in her physiognomy not at all agreeable. . . .

MARCH 30th. . . . I breakfasted with Kenyon. With him . . . Browning, the crazy poet, but a sensible man in prose conversation. . . .

APRIL 9th. . . . I had matter for agreeable thought before I went, in a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth informing me

tea equipage was handselled on Mr. Wordsworth's [birthday]. A note from Miss Fenwick confirmed her intimation that my present had been very acceptable. . . .

APRIL 16th. I read in bed parts of Hunter's pamphlet in which he gives an opinion that a letter published as genuine by Collier concerning Shakespeare's property is a forgery and by Steevens: by him put into the Bridgewater House Library. Of course, he imputes nothing morally wrong to Collier, and it seems that he did intimate to Collier a wish to see the original letter. Why Collier did not procure him a sight of it I cannot guess. He must take notice of this charge now, and I fear it will lead to an unpleasantness between them. I wish I could bring them together. See Collier's *New Facts*, p. 32. . . . Hunter's *Illustrations of the Life, etc., of Shakespeare*, p. 72. . . .

APRIL 17th. . . . I looked over Hunter's book on Shakespeare, I fear he will bring discredit on Collier's penetration in publishing as genuine some forgeries supposed to be put by Steevens among the old documents in Bridgewater House. . . .

APRIL 22nd. I finished Knight's *London* this morning, a book that has served to fill up waste hours for a long time, being my lounging book in the absence of all others. A very unequal, but on the whole, very entertaining work. . . .

MAY 6th. . . . I am afraid Hunter is growing more bitter towards Collier (whom, by the bye, *Punch* attacks). Dyce's book¹ is out. The worst is that Collier has taken no notice of Hunter's book, which shows a want of confidence or a want of candour.

MAY 9th. . . . Went to Sotheby's to Southey's library sale. I bought Fanshawe's *Camoëns* for Quillinan, but it was a wearisome morning, I should be sorry to repeat. . . .

MAY 10th. . . . I dined with Baron Rolfe . . . Prebendary Townsend of Durham [was there] . . . the man who, when very young, was puffed . . . as a second Milton, or rather as one who, as the author of *Armageddon*, was to be in his prime more than Milton. Now *Armageddon* is forgotten and 'Townsend . . . laughs at his own poems. . . .

MAY 17th. . . . He [Barron Field] told me about Dyce's book and our friend, J. P. Collier, who, I fear will be found more in the wrong than right, which I am heartily sorry for. . . .

MAY 24th. . . . I read a few chapters in *Coningsby*, and I came home only to attend an evening party at Hunter's, where, among others, came Harness. I found them agreeing rather

¹ *Remarks on Mr. J. P. Collier's and Mr. C. Knight's Edition of Shake-*

more than I liked about Collier's *Shakespeare*, and in the opinion that on most points Dyce is right in his animadversions, so that Hunter and Harness are now on cordial terms. Wrote to Miss Hays, niece of my old friend, who inquired about the character of [the] publisher of a novel she has written (Bentley).

MAY 25th. . . . Reading *Coningsby*. It is full of cleverness, and the exposure of Croker under the name of Rigby is most excellent. There is also a very clever but extravagant and hardly serious eulogy of the Jews, as if they were the great race of men.

MAY 26th. . . . I went on with *Coningsby* and finished the second volume. The book is full of stimulating and at the same time of offensive matter. The worst I have mentioned. Theodore Hook is as bad under the name of Gay as Rigby is good representing Croker. Theodore Hook says nothing that any ordinary [man] might not have said. The election scene is spirited and not extravagant, but very true. . . .

MAY 30th. . . . I continued at the Athenaeum all day to finish *Coningsby*, which has given me great pleasure, more than I could have expected from such a man as Disraeli. I came home late.

JUNE 16th. . . . Cookson . . . told me that Wordsworth is violent against the Bill,¹ as his brother tells him, but is quite uninformed on the subject. . . . I went to Miss Fenwick's, with whom I dined at luncheon hour and had a very agreeable chat. I found her as amiable as ever and found her very quiet and even admitting the justice of the Bill. My brief reply she seems to have found unanswerable and though not for, at least, not against the the Bill. Wordsworth must be instructed. Mr. and Miss Rogers called while I was with her, and Miss Fenwick was, I believe, pleased with the unexpected compliment. We talked *de omnibus*, less about Church matters than usual. Miss Fenwick is much pleased with Dr. Arnold's *Life and Correspondence*, in spite of her imperfect sympathy with the Doctor. . . .

JUNE 17th. . . . The subscription for Southey's monument is going on. Kenyon and most of the committee give £10 10s. I shall give £5. This is to be in Westminster Abbey. . . .

JUNE 24th. . . . I ventured to remark on the single defect of Wordsworth's character. He has lost his love of liberty; not his humanity, but his confidence in mankind. . . .

JULY 3rd. . . . A letter to Mrs. Wordsworth chiefly on the Bill and on Wordsworth's opposition. Wordsworth being of opinion that Dissent should not be endowed, I urged that he ought rather to be for than against us. . . .

¹ Dissenters' Chapels Bill.

JULY 14th. . . . I amused myself by reading *The Black Dwarf*, which gave me little pleasure. The principal characters and incidents melodramatic; but this is probably one of the worst of the Waverley set. I had quite forgotten it. . . .

JULY 25th. . . . I amused myself by reading the first two numbers of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which I fear will have matter very clever, but at the same time disagreeable. Dickens's great fault is his predilection for very mean and despicable characters, out of proportion in number; and, besides, he makes goodness contemptible. . . .

AUG. 7th. . . . I read at night a chapter in *Chuzzlewit*. There is such extreme meanness and vulgarity in Chapter IX—all the characters, Todgers and their boarders, the Pecksniffs, etc.—that I am tempted to throw the book down, but there is a charm in the perfect truth which will perhaps keep me to the book.

AUG. 12th. . . . I read with great interest a number in *Chuzzlewit*, the sixth. It has already become interesting. The author's power of description rather improves than deteriorates, but not his faculty of portraying character. I cannot yet relish Tapley, the jolly fellow who is the companion of the hero on his voyage to America, where I have just landed them. . . .

AUG. 13th. . . . Called on Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. Just the simple man I expected to see from Charles Lamb's account of him—a mixture of shrewdness withal. I dare say a very good man. . . .

AUG. 15th. . . . Occupied myself in reading two numbers of *Chuzzlewit*, one of them a picture of American manners. The objects of satire the proprietor and war editor of a New York paper. No particular skill in the painting, but the satire quite efficient. . . .

AUG. 16th. [Yarmouth.] . . . Mr. Dawson Turner, my host, showed me his library treasures. They are vast and precious. He has some volumes of manuscript letters and other written papers, including legal and State documents—old deeds. He has a number of richly illuminated and valuable books, especially very large, copious collections for a new edition of Blomefield's *Norfolk*. He has laid out £20,000 in his library, which he hopes will one day become the property of the British Museum. His method is admirable. Everything he possesses, indexed and methodised, so that he can find anything at once, which I cannot do, though I have not a thousandth part in quantity of what he has. . . . The greater part of the day was spent in looking over books and letters, especially the letters of Southey and some by

Lamb and Wordsworth; but these latter are insignificant. Those by Southey to Miss Seward, on the contrary, are significant. One sentiment I have a pleasure in recording: 'There are scenes of tremendous horror which I could behold and smile by Mercy's side. An insurrection which should make the negroes master of the Sugar Islands, is one'; and then he adds the wish that not a Frenchman might return to France from the invasion of Spain. . . . There is an interesting youth here, a son of Sir Francis and Lady Palgrave; [Dawson Turner's] grandson.

AUG. 17th. . . . I read also some beautiful and affecting letters by William Cowper, letters from Coleridge, and a curious poem by Laurence,¹ *The Knight of Malta*. . . .

AUG. 18th. . . . I read a chapter in *Chuzzlewit*, that on the purchase of land of a company—only overdone—but the picture of American swindlers is quite startling. It must give mortal offence. . . .

AUG. 19th. . . . Dawson Turner gave me some account of Sir Francis Palgrave, who has also by talent raised himself to distinction from a low station, his father being a bankrupt Jew. He was an attorney's clerk, and from his youth maintained his mother and sisters. At night I looked over Woods' *Letters to an Architect*, travels in Italy, etc., principally devoted to architecture. . . .

AUG. 20th. . . . On the journey I read Nos. 10-12 of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The book has become interesting, but on reflection it is unpleasant. Dickens's picture of the Americans is gross caricature, and it has no air of truth about it. The settlement in Eden might have been made by Englishmen. The great fault of the book is the profusion of low characters. . . .

AUG. 21st. . . . I continued reading *Chuzzlewit*. There is some relief from the predominant meanness and vulgarity of the characters in Miss Pinch, and their humble residence when Tom gets a place mysteriously as a sort of keeper of chambers for one who does not make his appearance.

AUG. 22nd. . . . I went on with *Chuzzlewit*. It becomes interesting, but is withal very disagreeable, so that it is a book which will not—like Scott's novels—be read again and again.

AUG. 24th. . . . I finished *Chuzzlewit* at night; a book that I do not wish to look into a second time, so generally disgusting are the characters and incidents of the tale.

¹ Crabb Robinson writes 'Lawrence.' The assumption is that French Laurence, 1757-1809, is intended.

OCT. 14th. . . . I then went to the Athenaeum, where I spent the rest of the day, reading nearly the whole of a most amusing book of travels in the East, *Eöthen*, meaning 'From the East,' there being a wilful neglect of all useful and instructive matter, and the mere humanity of the scenes and country being dwelt on. This occupied me till late.

OCT. 26th. . . . The truth is that Collier so exclusively devotes himself to Shakespeare that he is indifferent to everything going on in the present day, however important its political bearings, and is equally regardless of religious controversies.

NOV. 20th. . . . Finished *Old Mortality*, which I read with very great pleasure and think on a re-perusal to be the very best of Sir Walter Scott's novels. . . .

NOV. 28th. . . . Sam Naylor brought me a handsome copy of the *Reynard the Fox*, which is dedicated to me—the first book that ever honoured my name by putting it in front. . . .

NOV. 30th. . . . I breakfasted with Samuel Rogers by self-invitation. . . . Rogers was in his usual quiet calm spirits.¹ He said he should be ashamed of himself if he could not bear such a blow at his age. It would amuse him to try on how little he could live, but he should not be put to the trial. 'There is, if all be lost, enough to pay everyone and to spare. We are not ruined.' This was said without any affectation or emphasis. . . .

DEC. 7th. . . . I chatted with De Morgan, who told me that in answer to a letter written by him, Mrs. Fraser had written to him that Mr. Fraser desired her to say that he was not the author of *Needy Knife-Grinder*, and that he believed it was written by Canning! I could on this only tell De Morgan, and Key more particularly, how Fraser declared himself the author in connection with Combe's assertion that he was the author. . . .

DEC. 21st. . . . I went westward and first bought a handsome shawl in Regent Street, which I carried to Mary Lamb. She received it with manifest pleasure, and I had a nice chat with her. She is removed to a more comfortable house. . . .

[*Travel journal: Rydal.*] DEC. 26th. I heard Wordsworth last night read prayers from Thornton's collection. He read with remarkable effect and beauty. He told me this anecdote. The Duke of Wellington being on a visit was told by his host that he had family prayers in the morning. Would he attend? 'With

¹ Rogers's bank had been broken into and 'plundered of more than £40,000 in bank notes, besides several thousands of gold and also securities abstracted. . . . Samuel Rogers bears the loss heroically.' [Crabb Robinson.]

great pleasure,' said the Duke. The gentleman read out of this book. 'What! You use fancy prayers?' He never came down again. He expected the Church prayers, which Wordsworth uses in the morning. . . . I am glad to find . . . that neither Carr nor Wordsworth is altogether a partisan of the Puseyites whatever their tendencies may be. . . . [Walking] I took with me Mrs. Shelley's *Rambles in Germany and Italy*. A very pleasing book, it awakes recollections too. The descriptions delicate, the sentiments I fear affectedly serious. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . To Mrs. Fletcher's, with whom I dined . . . and Hartley Coleridge. . . . Hartley Coleridge behaved very well, and did not drink much. He read some verses I could not comprehend, as he read them very unpleasantly, on Dr. Arnold, and he sang a comic song which kept me very grave. He left us quite early, Wordsworth says to get beer at other houses. . . . A very pleasant chat with the Wordsworths and Mrs. Quillinan at night. I read to Wordsworth [the] Wilberforces' letter.¹ To the ladies I had read Mrs. Clarkson's letters before. They all consider the Wilberforce apology to be no apology at all. . . .

DEC. 28th. . . . Between one and two Wordsworth summoned me to a walk to Ambleside. He went on business. We called at Mrs. Arnold's on our return. No one at home. . . . In the evening several rubbers of whist. . . .

DEC. 30th. . . . The greater part of the evening spent over whist, to which the Wordsworths seem quite attached.

1845

JAN. 4th. I kept within the forenoon reading with great interest and with intention to write upon it, Arnold² on the Church. Very curious as showing how extremely different from ordinary opinions were his on the authority of the Church. . . . Mrs. Quillinan was come to the Mount, and she spent the evening with us and was able to play whist with us, and so contributed to the amusement of the evening, though she was and is in a very feeble state. . . .

JAN. 6th. . . . I wrote from dictation of the poet some corrections of his *Letter on Railroads*, a disagreeable task. . . .

JAN. 8th. I read early in bed *The Dark Ages*,³ and also after breakfast. . . .

¹ An apology for their statements about Clarkson in the *Life* of their father.

² Dr. Thomas Arnold.

³ By Maitland.

JAN. 9th. . . . I wrote . . . a copy of the last sonnet, which I have been finishing this morning and have sent off . . . to my brother.

JAN. 10th. . . . I read Tennyson's poems to-day. There is one on *Locksley Hall* of incongruous contents. One expects an antiquarian romance, and meets with complaints of a jilted lover, who becomes a disclaimer about social institutions, and a comparison of the savage and civilised state. Another poem, *The Vision of Sin*, is a crazy rhapsody—perhaps a riddle I have not sense to solve. I copy three grotesque stanzas: 'A gap-toothed man' lights at a ruined inn and says:

'Slip-shod waiter . . . Empty scarecrows, I and you.'

All this is unintelligible. I extract part of the same address I fear [?] from which a meaning may be extracted.

'Friendship! to be two in one. . . . Frantic love and frantic hate.'

Tennyson is beyond all doubt a poet, but I suspect his poetry is worth little or nothing.

JAN. 11th. . . . *The Two Voices* very ambitious, but if I go on about Tennyson my volume would soon be filled.

JAN. 14th. . . . It being very fine, Wordsworth challenged me to a walk. I went with him to Ambleside. . . . I then called with Wordsworth on Dr. Davy. . . . This morning Wordsworth came down late to breakfast, being detained late making a sonnet which he gives to me to do what I like with, but I am not to name him as the author. It belongs to a class of which he has written very few.

YOUNG ENGLAND¹

A SONNET

Young England! What is then become of Old
Of dear Old England? Is our Mother dead—
Dead to the very name, that once could shed
Such glory round us? Nay, it keeps its hold
In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
And will for ever. Alfred at the head
Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold—
What! How! Shall she be ruled in thought and deed
By beardless boys, an imitative race,
The servile cattle of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother, if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
Go, where at least meek innocence dwells.
Let babes and sucklings be thy Oracles.

¹ This draft differs in lines 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 11 from the final version.

JAN. 16th. . . . The Davys . . . gave a handsome dinner. The party consisted of the Gregs and Miss Martineau, the Fletchers and Mr. Graves. But by tacit consent the conversation was on purely indifferent matters. This was better than controversy. Mr. Greg being himself a mesmeriser,¹ and as well Wordsworth as Dr. Davy and Mrs. Fletcher being decided disbelievers, an attempt at discussion would have endangered the good will of the parties to one another. Wordsworth was very chatty, dividing his talk between his neighbours, Miss Martineau and Mrs. Davy. She also shared hers between the poet and Mr. Graves. Mrs. Fletcher was between Mr. Greg and me, and I had for my other companion, Mrs. Greg. I was placed between two very interesting women, and tried to be as pretty-behaved as the poet. I was much pleased with Mrs. Greg, a very sweet woman indeed. Mr. Greg is a clear-headed man. I thought I remarked a shyness between the poet and him. They spoke little or nothing to each other. I intimated to Mrs. Greg that it was distance only, and the fear to make new acquaintance, that prevented Mrs. Wordsworth calling on her. I have arranged that Miss Martineau is to call to-day here. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . Read also [in the *Edinburgh Review*] a very poor article on Dickens. I can hardly credit, as Kenyon writes, that it is by Carlyle. . . .

JAN. 22nd. . . . Miss Martineau is so much pleased with the country that she thinks of residing there for six months. I doubt whether she would become cordial with the Wordsworths. . . . Wordsworth was very poorly.

JAN. 26th. . . . A call from Moxon, who brought an invitation to dine with Rogers. . . . Lushington, Mrs. Norton, Spedding, Alfred Tennyson, Moxon, Robinson, Kenny. Rogers told us that a lady [Mrs. Norton] was coming who was very desirous of seeing Tennyson, but he did not name her, and she did not come till dinner was half over and went away very early. She was not named nor did I guess who she was, so little did she resemble the lady I had seen in full dress at Bunsen's formerly. Her tone of conversation was very easy, like one who is accustomed to good company, but she said nothing remarkable. She named herself incidentally. The only subject on which I talked was Bettina, of whom she spoke admiringly. There was nothing to be remembered. Tennyson 'did not hesitate to say that he shuddered

¹ He claimed to have relieved many sick persons. Harriet Martineau had recently been cured by mesmerism of her long, and supposed incurable, illness.

sitting by her side, a strange remark from a young man. Tennyson himself was a much more interesting person. I had a long chat with him, *tête-à-tête* at table and in the drawing-room, chiefly about Goethe, of whom he has a high opinion, with the common notion that he wanted heart. He acknowledged the inferiority of Schiller. I related anecdotes of him. He was searching in his questions. I felt unequal to reply to some. Alfred Tennyson is intimate with Carlyle. I asked him to call and look at my *Wieland*. I suspect he will not come. It is probable he has taken or will take an impression from Carlyle. I spoke to him freely about his poetry, and complained of his obscurities. He said he was pleased that I preferred his *Vision of Sin*, which few would like. He himself particularly liked *The Gardener's Daughter*. The tale of the woman who pined away when she found her poor lover a lord, he said, was founded on fact. Alfred Tennyson is a fine fellow in his physique, almost as powerful and rough as Whewell. Lushington is a young barrister, and like Spedding, a friend of Alfred Tennyson, refined in his manners. All three talk with consciousness: *Nur die Lumpen sind bescheiden*. . . . Rogers in good spirits. No inquiries about the Wordsworths—a want of memory, I dare say. I did not venture to read *Young England*; it does not take here, I find. . . .

JAN. 27th. . . . I took tea with Miss Sturch. No one with her, but Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Bayne and Kenyon and Fellows. It was a very agreeable evening. Mrs. Jameson and I agreed unusually well. She talked her best. She has lately risen much in the estimation of society, and is now received in the highest literary circles, and this has not made her offensively confident. She spoke of Sydney Smith as incurably ill. He will not survive long, it is thought; but he will retain, it is expected, his humour to the last. A few days ago he declared that he had dreamed he was in a madhouse, and that there was shut up with him Harriet Martineau and the Bishop of Exeter. . . .

FEB. 6th. . . . I called at Bailey's and bought an urn kettle for Wordsworth. . . .

FEB. 24th. . . . To-day's papers announce the death of one of our very ablest writers, Sydney Smith. . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . Rogers spoke highly of Mrs. Barbauld, and related that Madame D'Arblay said she repeated every night Mrs. Barbauld's famous stanza on Life. . . .

MARCH 14th. . . . Morning of calls: first on Kenyon, as friendly and agreeable as ever. He lent me a ~~magazine~~ containing Patmore's *Recollections of Hazlitt*, an article in the main true,

though written in a tone of exaggeration and inflation. It has brought much to my mind that I recollect with mingled feelings. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . Read this evening in bed the conclusion of an article on Hazlitt by Patmore in Douglas Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine*—exaggerated and inflated in style, but in the main just. The magazine has feeling; it is on the humane side, taking the view of the poor contained in Dickens's works. But it is a painful view and I fear leads to no useful practical result.

MARCH 21st. . . . I read in *The Vestiges*,¹ etc., all the forenoon. . . .

MARCH 22nd. . . . I came home between ten and eleven, and then I took up Shelley's *Poems*, and set about *The Cenci*, of which I read two acts in bed.

MARCH 23rd. I continued the tragedy in bed, and have now finished it. I have read it with great delight. I find but one fault in it. There is no motive suggested for the unparalleled atrocity of Cenci, the father. Shakespeare has never given a villain without enabling us to see why he is a villain; or, if not, he lets us see that he is not a mere monster. All his worst characters have something human about them and some redeeming quality. Now, Cenci has none. It is absolutely against nature that a father should so hate his children. It is more hate than lust that leads him to violate Beatrice. But then, on the other hand, how exquisite is that Beatrice; she is as perfect as he is monstrous. All is well-conceived and the tragedy is a perfect whole, and leaves the just feeling of repose after the conflict of guilt. In Beatrice's submission to death is the tragic purification. At first I objected to her wilful denial of the truth, but her motive is the allowable infirmity of noble minds. To save the family honour she lied to the last. I was led for the sake of comparison to read Coleridge's *Remorse*, which I thought beautiful, and with some very fine passages, but in significance far beneath *The Cenci*. It has a romantic interest and might attract an ordinary playgoer. . . .

MARCH 24th. I continued reading *The Vestiges* this morning. I quite agree with the opinion expressed by Greenough—or rather, I should say I believe he has ingeniously stated the real character of the book: 'An edifice very skilfully constructed so that it will stand, though the materials are mere rubbish. . . .

APRIL 24th. . . . I found Mrs. Quillinan less of an invalid than I feared to find her. They breakfasted with me, and I then

¹ *Thoughts on Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, by Robert Chambers, appeared anonymously in 1844.

walked out with Quillinan and I called at Moxon's, where I found Wordsworth looking very well and about to make arrangements for going to the Queen's ball this day (Friday). He is to stay at Moxon's for a few days and then go to Mrs. Hoare's. . . .

MAY 3rd. . . . I dined with Mrs. Hoare—rather a flat dinner, chiefly owing to Wordsworth being very silent. He seemed unwell, and is suffering in his eyes. Perhaps, too, he is suffering more than all from the journey of his daughter to Portugal, which it is intended shall take place in a few days. Mrs. Quillinan's health is so bad as to justify any apprehension on his part, but she was looking better to-day. . . .

MAY 7th. . . . To Moxon's, where I found Wordsworth: he was cheerful. I found Mrs. Quillinan had left London on Tuesday. . . . Rogers came in. Wordsworth gave an account of his being at the levee—an idle act his going, for he exchanged not a word with the Queen. *Sir Charles Fellows* had not much more to relate, though he was knighted at this day's levee. . . .

MAY 16th. . . . And then I went to the Athenaeum, where I was seduced by the opportunity to begin Disraeli's *Sybil*, a new volume that will be the object of general curiosity for six weeks. I have not finished the first volume; will therefore only say that its palpable object is to exhibit in coarse contrast the two nations—rich and poor. . . .

MAY 17th. . . . And then went to the Athenaeum, where I stayed the rest of the day, having obtained the second volume of *Sybil*. An unsatisfactory and not very stimulating book. . . .

MAY 18th. . . . It is a very disagreeable [book], and will not have the popularity of *Coningsby*. . . .

JUNE 3rd. . . . A call from Cookson with an invitation, and a long chat about (Wordsworth which I heard with sorrow. I am afraid I must acknowledge privately what I cannot publicly. . . .) I went to see Mary Lamb and I played a few games of piquet with her. A clearer proof of the decline of her faculties cannot well be than that she was unable to play. She could distinguish the cards, but was unable to play with even the ordinary skill. She is in her eighty-third¹ year. . . .

JUNE 19th. . . . On our arrival we found waiting for us the American poet, Bryant. . . . I had been reading in the morning some half-dozen of Bryant's poems. They are agreeable enough, and he may be the greatest American poet, but still I met with nothing that will tax my memory to [retain].² There are no striking thoughts or even expressions which will give life to the poems.

¹ A mistake. She was born in Dec. 1764.

² MS. 'remain.'

They are chiefly descriptive and sentimental, all quite moral and pure and very little nationality. We kept it up till late. Lively chat.

JUNE 20th. . . . Bryant is rather reserved than modest, but I liked him sufficiently to give him my card and desire him to call on Wordsworth. . . .

JUNE 23rd. . . . A letter from Mrs. Wordsworth, which crossed one from me written on Saturday. Wordsworth writes passionately about the Maynooth question. . . .

JUNE 29th. . . . First a breakfast with Rogers. Mrs. She who was better than clever—quiet and agreeable. Yet she talked. . . .

AUG. 10th. . . . I was reading at night, and in the morning the new number of the *Prospective Review*. A warm eulogy of Miss Barrett's poems. I must read them, I fear, though I dread new poems. . . .

AUG. 14th. . . . I read H. Martineau's *For Each and for All*—a pretty picture rather than a tale. . . .

AUG. 15th. . . . Read the 9th of H. Martineau's *Tales* and the least agreeable . . . entitled *French Wine and Politics*.

AUG. 19th. . . . Early and late I was reading Emerson. I finished the volume this morning and shall now make extracts. This is remarkable: his essays decrease in value as the volume advances, and I read backwards, so I leave off with a very favourable impression. The essay on *The Poet* has really something valuable in it. . . .

SEPT. 16th. Read in bed this morning Shelley's *Epipsychedion and other Poems*, being very mystical and unintelligible, but still with a great deal that is beautiful. . . .

[*Travel journal: Yorkshire. Oct. 4th-20th.*] Oct. 11th. . . . The gentleman . . . I find to be a Mr. Morehead. He was Landor's fag at Rugby, and says Landor was very kind to him. . . .

NOV. 21st. . . . At two I was at the Brighton terminus, and at four I reached Brighton. I had with me Harrison Ainsworth, the romance writer, but he said but little. . . .

DEC. 9th. . . . I went on to Moxon's, from whom I procured the new edition of Wordsworth's poems, which I have barely looked at. . . .

DEC. 10th. Read in bed this morning the first of Miss Martineau's new tales of the *Game and Poor Law*.¹ No decline of talent. A well-conceived picture of England under the Danish oppression. . . . Called on Mary Lamb—a painful call—her articulation is become so bad as to be unintelligible. I had a

¹ *Forest and Game Law Tales*, 1845.

great difficulty in understanding her. Glad to find she had a good-natured boy who came to play cards with her. (Gave him half a crown.) . . .

DEC. 12th. . . . Lady Rolfe was as pleased as a child with a splendid copy of the new edition of Wordsworth's poems presented to her by her 'affectionate friend.' She really enjoyed it highly. . . .

DEC. 17th. . . . I went on my annual visit to Wordsworth, of which I have written notes in a volume apart. I left him on Saturday, the 10th of January. . . .

DEC. 19th. [Rydal.] . . . Mr. Wordsworth was at the lane with James, and I had from him and Mrs. Wordsworth the cordial reception I have always had. They only in the house, which I never saw before so empty. Poor Miss Wordsworth no better than she used to be and no society. We had a great deal of talk, both of persons and things. The only interesting circumstance is this: on my reminding him he had not executed his purpose of introducing in the new edition a note expressing his regret that he had ever uttered a word favourable to Puseyism, he said his only reason was that he was at last quite tired—a very insufficient reason. And I fear he will never do it. Nevertheless, he expressed himself strongly against Faber. . . .

I took a walk with the Wordsworths to Ambleside. We looked into the shell of Harriet Martineau's new house, whom we met on the road. Called on Miss Fenwick in Mrs. Quillinan's old lodging. . . .

DEC. 20th. . . . Then I proceeded to Harriet Martineau, whom I found blooming in health. She is industriously working on her Forest and Game Law Tales, and, though her first volume does not appear to be popular, the modern tales will probably be more attractive. While with her, she received a cheque from Moxon for £50 on account of her *Life in the Sick Room*. Moxon had given her £75 before for her first edition . . . She is full of family affection as well as of general kindness. . . . (I was glad to find she has not a better opinion of Mrs. Jameson than I have.)

DEC. 22nd. . . . One thing [about Harriet Martineau] is delightful, nay, two things—her good health and the cordial terms on which she is with everyone here, notwithstanding so many are unbelievers [in mesmerism] and even scornful unbelievers.

DEC. 23rd. It is curious to observe how no one seems to be either very glad or very sorry at the late political changes,¹ as if

¹ Lord John Russell had just resigned and Peel been summoned to form a ministry.

every one felt that the post of Prime Minister is not an enviable one. No one knows what to expect or what to wish. . . . The indifference of Wordsworth to the results of the present political party arrangements is remarkable. He seems to expect no good from the success of any one. It is also remarkable that Harriet Martineau is also rejoicing in the return of Sir Robert Peel to power, and in the exclusion of Lord John Russell from office. . . .

DEC. 24th. . . . The family here have been grievously afflicted by news from Rome. They have lost their youngest grandchild, a wise and most interesting child of four years of age. Wordsworth has been composing verses which will be much talked of hereafter, but must be kept strictly secret for the present. Therefore, I merely record that I have had the credit of making an improvement in a line and been thanked for it. There had been written:

That from my thoughts may steal into thy mind.¹

This I strongly objected to. I proposed instead:

That hence may fitly pass into thy mind,

which has been thankfully accepted.

DEC. 26th. I breakfasted this morning with Miss Fenwick. With her was young Mr. Aubrey De Vere—a gentlemanly, interesting figure, not discrediting his almost too romantic name. He is the son of an Irish baronet, and nephew to Lord Monteagle. We talked on Goethe and I expatiated at length. He seemed to have just notions concerning the great poet, remarkable for one who is not acquainted with the German language. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . Wordsworth breakfasted with Miss Fenwick. He came home to receive Moxon, who arrived between twelve and one. His arrival very much improved our conversations in vivacity, as he brought with him a good deal of book gossip.

JAN. 1st. . . . We had a cheerful evening at Miss Fenwick's. . . . Wordsworth made himself very agreeable.

JAN. 7th. I read early in Chambers's *Encyclopaedia of Literature* —a worthless book of extracts, chronologically arranged, in Wordsworth's opinion. But the extracts are, after all, so beautiful that the book itself is delightful. I read this morning passages

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'That issuing hence may steal into thy mind.'

Lines Inscribed in a Copy of his Poems sent to the Queen, l. 22.

from Coleridge and Wordsworth of the greatest beauty. I breakfasted with Miss Fenwick, a very interesting morning of chat. She relieved me from an embarrassment by advising me not to send anything to the Wordsworths when I go back, as I have usually done, but rather to buy something in the summer for Mrs. Quillinan. She talked freely with great love and truth (of the great poet's only fault, his love of money), which we alike estimate and alike account for. Wordsworth this evening related a pretty anecdote of his cook-maid. A stranger who was shown about the grounds, asked to see his study. The servant took him to the library and said: 'This is master's library, but he studies in the fields.' . . .

JAN. 10th. I left my excellent friends at half-past two, Wordsworth accompanying me to the end of the lane. . . .

JAN. 14th. . . . I also left at Moxon's the Queen's copy of the new edition. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . I went to Baron Rolfe, who was but poorly. However, I ventured to show him my extract from Richard Wordsworth's will and I put the questions to him that Wordsworth wanted to have answered. . . .

FEB. 1st. . . . John Payne Collier . . . is too liberal and literary to know how to make money.

FEB. 4th. . . . A letter from Wordsworth in low spirits received on Tuesday. This morning I heard of Dr. Wordsworth's death. The poet will feel this, for he is a man of strong family feeling and his brother was an amiable man.

FEB. 8th. . . . I read, by the way, *The People's Journal*, a well-intended publication for the working-man, three-halfpence a week. A very respectable article on Wordsworth by Howitt. He is proved to be a radical poet! . . .

FEB. 18th. Read this morning a very interesting letter from Harriet Martineau to Miss Barrett, which she sent me. I was pleased, on the whole, with a character of Wordsworth, sharp as it was and not at all flattering. . . .

FEB. 19th. . . . I had letters from Mrs. Clarkson, of which hereafter, and from Wordsworth. Poor Miss Fenwick has been taken ill, so that she cannot come to town as she intended. William Wordsworth's [junior] journey is, therefore, postponed, which I am sorry for. Perhaps he will not come for some months. Wordsworth writes about George Burder's apostacy¹ with regret, not heightened by much respect for him. . . .

¹ A cousin by marriage of Mrs. Clarkson, and son of Henry F. Burder, D.D. He had recently become a Roman Catholic.

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1846

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FEB. 20th. . . . I stepped in at Kenyon's and found Browning and Procter there, and had an agreeable gossip also.

FEB. 21st. . . . Called on poor Mary Lamb—a melancholy spectacle—she is unintelligible in her speech. I will never call again but to make her some little present. . . .

MARCH 9th. . . . Kenyon had but a small party, and I promised to go after dinner. Browning and others with him. Browning, whom I could not for a long time sympathise with, has at last made himself quite agreeable. Home late. Read at night Hood's serious poems. I had no notion of the earnest strength of his serious verses. I was aware only of his comic merit and chiefly as a punster.

MARCH 18th. . . . A call at Moxon's, having bought for Mr. Wordsworth the third volume of *The Glossary of Architecture*. . . .

MARCH 22nd. . . . By the bye, Thom wrote me word that Blanco White wrote the essay on Sonnets in the *Christian Teacher* which did not name Wordsworth. He did not think well of Wordsworth's sonnets—a very remarkable fact. . . . I read till late *The Falcon Family*.¹ This tale or novel I have just finished; it is a clever satirical tale.

MARCH 26th. I accompanied Professor Gervinus to Rogers's. There were W. Maltby, Dr. Henderson, and Dyce. It was a lively forenoon. Rogers attacked the sonnet, and by implication German ideas, especially Goethe on the score of immorality. Gervinus did not say much, but he pleased by his quiet, gentlemanly tone. . . .

MARCH 27th. . . . We then went to Weekes's studio and saw his bust of Southey for Westminster Abbey—a spirited likeness, but it approaches caricature, as Southey's own countenance does. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . I was pleased to find so much good sense in a paper [*Illustrated News*] which obtains circulation by its engravings chiefly. This shows a wide extension of knowledge. . . .

APRIL 22nd. . . . Wright's *Essays on the Literature of the Middle Ages* very much amused me.

MAY 21st. . . . A long-looked-for letter from Wordsworth. I am sorry to remark that his hand is becoming illegible. . . .

MAY 23rd. . . . A very pleasant letter from Harriet Martineau. She writes most joyously of her house and of everybody round her. Of Wordsworth with respect, as well as of Whately, but who, it seems, and that I can well understand, do not appear to advantage together. They are not congenial spirits, certainly. She says, but that is not true, Wordsworth despises Whately.

¹ *The Falcon Family, or Young Ireland*, by Marmion Savage, 1845.

JUNE 29th. . . . An omnibus to Hampstead and dined there with the Hoares to meet the Quillinans on their way from Portugal to Rydal. Mrs. Quillinan looking very well. Quillinan himself, thin but not ill. I enjoyed the afternoon hearing their report of their journey. Mrs. Quillinan seems to have had high enjoyment, especially from the south of Spain, a country I more than ever wish to see. . . .

JULY 11th. . . . [Called] on Mary Lamb. Her speech inarticulate. No wonder she is infirm. She was born Dec. 1764. A visit to her is now painful. . . .

JULY 26th. I breakfasted with Rogers; no one but Moxon there and the morning not very agreeable. He was not in a good humour: he spoke with bitterness of being forced to subscribe for three monuments, that is three jobs, for Southey. Wordsworth, Moxon says, thinks the same. . . .

JULY 31st. . . . Then I called on Mrs. Coleridge with a volume of Landor's, etc. She is in the press with a new edition of his *Biographia Literaria*. She is perplexed by the charge of plagiarism [from] Schelling. I gratified her by the assurance of my belief that he was unconscious of it. . . .

SEPT. 1st. . . . I also finished to-day Taylor's *Fairy Ring*—Grimm's Tales—not always good, for the characters do not always act naturally, which, even in fairy tales, should be an inviolable law. A letter from Quillinan to-day. All well at Rydal. . . .

Nov. 9th. . . . I read an essay on *Wit and Humour* by Leigh Hunt—a disappointing article. . . .

Nov. 18th. . . . I called then on Miss Fenwick and had an agreeable chat with her—except that she gives an unpleasant account of Wordsworth's mental health; perhaps strength would be the better term. She and I have arranged about a wedding present for William Wordsworth. She has a great deal of plate to give him, but has not a teapot, so I shall supply that. In the course of the day I heard of Wordsworth's being put up as a candidate for the rectorship of Glasgow University against Lord John Russell. The reports of the issue vary. I am sorry that he should have been nominated. I hope it was without his consent. I believe he will not serve. I am sure he ought not, for various reasons. . . .

Nov. 24th. . . . I next carried to Miss Fenwick Dawson's *Lectures on Wordsworth*, sent me by M. Schunck. He is a popular preacher at Birmingham. There is a dash of radicalism about him which enhances the value of his just estimation of

Wordsworth. He will make converts where they are most wanted. Miss Fenwick was pleased with the *Lectures*. . . .

DEC. 1st. . . . He [William Wordsworth, junior] had given me a daguerreotype copy of Miss Gillies's miniature of Mrs. Wordsworth; a much more agreeable picture than any I have seen before; not ghastly, as those taken from the life usually are.

DEC. 16th. [Bury.] My brother and I called on Mr. Donne.¹ The poet Cowper's mother was a Donne and of *his* family. He possessed letters of Cowper, which he destroyed after showing them to Southey. He concurred with me in regretting that *The Castaway* and other morbid productions were not destroyed. . . .

DEC. 29th. . . . I lounged over Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*—both an interesting and valuable work. . . .

DEC. 31st. . . . Bought for William Wordsworth a coffee-pot and cream-jug, his intended wife's father having given him the same pattern tea-pot. *N.B.*—The price of the two I bought (£24 3s.) is just about that of the tea-pot and sugar-basin united. . . . Received at night a valuable present of his *Roxburghe Ballads* from J. P. Collier—a beautiful book to look at and a promising one also for perusal.

1847

JAN. 12th. My annual visit was unusually curtailed this year. I went late, and instead of four weeks, stayed little more than two. The only occurrence of note was that William Wordsworth brought his bride to his father's on the 30th of January. . . .

JAN. 13th. . . . Found the Wordsworths all quite well and John on a visit. . . . I saw the Quillinans also, and in the evening we played whist. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . Wordsworth was himself this evening. Till to-day he has been quite silent as if the vigour of his mind were gone; but he has been quite himself. . . .

JAN. 19th. . . . We dined with the Quillinans . . . and after dinner we all came home to tea, there being a party of fifty, with the servants. Whist as usual.

N.B.—This was the day fixed for the marriage of William Wordsworth and Miss Graham at Brighton. . . .

JAN. 20th. . . . A dinner party at Mrs. Davy's, which went off

¹ William Bodham Donne, later librarian of the London Library and Examiner of Plays. He became an intimate friend of Crabb Robinson.

well. . . . Mr. Wordsworth there. He has recovered his spirits, and has been chatty enough during the last two days. . . .

JAN. 21st. . . . Mr. Cookson . . . and I walked together up Helm Crag, the mountain-top which . . . is also the scene of the ballad¹ of Wordsworth—the madwoman who cries: 'Oh, misery! Oh, misery!' . . . I enjoyed the walk much. . . . We were in Mrs. Fletcher's grounds by two o'clock, when we were invited to dine there. We met, besides Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan, the two Mr. Arnolds and Mrs. Arnold from Miss Martineau's cottage,² and we had a very agreeable afternoon. The Wordsworths left at five, and I stayed to tea, and was brought back by the Arnolds. The evening part of the visit was the most agreeable, for it was the most unrestrained, for we were then all liberals—as liberal as I could wish and more than I can comprehend. . . .

JAN. 22nd. . . . The evening was rendered lively by the arrival of Wordsworth's three grandchildren. . . .

JAN. 29th. . . . I should mention having read a beautiful note on Carlyle in Hare's notes to his sermons, the exposure³ is perfect. . . .

JAN. 30th. . . . William Wordsworth was to bring home his wife to-day, and to lessen the embarrassment of her situation, I went early to Charles Arnold, and we together mounted Loughrigg, ascending and descending by Fox How, a delightful walk, both for the scenery and our conversation, which was most interesting. . . .

This morning I had more talk with Wordsworth than on any day since I came. He had his usual flow of conversation. We spoke of literature. He delivered an opinion very unfavourable to Hallam's judgment on all matters of taste and literature in his great *History*. . . .

FEB. 1st. [Kendal.] . . . I wrote a short note to Mrs. Wordsworth enclosing a letter I found at Ambleside yesterday from Mrs. Coleridge in which she asked me to beg permission for her to dedicate the new edition of the *Biographia Literaria* to Wordsworth. I have no doubt he will give leave. . . .

FEB. 14th. I breakfasted with Rogers this morning, and an

¹ *The Thorn.*

² Rented by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold of Rugby.

³ The 'exposure' consists of a note to Julius Hare's sermon on *The Conviction of Righteousness* (in the second volume of *The Mission of the Comforter*). Carlyle, according to Hare, idolises freedom of intellect without realising the weakness of all intellectual development, that is not guided and disciplined in moral purpose by a sense of righteousness.

agreeable morning we had. There were three Sharpes, and Empson [and] Prandi, and a new man to me, Kinglake, whose person, manners, and tone of conversation all pleased me. A good deal of public anecdote was given by Rogers, who is fond especially of relating his conversations with Wellington, whose wisdom and patriotism he warmly [praises], and he always justifies his praise. . . .

FEB. 19th. . . . I should have mentioned yesterday that I called on Mrs. Coleridge and had a most agreeable talk with her. Wordsworth consents to her dedicating her father's *Life* to him, which she asked of him through me. . . .

I had been invited by Miss Fenwick to spend a few days with the Wordsworths at her house, and I went accordingly on the 9th March.

MARCH 9th. [Bath.] . . . I was set down by an omnibus at 8 Queen Square, where Miss Fenwick now resides. Besides a niece, Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth were there. I had a most friendly reception from all, but as well the poet as our friend the hostess look poorly—not absolutely ill, but old and feeble. Mrs. Wordsworth is the best of the party. In truth, we are all growing old, and they, perhaps, say of me what I have written of them. I was the liveliest of the party. We had nevertheless grave talk, except that after tea we had a rubber. . . .

MARCH 12th. I succeeded in persuading Mr. Wordsworth to take a walk with me. We went over the new bridge direct to Witcombe, and passed by the graveyard in which my mother's body has lain for more than half a century. We had rather a fatiguing walk over the heights and I was afraid it would be too much for my companion. But he was not so fatigued as I was on our return. . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . My first call was on Walter Savage Landor. He received me very cordially and rattled away about pictures and persons most delightfully. We both abstained from all allusions to his attack on Wordsworth which occasioned our subsequent estrangement. He did not ask me where I was nor make any inquiry about myself. . . . He tells me that the new edition of his works differs much from the old.

MARCH 16th. This was a fine day and the morning was well occupied in part in a call made by me and Mr. Wordsworth on the Miss Sollys,¹ who yesterday wrote a very odd note requesting

¹ 'Two ladies of a certain age . . . whom I had seen before. They called on pretence of inquiring whether I had received their card, but evidently in the hope to see Wordsworth . . . who was gone upstairs. . . . Altogether their behaviour was strange. They are said to be flighty, one especially, but very respectable morally.' [March 12th 1847.]

Mr. Wordsworth to fix a time for their calling on him. Mrs. Wordsworth was angry at this pushing themselves, but Wordsworth was kindly disposed, and at my suggestion consented to call on them with me, which we did. And their conversation was better than from their absurd letter, accompanied by an execrable sonnet, might have been expected. The whole incident was ridiculous. . . .

MARCH 17th. I read early in *The Doctor*, volume vi, and was amused by it, though, like the humour of Theodore Hook, it seems for the greater part without an object. . . . I chatted with my excellent hostess, Miss Fenwick. I doubt whether I shall ever see her again. . . . She is evidently in a declining state, and does not expect to live. The giving her plate to William Wordsworth [junior] is an evidence of her serious determination not to keep house again. And travelling is become so fatiguing that she does not intend to go to Rydal again. . . . Of all earnestly religious persons she is the most amiable and respectable. She has not become from attachment to articles of faith either intolerant or malignant. Indeed, her attachment is to piety, not creeds.

I left Bath at half-past four. . . .

MARCH 18th. [Devizes]. . . . It was about ten when I called . . . and introduced myself to the Doctor [Brabant, on whom he had left a letter of introduction], with whom I have become acquainted in the course of four hours more intimately than I recollect with any man. He is about sixty-six years of age, is a small man with a scholar-like, gentlemanly appearance and talks well. . . . It was through Coleridge that he was induced to study German theology, Coleridge having told him that Paulus entertained the same opinions which he professed. He seems to have known Coleridge well, of whom he related this, that he has repeatedly heard him say: 'I have known many men who were religious because they were good, but never one that was good because he was religious.' He also repeated a pun of Coleridge's against poor Amos Cottle. 'He wrote a poem that bore a lie on the title page, for he called it *Alfred*, and it was never *halfread* by any human being.' He [Brabant] spoke highly of Coleridge. He has several very interesting letters from Coleridge which, at my suggestion, he will give to Mrs. Coleridge. . . .

MARCH 19th. . . . I wrote . . . a letter of introduction for the Doctor and Miss Hughes [Mrs. Brabant's sister] to Mrs. Coleridge, about the result of which I feel great interest.¹ . . .

MARCH 27th. . . . I found on Saturday Wright's *Inaugural Ode*,

¹ Ten days later he notes that the introduction 'had turned out well.'

which I sent to Wordsworth, who has been requested to compose one on the similar inauguration of Prince Albert.

APRIL 3rd. . . . I fell in with *Tancred*, and, not having read a novel for a long time, resolved to devote a long afternoon to it. I looked [over] the first volume without leaving my chair, taking early tea, and was amused by some dashing sketches of character; Bishop of London; Monckton Milnes I know, and therefore enjoyed. A capital satire on *The Vestiges*, but no story beyond this, that a young nobleman has a pious longing to go to Jerusalem in order there to get faith which he wants. In the two other volumes of *Tancred*, I am told, there is nothing but Oriental rhapsodies. I can make nothing of the first half of volume two. There are adventures and mystical declamation which I can make neither head nor tail of, and I know not whether I shall go on with. . . .

APRIL 10th. . . . To Hampstead. I found the Wordsworths there. Wordsworth looking remarkably well, but not speaking. Mrs. Wordsworth very alarmed about Mrs. Quillinan, and with reason, I fear. They certainly will not go to Mrs. Clarkson. . . .

APRIL 12th. . . . I took an omnibus to Hampstead, where I dined with the Wordsworths at Mrs. Hoare's. He is looking much better and was cheerful and chatty. Mrs. Wordsworth also cheerful. Good accounts from Mrs. Quillinan. Moxon was there, and we walked back together. . . .

APRIL 14th. . . . [Call] on Mrs. Coleridge with whom I had a chat about her father's poetry, his philosophy, etc.; a long talk. . . . I also read through the recent Oration by Green—Hunterian Oration, which has been so much admired for its eloquence, and which is a more luminous exposure of some of Coleridge's principles than has been yet given to the world. I have been writing to him to-day, congratulating him on the work and on the progress of public opinion in favour of the Master's notions. . . .

APRIL 16th. . . . I began Coleridge's *Remorse*, which I was so pleased with that I could not but finish it in the morning. Never felt more strongly the great difference between the poetical and the dramatical. How beautiful in the one, how worthless in the other, point of view.

APRIL 18th. . . . I returned to Field and dined with him; Scharf and Wyon, father and son, were there. The son wishes to have a mould of Wordsworth, and, John Wordsworth sanctioning the idea, I have written to Wordsworth requesting him to allow Wyon to take a drawing for the purpose. . . .

APRIL 26th. I went early to Wordsworth at his nephew's in

the Westminster Cloisters, and sat with him while young Wyon took a model of his head for a bas-relief medallion, and I hope also he will cast a die and have a medal of him. . . . Mrs. Wordsworth was very low about Mrs. Quillinan, and while I was there a letter came, and Wordsworth was called out of the room. I did not see him again. The account was not favourable. It is uncertain whether I shall see him again during his stay, as Mrs. Quillinan's state may make him leave immediately. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . Then with Mrs. Coleridge, to whom I carried Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, in return for the new edition of *Biographia Literaria* (she has the *History of the French Revolution*). . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . I went to Dr. Wordsworth's to inquire about the Wordsworths, and learned they went away on Monday evening. The news continued to be alarming. . . .

MAY 1st. . . . Quillinan has announced that his wife's life is drawing to a close. This will be the death of Mrs. Wordsworth, I fear. Quillinan wrote with composure. His condition will be deplorable, for he lives on his wife. . . .

MAY 12th. . . . I read at home. Began Titmarsh's *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*. I do not mean to lose much time about it. It is dully flippant, judging by the first sixty pages. . . .

MAY 17th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum, where I wrote to Mrs. Arnold about inquiring concerning the Chantrey Museum at Oxford for me (her eldest son is become private secretary to Lord Lansdowne), and I also wrote a few lines to Quillinan, whose wife still lingers. . . .

MAY 19th. . . . Mrs. Quillinan is as she was. The Wordsworths are resigned. . . . I have been engaged lately reading Mrs. Coleridge's preface to the new edition of the *Biographia Literaria* of her father. She has very ably, and not with gross partiality, apologised for his infirmities—of intellect, not moral defects.

MAY 20th. . . . I wrote letters to-day to Mrs. Quillinan, a taking of leave, having received a very kind and also a cheerful letter from Quillinan speaking of her as happy and resigned—a remarkable letter under such circumstances. . . .

MAY 23rd. Anxious to run over a book I ought never to have undertaken to read—Thackeray's alias Titmarsh's *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*—I occupied myself this morning with the book. Occasionally amused, but, on the whole, it is a book I could not relish—the levity of the tone is offensive. The only description which I could attempt to realise is that of Cairo, aided merely or chiefly by the panorama I saw on Saturday. . . .

MAY 24th. . . . I was gratified by a short note from Quillinan.

A letter I wrote to Mrs. Quillinan on her death-bed, as we all suppose, has been received, as I hoped, by all the family, and even gratefully acknowledged. In Quillinan's letter he mentioned the death of Mary Lamb, of which I had not heard. . . .

MAY 28th. . . . I attended dear Mary Lamb's funeral. A coach fetched me, in which were Talfourd and Forster. We were driven to St. John's Wood, where we found Moxon, Ryle, and Martin Burney, and after taking some refreshment drove to the Edmonton churchyard. . . . [Later] we went to Lamb's old house, where a cold luncheon was provided for us. We chatted about our dear old friends. Martin Burney shed tears and uttered extravagancies. He is a man of great sensibility but no wisdom, and one of those unfortunate persons whom it is hard to serve. He is a barrister who has no business and cannot as a reporter for *The Times* get more than two guineas a week, when commonplace people get five. His presence added to our melancholy—indeed, he living, is a more melancholy object than Mary Lamb dead. Talfourd, it is understood, will now relate the whole history of the death of her mother. The second edition of the *Letters* will be a very valuable book. . . . I dined at Serjeant Byles's. . . . The only notoriety was [Samuel] Warren—he sufficiently amusing, but he was subdued, more quiet than I ever saw him. . . .

JUNE 2nd. . . . A very pleasing little note this morning from Mrs. Arnold describing the calm composure of Wordsworth at the approaching death of his daughter. . . .

JUNE 6th. . . . I had reserved the evening to myself that I might hear a lecture from Cooper, the Chartist, who was imprisoned for sedition, has been eulogised by Talfourd, who wrote a bepraised poem, *The Purgatory of Suicides*, and from whom I expected to hear coarse and passionate eloquence. I have seldom been more disappointed. The subject, 'The Life and Genius of Byron.' I sat out an hour of desultory rambling which had not one redeeming virtue. His manner rather finical and precise, like that of the Fordhams, no energy or power, and the substance commonplace appeals to vulgar feelings such as might be supposed would please the second- and third-rate audience of the National Hall. But he has not much attraction for them, it seems. There were not above two hundred or two hundred and fifty people there, the hall not half-full. The topics were abuse of lords, praise of the working-man, not much about Byron—of course, the greatest poet after Shakespeare. Speaking of his domestic quarrels, he said that it had been said that poets were

not suited to domestic life. 'I heard Mr. Wordsworth express himself strongly on this. "It is a libel on all poets, on me, too, for," the old man said, "I am a poet as well as Lord Byron."¹ When he began to read an extract from *Childe Harold*, after foolish praise, I flitted, for he read very ill and inaudibly. . . .

JUNE 11th. . . . At the Princess's Theatre I saw Lord Byron's uncomfortable *Werner*; but Macready produced effect, though a painful one. The play has two faults. All dignity is lost when the hero becomes a thief. There is a hiatus between the third and fourth acts, and a new interest excited after the former was gone, and there is also an uncertainty at the close. May not the murdering son be at last successful? But Macready's acting in the fifth act is very fine.

JUNE 16th. . . . I was reading great part of to-day the new edition of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which has convinced me more strongly than before that I have no philosophical, i.e. metaphysical, talent whatever. This book renews my impression of the great talent and even philosophical genius of Coleridge.

JUNE 18th. . . . To recur to Coleridge again. His criticisms on Wordsworth contain more blame than I had recollected; but as to much they carry conviction—certainly the praise, which is hearty, and generally the blame, too. . . .

JUNE 19th. . . . Mrs. Twining² gave a sad account of the Wordsworths. 'The poet is said to be quite disconsolate. He said to Mrs. Arnold: 'My daughter is dying, Mrs. Wordsworth will quickly follow, and then I shall go.' . . .

JULY 6th. . . . Read in the *Quarterly Review* a flattering review of Mrs. Quillinan's *Portugal Journey*.³ It comes too late to give pleasure.

JULY 10th. This morning I received a short note from Quillinan, dated yesterday: 'At 1 a.m. my precious Dora, your true friend, breathed her last.' Hardly a word more. . . .

. . . I read a very favourable review of Mrs. Quillinan's book in the *Edinburgh Review*. Such is the effect of a name! 'The *Edinburgh* makes up for injustice to the father by over-praise of the daughter.

AUG. 14th. . . . I had an unexpected letter from Miss Fenwick, which gratified me though it contains little. It is an evidence of the affectionate regard of the Wordsworths. She speaks of

¹ See, for an account of Wordsworth's interview with Cooper, *The Later Wordsworth*, E. Batho, pp. 45-8, etc.

² *Née* Mary Arnold.

³ *Journal of a Portuguese Tour*.

Wordsworth as being free from all bodily indisposition. Mrs. Wordsworth, too, she says, can take her rest as usual. . . .

SEPT. 7th. . . . I then went to Miss Fenwick. She talked very kindly of Quillinan—his disinterestedness contrasted with others. . . .

SEPT. 30th. . . . To Kew in a fly and then walked to Mortlake, where I found Miss Fenwick half-expecting me. I dined with her and Mrs. Henry Taylor and had a very interesting chat with her partly *tête-à-tête*. She spoke with great kindness of Mr. Quillinan, to whom she is going to give the notes to Wordsworth's poems which he dictated to her, for she had promised them to Mrs. Quillinan, and she wishes Wordsworth would appoint Quillinan her literary executor. (She spoke with much less kindness of William Wordsworth, junior, and said that he is a very selfish man, as bad as his brother and father, too. She has lost something of her respect for the great poet himself, at least, as concerns his moral character, on the ground of this same want of liberality). I was much gratified by the very great kindness Miss Fenwick expressed towards me, and as she remains some time here and at Lady Rolfe's I am to see her again before I go into the north, and she says I am never to go to Bath without seeing her. . . .

OCT. 5th. . . . Looked into Medwin's *Life of Shelley*, a bad book probably, but the subject most interesting.

OCT. 11th. . . . I found the second volume of Shelley's *Life* interesting, though I dislike the author, Medwin, and think many of his views altogether wrong, and his representations partial, and even unfair to actual dishonesty. Shelley is the idol to whom all others are sacrificed. I have no liking for Lord Byron, and least of all dissent from Medwin's estimate of him. He has, perhaps truly enough, exposed his selfishness. Nor would I compare Leigh Hunt with Shelley as a poet or a philosopher. Perhaps Hobhouse deserves contempt and scorn, and Moore deserves no praise for his biographies; but one does not like to see every one depreciated who came near Shelley. Medwin will bear no brother near the throne. He joins in the vulgar indiscriminate sneer at the Lakers. Coleridge, indeed, he does praise—the only exception. . . .

OCT. 13th. . . . I took a short dinner at home, and then I went to Talfourd's, with whom I chatted till past eight about Lamb's correspondence. . . .

OCT. 14th. . . . I had a most interesting call on Talfourd. He read to me some letters by Charles Lamb on the tragica

event which threw a cloud over both his sister and himself. I have given a decided opinion that these letters ought to be made public, both for his and her sakes, though they reveal the fact that even he was once in confinement. The additional volume of letters will be of great interest, beyond even the preceding. They will supply an apology for all one wishes away in his delightful works. . . .

Oct. 30th. I saw Mr. Rooper this day and talked about Charles Lamb, whom he recollects playing with as a little child, and Lamb's grandmother was housekeeper in the house of old Plumer, the member of Parliament for Hertfordshire. At my request Rooper wrote to Mr. Whately, brother of the archbishop, for information about Lamb's family. Mr. Rooper forwarded to me afterwards a letter from Miss Whately, containing, however, very little about the grandmother, and hardly anything not known before. Such as it is I shall now send it to Serjeant Talfourd. Mr. Rooper is remotely connected with the Whatelys, who were great friends of the old Plumer, member of Parliament for Hertfordshire. . . .

Nov. 4th. . . . To the Nonconformists at the 'Crown and Anchor.' A tolerably agreeable dinner, but a slight jar produced by Richard Taylor's contemptuous tone towards Coleridge, and a recent article on the great poet in *The Times* in which he is called one of the greatest of men intellectually, and morally one of the least of men. This seems to him unworthy praise. Mrs. Coleridge will be as much offended by the dispraise. . . .

Nov. 8th. . . . Read in bed *Prospective* review of *Festus*.

Nov. 9th. Early read *Festus*. It is remarkable for the religious tone, which will surprise many. *Festus* is a sort of *Faust*. The author, Bailey, an Antinomian. The review objects both to *Festus* and *Faust* that the idea of retribution is left out, and the object of punishment is said to be to punish sin in imitation of God—a perilous if not a false doctrine. Review also repudiates necessity on moral grounds and tends towards infinite punishment. Great praise to the poem, which the extracts do not seem to justify.

Nov. 15th. . . . I called at Long's on my return to show them Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, and also the engravings after Fuseli, and I had a short chat with them. I read some of Blake's poems, but Long could not, I expect, enjoy them; he is altogether without imagination. . . .

Nov. 22nd. . . . I went to the Princess's Theatre to see Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*. I took a stall and was quite at my ease. The piece went off well, but it is too refined for an

ordinary London audience, and I do not think will have a run. It had not a hiss, but the fifth act went off very flatly. There was a sufficient quantity of applause, but I fear from friendly hands. The play is greatly altered. The character of Adriana is made an ordinary *amante* represented by a very pretty girl, a Miss Montague. Nothing in her left either poetical or startling, and, if my imperfect recollection be right, there is much of both in the author's character. Ample justice has been done to the getting-up by the scene-painter and the dressmakers. Macready was efficient in the principal scenes; in the others a great deal of mouthing. . . .

Nov. 23rd. . . . All the papers speak of the *Philip van Artevelde* as a play not suited to the drama, and blame the adaptation to the stage, except the puffing *Post*. The changes are said to be many.

DEC. 7th. . . . I called early on Kenyon, Aspland having written, asking leave to put 'by the author of *A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*' to *Experimentum Crucis*,¹ and praying me to beg a copy for him. I knew both requests would gratify Kenyon, and he gave me a copy, which I shall send. . . .

DEC. 17th. On the next day I went to Rydal Mount, of which I have written a short account in another book, and I remained at Wordsworth's till the 8th of January with very little pleasure on account of the deep sorrow of Wordsworth and Mrs. Wordsworth which disqualified him especially to have any [pleasure] in society, and all the pleasure I had was with the Arnolds, Fletchers, etc. . . .

[*Travel journal: Rydal.*] DEC. 18th. I set out on a visit to this place under circumstances unusually melancholy. I was to visit my friends after they had sustained the heaviest affliction in the death of their only daughter, Mrs. Quillinan, and the ordinary enjoyment of this Christmas visit I could not expect. Mrs. Wordsworth wrote early to say I was still to come, and probably the hope is that I may serve to amuse the poet, and that my animal spirits may provoke some cheerfulness. I shall rejoice if it prove well-founded. . . .

It was near ten when we [Crabb Robinson, Jane Wordsworth, and her cousin] reached Rydal Mount. Of course, a kind reception, but still a mournful one in both my friends.

DEC. 19th. I felt very heavy [the result of a fall at Birthwaite

¹ *Experimentum Crucis* is printed in the *Christian Reformer*, January 1848, as 'by the author of *A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*', and over the signature 'J. K.', so the request was granted.

station]. Mrs. Wordsworth proposed my sitting still all day, and I therefore did not pull off my slippers. Mr. Wordsworth, too, stayed at home, but I sat alone in the dining-room, while he was alone in the further sitting-room. Mr. Quillinan called and dined with us. . . . We had several calls . . . and I was not at all out of sorts. . . . I read with great interest the notes added by Cuthbert Southey to the third edition of Southey's *Life of John Wesley*—chiefly consisting of the marginalia of Coleridge in his own copy. They exhibit the vast superiority of Coleridge to Southey in intellect, though I concur in Southey's strong antipathy to Calvinism rather than in Coleridge's mystical half acquiescence. . . .

DEC. 20th. . . . The evening was very dull. We dined at five and after dinner . . . I proposed playing whist, but Mrs. Wordsworth only shook her head, and Wordsworth did not speak the whole evening and retired early. . . .

DEC. 21st. I began to-day a German novel of religious controversy, *Theodor des Zweiflers Weihe*, from which I expect amusement independent of some manuscript notes by Coleridge. . . .

DEC. 22nd. This has been but a bad day. I set about the small volume of Henry Taylor's poems, just published, which I read with great pleasure. They are full of thought, and the style is very elegant. . . . Before dinner came Hartley Coleridge, and he stayed the rest of the day. He was very chatty, and his talk was that of a thinking man, but it is an effort to follow him, and I felt it a relief at night when he went away. Yet could he abstain from liquor he might be anything in society with a little trouble.

DEC. 23rd. Another day rather duller than the preceding. . . . I wrote to Henry Taylor, praising with perfect sincerity his *Eve of the Conquest*, etc., for their thoughtful elegance. Also to Mrs. Clarkson. In both I had to speak of my friends, and I had not a very good account to give. . . .

(I am sorry to find that a very bad feeling has arisen between Wordsworth and his son-in-law. Wordsworth has never been to Quillinan's house, and this so offends Quillinan, that he says he has lost all respect for him. I have tried to soften him, but in vain. Quillinan is a proud man, prone to take offence. I am sorry to find from Carr that his daughter had been brought up in foolish pride, which makes her pert and even ridiculous. I fear poor Quillinan will break with Wordsworth and be without a friend here!)

DEC. 24th. This day has been like the preceding—somewhat more sad. At breakfast I proposed to Wordsworth that we should

call together on Mrs. Cookson. I had touched a wound. He burst into tears, and he has hardly spoken a word the whole day since. . . . I wrote to Miss Fenwick giving her an account of my friend, (and I also gave her an account of the state of feeling of Quillinan towards Wordsworth, without a word of her suspending her dispersion of the manuscript).

. . . I also read some of [Robert] Ferguson's sonnets: *The Shadow of the Pyramids*—all on Egypt. Wordsworth praises them for their pure style. I read out *The Ugly Duckling* from Andersen's tales; but it did not draw out a word from Wordsworth, beautiful as it is.

DEC. 25th. *Christmas Day*. This would have been a very mournful festival but for the attention of Mrs. Davy, who kindly invited me to dine there. . . . I reached Rydal after four, when I had a call from Mr. Greg. Wordsworth was able to chat cheerfully, though at church he sobbed all the time. I knew this would be a most painful anniversary. . . .

DEC. 26th. This has been a more cheerful day. Wordsworth was in a composed state at church in the forenoon, and has been so during the time that I have seen him, but that has not been much. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Davy took early tea with us, and we had an interesting chat on old times. But Wordsworth was very silent. . . .

DEC. 28th. . . . I walked out with Wordsworth, and called on Mr. Robinson. . . . The day was fine and the walk, I hope, was of use. . . .

DEC. 29th. . . . Returned to walk with Mr. Wordsworth, whom I was glad to have persuaded to a walk, but he was silent. . . . I after this called on Quillinan (who is as melancholy as Wordsworth).

DEC. 31st. . . . I walked out with Wordsworth. We called together on Mrs. Fletcher. . . .

JAN. 1st. . . . I read at home . . . till the early dinner, after which I took, with Wordsworth, a laborious walk to Grasmere. We called on Mrs. Cookson and the Misses Cookson.

JAN. 3rd. . . . I had three hours' reading in *Theodor* . . . a book that I go on with, having begun it, though neither itself nor Coleridge's notes are worth much. . . . I sat an hour with Carr.

. . . Wordsworth joined me there . . . and on our return we called at Miss Martineau's door, and sat a few minutes with Mrs. Fletcher. . . .

JAN. 4th. . . . I joined Wordsworth and Quillinan at the Arnolds', and there Mrs. Arnold read us some letters by the Archbishop of Dublin to a clergyman of another diocese who had dedicated a volume to him, and also had been known as a patron of a translation of George Sand's works. The Archbishop on this wrote intimating that were a curate in his diocese to take part in such a work, it would induce him to *interfere*. . . . The Archbishop's letter is a violent philippic against George Sand, not unmerited. . . .

Mrs. Wordsworth this evening put into my hands a number of letters from Charles Lamb, which I am to take with me to London and offer such to Talfourd as I may think fit to print. But perhaps he has had them already? . . .

JAN. 5th. . . . I looked over Browne's *Vulgar Errors* with Coleridge's notes. . . . It has fortunately happened that, as through Wordsworth's sorrow that admits of no consolation and dear Mrs. Wordsworth's also, this visit has allowed me little comfort within doors, so I have had an unusual degree of pleasure out of the house, especially at the Davys'.

JAN. 7th. . . . I spent the evening at home, but Wordsworth was as moody and silent as on the other evenings, so that the evening has been but a painful one. I had newspapers to read, which filled up the time.

JAN. 8th. I rose early and packed up my things, when I took a nap before James brought me the hot water. Talked with him about the excessive grief of Mr. Wordsworth. James said: 'It's very sad, sir. He was moaning about her, and said: "Oh, but she was such a bright creature," and I said, "But do you not think, sir, that she is brighter now than she ever was?"' And then Master burst into out a flood of tears.' Was a better word ever said on such an occasion? . . . I left my friends at ten. Mr. Wordsworth burst into tears as I left him. He was unable to take leave of me. . . .

. . . On the death of Mrs. Quillinan, Wordsworth was nearly heart-broken. I remarked on this to James. 'Aye; sir, and so I took the liberty to say to him, and then he said: "But, James, she was such a bright creature." And when I said: "But don't you think, sir, she is brighter now than ever?" he burst into tears.'

JAN. 20th. This day I did make a beginning in examining
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Lamb's letters lent me by Mrs. Wordsworth. I first read those to Wordsworth contained in the printed volumes, and I have already found a few well worth copying. Others, on the contrary, certainly not fit for publication. . . .

JAN. 21st. . . . Began Hare's *Life* of the younger Sterling which is prefixed to his works: he was a remarkable and interesting character. . . .

FEB. 2nd. . . . A very satisfactory letter from Quillinan. It is evident that the relation between him and Wordsworth is very much improved.

FEB. 3rd. . . . At . . . Wyon's, the academician. His son has completed a medal of Wordsworth which I enabled him to make by obtaining permission of Wordsworth for a sitting. I have ordered two silver medals for presents. . . .

FEB. 6th. . . . I then called on Talfourd and gave him all those letters of Lamb to Wordsworth which I thought might, without giving offence, be printed. I found Talfourd at work on Lamb's papers, and I believe he will complete his publication of Lamb's *Letters* with the love with which he began it. . . .

FEB. 24th. . . . Read with some pleasure the first number of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, said to be the best of his works. The picture drawn of a cunning and selfish girl, a governess, trying to catch a rich officer from India is capital and promises a great deal.

MARCH 5th. . . . I also read No. 2 of *Vanity Fair*—very spirited and truthful portrait painting by Thackeray. I shall probably read the whole. . . .

MARCH 8th. . . . A letter to Talfourd enclosing a copy of Lamb's character of Alsager for the new volume of Lamb's *Letters*. . . .

MARCH 17th. . . . At Moxon's—paid for books. He gives a better account of Wordsworth. A good sign that he is preparing an edition of his prose works. This I heartily rejoice at. . . .

MARCH 26th. . . . I breakfasted with Rogers and met there by my introduction Layard, and also Moxon and Carrick, who has been making the most striking likeness I have yet seen of Wordsworth—a miniature full length. But it is too sad a likeness: it has an expression of fixed and irremovable grief. Rogers was not in a good-tempered mood. . . .

MARCH 30th. I finished the *Life of Erskine*, to me one of the most agreeable of Campbell's *Lives*, because it brought to my recollection my early admiration of that wonderful creature who shared my love with Mrs. Siddons. . . .

APRIL 7th. . . . I dined with Tagart—an unusually agreeable dinner. The party small and quite select. There were the Dickenses. Dickens himself had the post of honour. He did not affect the *bel esprit*, but talked like a man of judgment on the news of the day. . . .

APRIL 16th. . . . I dined with Field and found there a very agreeable party: Emerson, who, however, did not talk much or say anything worth noticing; Wilkinson, a very remarkable person, a mystic, a follower of Swedenborg and a great admirer of Blake. We talked only about Blake. He will call on me to see what I have by Blake, and I expect Emerson also. . . .

APRIL 25th. I read in bed, without pleasure or profit, Borrow's *Gipsies [of] Spain*,¹ merely because it is a borrowed book; but I must hurry through it. . . . Wilkinson is a great lover and admirer of Blake, and he has joined in the editing of Swedenborg's works. . . .

APRIL 26th. I finished in bed this morning a very bad book, over which I hurried and lost all the time I spent over it—the *Gipsies [of] Spain*, by Borrow. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . I had a pleasant chat with Hare, and I gave him a copy of Blake's *Poems* which Mr. Wilkinson had sent me and I ordered other copies at Moxon's. . . . I had a chat with . . . Talfourd about Moxon, who has really sold Lamb's books to some American. Talfourd is displeased with this, and reasonably. [Moxon] tells him that these were worth nothing, and that he got only £10 by them. This cannot be true, and if true so much the worse. Moxon told me at first that he would give the books to the University College; but afterwards said they were not worth their accepting. Talfourd has made use of all the letters of Lamb to the Wordsworths which I sent him.

APRIL 28th. . . . Read . . . in Harriet Martineau's *Eastern Life*. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . Finished [Francis] Newman's excellent pamphlet, *Appeal to the Middle Classes*. . . .

MAY 2nd. . . . Last night I had seen a card left by Emerson in the day, and this suggested the idea of inviting him to dine with me at the Antiquaries' dinner, and Hunter approving of this, I did so and it answered admirably well. . . . I took Emerson with me and found he was known by name, and I introduced him to Sir Robert Inglis, afterwards to Lord Mahon. He would have been taken to the chairman's right hand, but I prevented

¹ *The Zincali; or An Account of the Gypsies of Spain*, 1841.

that lest there should be a mistake in asking for money from him; but he was noticed by a number. He was placed between Collier and me, but I gave up my place to Hunter, and the evening passed off with great cordiality. . . . Emerson retired early, after responding to his health briefly and well. . . .

MAY 9th. Read in bed Wilkinson's preface to Blake's Poems. It is very curious. . . .

MAY 10th. I read early a number of *Vanity Fair*—a book of humour I have been unluckily drawn in to read—and it is so clever that I must go on with it, though I ought not. Thackeray aspires not to the spasmodic energy of Dickens, but there is a quiet exhibition of natural qualities and humorous contrast in ordinary life that is very refreshing. Miss Sharp, the cunning and intriguing governess, is a capital piece of painting. . . .

MAY 13th. . . . I had a very agreeable breakfast this morning. My friend Edwin Field accompanied Wilkinson and Phillips (housemate with Wilkinson), and they stayed with me a considerable [time]. Wilkinson develops his Swedcnborgianism most inoffensively, and his love of Blake is delightful. . . .

MAY 17th. . . . I wrote a letter to Quillinan, but it contained nothing. Especially I said nothing about the forthcoming volume of Lamb's *Letters*. Talfourd says he has made a complete work of it, but I am apprehensive that it may not quite suit Wordsworth.

MAY 22nd. . . . I went to the Athenaeum late and stayed till near one reading a number of *Vanity Fair*. The numbers five, six, and seven are become dull. The Osbornes are too insignificant and the Crawleys too low. Rebecca, the governess, when she gets a husband becomes an ordinary creature. Miss Crawley, the rich aunt, and Mrs. Bute Crawley, the legacy-hunting kinswoman, are well described, but one cannot care for them. The characters want strength and significance.

MAY 27th. . . . I finished . . . a number of *Vanity Fair*, which I am going on with with no great pleasure. . . .

MAY 28th. . . . Read a chapter in *Vanity Fair*. The pathos of the widow of Captain Osborne is excellent . . . and the truth and keeping of the Crawleys are worthy of all praise. . . .

MAY 30th. . . . I read to-day two chapters of *Vanity Fair*. This book I like only in parts. No. 12, containing an account of the death of old Sir Pitt Crawley, is very humiliating by exposing infirmities that in a less degree will be found in many. The truthfulness of the odious Rebecca, Mrs. Crawley, almost makes her endurable. The artistic merit of the picture tends to reconcile

oneself to the original, or rather the moral disgust that it excites is qualified by the critical approbation of the copy. . . .

JUNE 1st. . . . I read to-day in *Vanity Fair*, No. 14. Deeply pathetic is the contrast between the grief of the mother giving up her child to his grandfather and the boy's heartlessness. . . .

JUNE 3rd. . . . I then went to Mortlake in an omnibus from Piccadilly at six to take a tea-dinner at Henry Taylor's. Miss Fenwick was there, looking better than I have seen her for years. She gave me but an indifferent account of the Wordsworth family. . . . Soon after I arrived at Henry Taylor's there came Baron Rolfe and his lady. . . . He and Lady Rolfe were very civil and they offered me a seat in their carriage, which I accepted, though I had taken a place in the omnibus back. I enjoyed this visit very much both as an evidence of good-will towards me by those I respect and for the conversation. Aubrey De Vere was there, with whom I had a pleasant talk. . . .

JUNE 6th. . . . I heard Emerson's first lecture on the Laws of Thought. I could not keep awake, as I never can over sermons. The lecture was full of sparkling thoughts and *naïvetés*, but I brought away with me only this one thought: that the laws of thought were the same as the laws of the natural world, there being a system of analogues, as I should say, *in rerum natura*. A good audience there and a number of acquaintance. . . .

JUNE 8th. . . . Reading early one of Toynbee's *Tracts* of the Working Men's Association. . . . I read to-day . . . part of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, a tale in hexameters. The American had *Herman and Dorothea* in view, but the first third has mere description of American rural habits. The lines run smooth. . . .

JUNE 9th. . . . A letter from Harriet Martineau. She writes most agreeably about Emerson. The day before I heard from Mrs. Wordsworth. I am glad to find that they agree so well, with so many discrepancies. And three days since I heard from Quillinan and he is well withal. . . .

JUNE 10th. . . . I went to Emerson's third lecture, which pleased me far better than the first; yet my memory is so bad that I can report nothing of what I heard. The most remarkable point he urged was the high dignity of Instinct. His manner was very impressive occasionally, but in general feeble. . . .

JUNE 13th. . . . I heard Emerson's fourth lecture, which was full of brilliant thoughts; but I was unable to connect them. He praised Owen and called Fourier a great man; yet he seemed to speak of all their efforts as hitherto unsuccessful. Wilkinson

whispered to me: 'All lies,' but my attention was at the moment flagging. . . .

JUNE 15th. . . . Heard Emerson lecture on Eloquence. Less original, but more intelligible. . . .

JUNE 16th. . . . I came home early and read in my bedroom Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

JUNE 17th. which I finished this morning. An uncomfortable work. The lovers, forced from each other on their wedding day by the tyranny of the English in Nova Scotia, meet only when Evangeline as a Sister of Mercy closes his eyes, dying of the plague. The poem opens in Acadie, the old name of Nova Scotia. They meet in New England. The conclusion is pathetic and the lines worth quoting. Emerson says that Wordsworth spoke highly of Longfellow and regretted his name. . . . Heard Emerson's last lecture, which everyone seemed [sic]. It was on Aristocracy and contained nothing to offend the highborn. He expatiated on the influence of the *individual*. Perhaps many think his lectures uninstructive, but everyone likes the man. . . .

JUNE 18th. I had a breakfast party which went off very well. Emerson, whom my friends came to see. They were Edwin Field, Wilkinson, Hunter (who did not refuse Field's hand), Ayrton, who asked me to let him meet Emerson at breakfast, otherwise he was a dissonance; Chapman, with whom Emerson stays, and Rolt, Q.C., whom I invited at Field's suggestion, he being a great admirer of Emerson. Field says that Rolt was gratified by my invitation, but I had only a verbal acceptance; however, he seemed to like the party. Emerson very pleasant in talk. I was in spirits. Between twelve and one I took Field, Wilkinson, and Emerson to Miss Denman's. . . .

JUNE 19th. . . . I took tea at Wilkinson's—a very agreeable evening there. Field, Emerson, Phillips, and a Mr. Ireland, editor of a Manchester radical paper. There were some ladies. We stayed till near eleven. The conversation would have been very agreeable if it had not broken into groups. Emerson talks very pleasantly, and I had an agreeable walk back with him and Ireland. Ireland is a Scotchman . . . and has the name of an influential man.

JUNE 26th. . . . Then went to Spence's, from whose house I went to the adjoining lecture room, where I heard a lecture from Emerson on the Superlative. It was the least excellent of any I have yet heard from him. . . .

JUNE 27th. . . . I heard a lecture from Emerson on Domestic Life. His picture of childhood was one of his most successful

sketches. I enjoyed the lecture, the most liberal ever heard in Exeter Hall, I dare say. . . .

JULY 12th. . . . I learned from Talfourd that the second publication of Lamb's *Letters* is coming out, and he gives a promising account. Among the notabilia Alaric Watts was there [at a ball given by Talfourd], who reminded me of our having met twenty-five years ago. In a wordy style, but still with feeling, he related a generous act of Talfourd's towards himself in returning fees in a hard lost case merely on the ground of his being a literary man. Talfourd replied to the compliment in good taste. . . .

JULY 15th . . . at the Athenaeum, where I was diverted from reading *Konversations Lexikon der Gegenwart*, as a help to my reminiscences, by my anxiety to finish *Vanity Fair*, which is well wound up by the marriage of the faithful Dobbin to the fond wife and the final prosperity of Rebecca, the cunning governess. . . .

JULY 24th. [Lincoln.] . . . *The Times* paper and the beginning of Talfourd's *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb* afforded me reading enough. . . . Charles Lamb's early letters to Coleridge did not afford me all the pleasure I am used to have. . . .

JULY 25th. . . . I had a letter from Quillinan in the forenoon. He gives a good account of Wordsworth and of all friends. . . .

JULY 26th. . . . Received a kind letter from Mrs. Wordsworth.

JULY 30th. . . . Found the latter part of Lamb's letters written in his best style. He had acquired his peculiar humour. The early letters are of an ordinary character, and I thought them, as I first read them, likely to disappoint the general reader, though the matter is deeply affecting.

JULY 31st. . . . There was a stranger who talked with great intelligence on German matters, and who had known Goethe, etc. I took a great fancy to him. I found him to be Guest, the author of a work on *Rhythms*. Evidently an able man; he has the outward marks of a superior person. . . .

AUG. 2nd. I strolled about . . . reading Talfourd's delightful volumes of *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*. . . .

AUG. 3rd. . . . Emerson . . . left England, I find, quite satisfied with his reception here and with reason . . .

AUG. 5th. I then went westward. Called on Moxon. Chatted about the *Final Memorials*. He agrees with me that the account of Wainewright is a blotch and stain on the book. By the bye, there is in the *Athenaeum* a severe article as respects Talfourd's style, but everywhere justice is done to Lamb. The *Inquirer*

gives as specimens his two letters to me. The article is poor; I hope it will not be thought to proceed from me.

AUG. 6th. . . . Then came home and finished with great pleasure Goldsmith's *Life* by Forster—a book that gave me great pleasure and revived my wish to make me return to Goldsmith's prose writings. . . .

SEPT. 18th. . . . Borrowed of Quayle *The Election*,¹ a tale of Irish life. Very clever in the picture of a Miss Dickenson, a foolish old woman, and in general in the picture of Irish manners; but disagreeable from its polemical object to exaggerate the crimes of the priesthood and augment the hatred of the Protestants towards the Catholics. . . .

OCT. 3rd. . . . I dined at the Athenaeum and then took tea with Mrs. Reid. Julia Smith² was with her. A lively chatty evening. She gave an account of her visit to Harriet Martineau and has been pleased with Mrs. Wordsworth. I hope they have been pleased with her. But no mention is made of her in a letter received to-day from Quillinan in answer to mine to Mrs. Wordsworth about preserving letters. She said she could not write anything worth *my* reading. This would be sarcasm if it were not disease, and she is incapable of sarcasm. . . .

OCT. 4th. I awoke before five and I rose immediately to finish a curious letter from Wordsworth to Mrs. Clarkson about a criticism made on *The Excursion* (by Patty Smith), which Mrs. Clarkson communicated to Wordsworth and at which he was very indignant. There are admirable things in the letter, which I copied, and then I sent the original back to Mrs. Clarkson this morning, which I accompanied by a letter. . . .

OCT. 14th. . . . I sat up reading *Dombey and Son*, which I began to-day.

OCT. 15th. . . . I enjoyed the evening, and I sat up again reading *Dombey and Son*.

OCT. 18th. . . . Then I had a call to make which interested me, on Mrs. Coleridge but I did not discharge the commissions I had in making the call. We spoke about Scott and more about her father. She is justly incensed against Cottle for his second publication, which I have never seen, and is sorely put to it when she

¹ By the author of *Hyacinth O'Gara*, i.e. Rev. Geo. Brittaine of Ardagh, Dublin, 1841. (Also ascribed to Geo. Delany.)

² Patty (*infra*) and Julia Smith were the eldest and youngest daughters of William Smith, M.P. for Norwich (died 1835), an abolitionist and friend of Clarkson. Crabh Robinson became acquainted with them and their mother about 1838. W. Smith had in all five daughters and five sons, and among his grandchildren were Florence Nightingale, Mrs. A. H. Clough, and Mme Bodichon.

has to meet the reproaches cast on his [her father's] memory. But she is even more impartial than one could have expected. She incidentally betrayed a degree of soreness at the freedom and depreciatory tone with which (Wordsworth) is accustomed to speak of others, she said; but I dare say she meant her father. We agreed in our disgust at Cottle's printing a very offensive letter by Southey against Coleridge. But she contended that Cottle ought not to have printed Coleridge's letter about his taking opium, but left that to his children—from which I altogether dissent. . . .

OCT. 21ST. I read in bed last night and also this morning in *Dombey and Son*, which begins to interest me much. I had tears in my eyes when I left off this morning, No. 6, at the leave-taking of Walter by Florence. Her character is well conceived—thus far at least. . . .

OCT. 25TH. . . . I read in *Dombey* late. . . .

OCT. 31ST. [Brighton.] I wrote letters to-day . . . to Mrs. Coleridge, who wants information about Coleridge's Lectures in 1808. . . . I dined with old Curteis, with whom was Kenyon, and there was with us Thackeray. . . . I should have said that I . . . called again on the Rogers and this time had a friendly chat with Miss Rogers, to whom all attentions are very acceptable.

NOV. 3RD. I finished *Dombey and Son*. . . . I found Mrs. William Wordsworth looking better than I expected. She is a sweet woman. She gave but a poor account of her father- and mother-in-law, but says Mrs. Wordsworth seems now to be in health the worst. He is very uncertain, and can occasionally abstract himself from his daughter. But he cannot go to Quillinan's house, which Quillinan is convinced is out of his power. . . .

NOV. 6TH. I discharged one business on my mind by a call on Mrs. Coleridge, to whom I told all I could recollect of her father in 1808 and his lectures then and lent her several letters, mine to Mrs. Clarkson.¹ . . .

NOV. 18TH. . . . A not unpleasant call from William Wordsworth. He gave a good account of his father; but he says his father is become very irritable when the Church is mentioned. . . .

DEC. 15TH. . . . Went in omnibus with Le Breton to Field's. A dinner-party to see Mr. Clough, with whom I was much pleased in spite of his youth. He has a most prepossessing countenance and manner. I was gratified by his courteous address towards me, saying we had several common friends, and he spoke very highly of the Arnolds. It was an agreeable afternoon. . . .

¹ See *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, etc.*, pp. 102-12.

Clough will breakfast with me on Thursday. I stayed at Field's till past ten. . . .

DEC. 19th . . . Then I dressed for a grand party at Serjeant Talfourd's. He is offended at Wordsworth's having taken no notice of the Dedication to him of the *Final Memorials of Lamb*, and I think with reason. . . .

DEC. 21st. I had a breakfast party to meet Clough. Agreeable enough, without advancing our object.¹ Clough pleases, but does not show much [*sic*]. . . . Had a meeting of the University Hall Council. A committee was appointed to confer with Clough and ascertain his religious views, for Mrs. Arnold will not guarantee them. . . .

On the 26th I made my annual visit to Rydal Mount. . . . As it was the shortest, so it was the most uneventful of any of my late journeys. It was distinguished by one single incident, the death of Hartley Coleridge, which took place on Saturday the 6th of January. The interment took place on Thursday the 11th. During the performance of the ceremony I sat with Mrs. Wordsworth. . . . I dined out but three times, with Mrs. Fletcher, Quillinan, and Benson Harrison; taking tea with Mrs. Arnold, Harriet Martineau, and Carr. But the time at home was greatly improved by the far better state of Wordsworth's spirits, who was calm and collected. . . .

[*Travel journal: Rydal.*] DEC. 26th. I had postponed my usual Christmas visit to Rydal Mount because I wished to avoid being present on a day which could not be of festivity, as the loss of Mrs. Quillinan is still too deeply lamented and too easily brought to recollection. I therefore . . . this morning . . . set out on my journey by leaving London in the express train at 9 a.m. . . . *The Times* . . . and the *Life of Collins* the painter occupied me all day. The book, an ordinary work, which to one unacquainted with the art could give no pleasure. I saw a little of Collins in Italy when travelling with Mr. Wordsworth in 1837, when I liked him well enough. He was civil to me on account of my companion. But I declined his further acquaintance in London, Mr. Daniell having told me that Collins had said to him: 'I would not shake hands with a Unitarian knowingly.' I would not defraud him of so small a gift as a token of good will surreptitiously. I valued him as an artist only for his fresh and *healthy* landscapes. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . I was set down at the bottom of the hill at Rydal a quarter before ten, and that good creature James was in

¹ The appointment of Clough as first Principal of University Hall, then in course of foundation.

waiting for me. I found my friends vastly improved in appearance, and I have had this single day more talk with him than during my whole last year's visit. The two grandchildren were there, which enlivens the house. But it was somewhat saddened by the severe illness of Hartley Coleridge, whose death is expected almost daily. After a cordial breakfast and the customary inquiries were gone through, Mr. Wordsworth and I walked out to call on the Cooksons and inquire about Hartley Coleridge at his cottage. . . .

DEC. 28th. . . . Soon after breakfast the news was brought that a great change had taken place in Hartley Coleridge, so that it was thought he would recover. The diarrhoea had been stopped. His lungs were better, and he had an appetite. And at this time came his brother, Derwent Coleridge, whom I had never seen. He is, compared with Hartley, a handsome man, and with his father compared, a stout healthy man. He is a laborious scholar, at the head of a normal school at Chelsea, a churchman who professes orthodox, and he has a character to lose. Probably inferior far even to his brother, he will probably go through the world with credit. He has been backward and forward all day, and he talks with ease and no prudery. He has been a resource. . . . Wordsworth . . . has been very cheerful all day. I began a tragedy on Elizabeth of Hungary¹ by Kingsley, a strange, awkwardly written play, but a production of originality and power. . . .

DEC. 29th. . . . After dinner, some literary talk with Derwent Coleridge. Without any pretence to his father's genius, he has his tone occasionally and he can make use of what he has, which is what the great man could not do. . . . I accompanied him to tea at Mrs. Arnold's. Harriet Martineau there. I had no talk with her alone. [Alexander John?] Scott was spoken of. She knows him, but has not found why he is so great a favourite of the ladies. . . .

DEC. 31st. This has been, as usual, a very dull day, being Sunday. For decorum I went to the chapel. . . . Miss Martineau stepped in, with whom I walked back after she had chatted a short time with the Wordsworths. She is now full of a prospect of forming here building-societies for the benefit of the poor in imitation of the Birmingham societies. She, in the meanwhile, lectures to the poor people on sanitary measures, and even the Wordsworths and Carr acknowledge that she is doing some good by them. . . . Harriet Martineau has actually taken to the management of land, and has a man-servant. She sells butter and milk, keeping a cow, and is elated with the prospect of setting a salutary example to the young women. . . .

¹ *The Saint's Tragedy.*

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JAN. 1st. . . . I also called on Mrs. Arnold . . . I learned from Matthew Arnold that Clough writes him word that he is in disgrace with the Unitarians because he declines reading prayers at the University Hall. But, he says, quitting Oxford because he will not conform, it would be absurd to become a Unitarian conformist. . . . I dined with Mrs. Fletcher. . . . Derwent Coleridge was to have been with me, but he found it necessary to sit up with his brother Hartley, who is again worse, and his recovery is again despaired of. . . .

JAN. 2nd. . . . I first called at Mrs. Arnold's with Wordsworth. She was not visible, but I had a pleasant chat with the sons, etc. . . . It was a dull evening; cards not being yet introduced, and Wordsworth being silent and somewhat moody, we were dull. . . . But I spent my night well by writing a long letter after I was left alone to Henry. It was my first letter to him, and I have given it an extraneous value by making Wordsworth put his autograph upon it. . . .

JAN. 3rd. . . . I sat up till one reading *Jane Eyre* . . . having borrowed it from Mrs. Fletcher. This novel, of which I will say nothing yet, has given me very great pleasure indeed. It is an extraordinary work, and in the first volume, at all events, I have found nothing to justify the character of a wicked book which Lady Richardson gives to it.

JAN. 4th. . . . I made a call . . . with Mrs. Wordsworth on Harriet Martineau. Whatever she be as an authoress, there can be no doubt that she is an excellent house-manager. . . . She keeps a cow, poultry, and pigs, and is planting a large kitchen-garden. She is becoming a farmer, and while she does this, she writes every month a number of Knight's *Pictorial History*, for which she receives £40. Her activity and indefatigable industry deserve all praise. I made no other call to-day, my whole time being spent, as well evening as morning, in the perusal of a very excellent novel, *Jane Eyre*, of which I read to-day, volume two.

JAN. 5th. . . . In the evening I read to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth my reminiscences of my Holstein journey. I thought it read poorly as to style. Mrs. Wordsworth said it was very interesting. Wordsworth said little, but he was attentive, and Mrs. Wordsworth [said] he was more attentive than to anything that had been read to him for a year.

I finished to-day *Jane Eyre*, from which I had received very great pleasure. Of which, I may say something hereafter.

JAN. 6th. . . . I finished Clough's poem in hexameters,¹ a playful composition narrating the adventures of a set of Oxford students in the Highlands. . . . It is full of university and college jokes—some unintelligible even to the Arnolds. There is a very friendly review in *Fraser's Magazine* by Kingsley, author of *The Saint's Tragedy*. There is gaiety in this *jeu d'esprit* and the opposite of Puritanism. . . . It was after finishing this that I heard . . . that Hartley Coleridge was just dead. This was between two and three o'clock. He was in his fifty-second year. He was pitied and beloved by everybody in the valley, and many a man will echo the words: 'I could have better spared a better man.'

JAN. 7th. This day was devoted to *Mary Barton*. . . . It is a book I would rather recommend others to read than read myself. It is a very good and edifying book and honourable to Mrs. Gaskell who wrote it. It is called a picture of Manchester life, and the first volume consists of painful pictures of poverty—the poverty of the worthy—but with no relief by any touch of imagination. . . . The moral tendency is far better than the artistic merit. A great deal of salutary but commonplace declamation on the great question of the Master and Servant or Capital and Labour. . . . One only character relieves from the monotony—an entomological workman. This is true to history. There has been a race of naturalists among the workmen who are dying out. . . .

JAN. 8th. . . . Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge having to fix a site in the burying-ground for poor Hartley's body, I walked with them to Grasmere . . . and walked home with Wordsworth. He was chatty to-day, and talked on critical subjects—a proof of the recovery of a more healthy state of mind, otherwise the mournful visit to the graveyard where Mrs. Quillinan's body lies would have overpowered him. Coleridge dined with us and was also quite cheerful. He purposes printing unpublished poems of Hartley, which, with the old volume, would make two of verse, and there may be one of prose. He [has] seemingly an excessive admiration of his brother. This is a family weakness—the family over-estimation. . . .

JAN. 9th. I read early in bed a sensible essay on *Poetic Life* from Henry Taylor's *Notes on Life*. . . .

Mrs. Wordsworth has given me up all my letters, which I have been indexing and putting in order. They are numerous; a few only worth preserving.

JAN. 10th. . . . With Quillinan I talked (freely about Doctor Davy). There is no difference of opinion. I had a long chat

¹ *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.*

with the poet after breakfast. He talked cheerfully on literature. Indeed, his spirits have been unexpectedly well during the preparation for Hartley's funeral. . . . I have now finished sorting the letters I have written to the Wordsworths, which I must take with me. I wish they had not been given me. . . .

JAN. 11th. . . . I had only to go the Nab, where [Hartley] Coleridge's body lay. . . . At twelve the body left the cottage. In one carriage the medical men were. In the other, Derwent Coleridge, Mr. Wordsworth, Quillinan, and Angus Fletcher. I sat with Mrs. Wordsworth while the funeral took place; and when at half-past three I entered the mail at the bottom of the hill, Wordsworth got out of the coach. . . .

JAN. 13th. . . . I went late to the Athenaeum, where I read *inter alia* a canting article in the *Quarterly Review* in which Jane Eyre is declared to be an unregenerate character and no Christian therefore. This religious part said to be the addition of Miss Rigby. The novel is collated with *Vanity Fair*, and Becky and [Jane] both are made use of as pegs to introduce benevolent remarks on governesses.

JAN. 15th. . . . I was attracted by the sight of Macaulay's *History*, of which I will read at least the Introduction. Though it did not prevent my dozing, it interested me much.

JAN. 16th. . . . A call on Sara Coleridge. She manifested a feeling for her brother Hartley I cannot comprehend. A woman's tears must be very much on the surface to fall for a brother she had not seen for twenty years. . . . I was occupied reading Macaulay's *History*. The first introductory chapter, being a sort of review of English history, is a very eloquent history, but a work rather of rhetoric than of philosophy.

JAN. 17th. . . . I then went to the Athenaeum, where I dined and spent greater part of the day reading Macaulay's eloquent Introduction to his *History*. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . An important meeting at the University Hall at which a vote in favour of Clough succeeded, moved by Busk and seconded by me. . . . Some difference of opinion about the expression of a resolution in favour of a chaplain, as Clough will not read prayers. . . .

JAN. 19th. . . . I then went to the Athenaeum, where I lunched and where I read with great pleasure part of [Macaulay's] chapter iii, vol. i. His account of the state of society, the clergy especially, is very piquant. . . .

JAN. 21st. . . . I remained reading Macaulay's third chapter with continued delight till dinner-time. . . .

JAN. 22nd. . . . The introductory chapters of Macaulay have proved so interesting that I could not resist the temptation to go on with it, though this will prevent my going on with certain examination of papers which I have to make. . . .

JAN. 24th. . . . I finished the first volume of Macaulay. The disgust he excites towards James and the Tory principles must have a salutary effect on the public mind. It will shame the High Church and Tory party. . . . Kenyon took me to and from Tagart's, with whom I dined. The party was not large, and more agreeable than dinner parties usually are. The chief persons were Dickens, whose conversation was perfectly natural and yet earnest, speaking benevolently on the topics of the day—nothing of the wit or literator, but altogether the sensible and respectable man. The American minister and his lady were there. . . .

JAN. 25th. . . . Though I had other things to do, yet I could not resist the temptation of reading the second volume of Macaulay's *History*, which is quite as interesting as a novel. . . . His book will be a sad blow on the High Church and Tory party. It will effectually destroy the remains of the old prestige in favour of the Stuarts. . . .

JAN. 30th. My principal call this morning was after reading my old letters and journals of 1811-12, when I heard Coleridge's lectures, to call about them to Mrs. Henry Coleridge. I showed her my notes,¹ unfavourable as they were. . . . I received to-day from Murray the third edition of Henry Taylor's *Notes on Life*. He has inserted an anecdote I told him of Schiller's saying to me that on principle he would not read much in foreign languages because it injured his own delicate perception of his own. Taylor has taken occasion to introduce an extravagant compliment to me, forgetting that *celui qui exagère diminue*. He speaks of me as 'the friend of Schiller and of most of the other great men of letters of his times in England and Germany—indeed I may add, the friend of all men great and small who stand in need of his friendship.' I must write and remonstrate with him, but how to do it I do not know well—to avoid the imputation of affectation or ingratitude. . . .

JAN. 31st. . . . I was able to go on with Macaulay, whose account of the trial of the seven bishops is especially interesting. It is like a catastrophe of a romance. His book will extinguish the prestige in favour of the Stuarts, so perfect is the exposure of James's worthlessness. . . .

FEB. 1st. . . . I also wrote to Mrs. Aders at length on Hartley Coleridge's death. She wrote of Mrs. Gillman's being over-

¹ *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, etc.*, pp. 113-37.

powered by the news of his death. This is strange sentimentality on behalf of one who is no legitimate object of sorrowful regret, as I gave her to understand. . . .

FEB. 3rd. . . . I read the *Spirit's Trials*, a philosophic tale from *Shadows of the Clouds* by Zeta, that is, Mr. Froude. . . .

FEB. 7th. . . . Finished Macaulay's delightful volumes to-day.

FEB. 11th. I had at breakfast Roscoe and Oastler, and they brought with them their friend Bagehot, one of the University Hall, a young man of talent. An agreeable two hours. . . .

MARCH 4th. An interesting morning. I had asked T. Stansfeld and his son to breakfast with me, and they came, but I left them early to breakfast with Monckton Milnes, with whom I remained till half past two. There was a company of ten at table, including the host, and of these about half were men known to the world. . . . Thomas Carlyle, always a remarkable man in company, though his talk generally is, as it was to-day, mere spasmodic growls—abusing the present age, the Government, and men of letters, etc. He broke in every now and then with his declamations without much effect. . . .

MARCH 7th. . . . My chief attention to-day was drawn to Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*. . . . The book relates the religious conflicts of—probably—the author himself under a feigned name. . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . I went to Moxon's and paid for Layard's *Travels*, which I have bought for Mrs. Wordsworth. . . .

MARCH 20th. I have this morning been reading Layard's *Nineveh* in bed. It has gained great popularity owing to favourable criticisms. I wonder where he got his learning. He has shown an industry for which no one gave him credit, though I told his mother he would turn out well when he had sown his wild oats. . . .

APRIL 22nd. I rose very early and breakfasted with Chapman. Several Americans there and Mrs. Gaskell (authoress of *Mary Barton*). She is a woman of agreeable manners, with a hale, florid complexion, with nothing literary about her appearance. She pleased me. . . .

APRIL 25th. . . . Received at night a parcel from Mrs. Coleridge consisting of a copy of her recent publication, a sort of second edition of the first two volumes of Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakespeare*, which I have been looking over. She has printed extracts from my two letters to Mrs. Clarkson giving an account of Coleridge's lectures, 1808, and they do not read amiss, and I am not so ashamed of them as I was when I read them in my own

handwriting. She speaks in a note civilly of me, without, however, any compliment which could be thought flattery. This pleases me. She has also printed the letter to Mr. Gooden which Mrs. Gooden gave to me unknown to her husband, with an intimation that I need not tell him of it. It is on the study of Kant. I lent it to Mrs. Coleridge and she has printed it. Gooden, were he to hear of it, would not be pleased, perhaps, that his wife took the liberty to give it me; but he would not dislike being known as the correspondent of Coleridge. However, he is not likely ever to hear of it. She states having received this from me as well as a note on Jean Paul. My journals I hope will furnish many notes.

APRIL 27th. . . . Lady Blessington . . . is going to France. Her debts are only £5,000 and her house will supply £10,000. She earns £800 per ann. by literature and has £2,000 p.a. . . .

APRIL 28th. . . . Mrs. Gaskell . . . I like the more the more I see her. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . Someone sent me Douglas Jerrold's paper; it contained a report of the Shakespeare Society meeting, some rather striking remarks on the bad effect of the execution of Rush. People would say: 'See how a murderer can die.' Yet I thoroughly dislike the tone of Douglas Jerrold's mind. . . .

APRIL 30th. . . . John Wordsworth breakfasted with me . . . (there is an estrangement between the two brothers and I have no doubt that William is in the right).¹ . . .

MAY 4th. I have been reading this morning a very beautiful little story for children, *How to Catch a Sunbeam*.² . . .

MAY 7th. . . . I went only to Mrs. Swanwick, a Unitarian lady. Her daughter is a German translator, and about to do *Faust* for the Standard Library. She minces a little in her speech and gait, but seems otherwise amiable.

MAY 8th. . . . At Miss Swanwick's, to whom I lent some books about *Faust*, which she has translated and is going to publish. . . .

MAY 18th. . . . I dined with Rolfe. None there but Miss Fenwick, whose kindness to me is flattering, and Mrs. and Miss Coleridge. The young lady is very intelligent and the mother very amiable as well as of high talent. . . .

JUNE 18th. . . . After dinner I went to a small party . . . several of the young men of University College. Bagehot, who

¹ The estrangement was about money matters.

² *A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*, by the author of *Old Joliffe*, etc., i.e. Mrs. Mackarness, *née* Planché.

has all the external marks of genius; it is a promising set, these young friends of the University College. . . .

JUNE 20th. . . . But it was Froude himself the seeing of whom was an object of interest. He is quite a young man with a pleasing countenance and manners, those of a young Oxonian, quite gentlemanly. He thanked me for my kindness to him,¹ which he said was no ordinary kindness, and said this with apparent earnestness. I disclaimed any merit beyond a wish to serve him. He told me he was going to Manchester, where was one Ballentine² or Valentine, editor of a paper, once a workman, whom he spoke of as the first man there. Bunsen, he said, had been very kind to him. Bunsen holds English orthodoxy in abhorrence. He thinks Carlyle a greater man than Coleridge, and his *History of the French Revolution* to be ranked next to Thucydides and Tacitus. As a thinker, above all Germans except Goethe. The strength of his convictions places him above all others! This I am far from assenting to. I am glad I have seen Froude, but I hardly wish for his further acquaintance. . . .

JUNE 21st-26th. On the 21st I took a trip to Malvern with Moxon, of which I have written a few memoirs. I shall, therefore, merely in a few words state the few leading incidents. Our object in the journey was to see a beautiful country and see the Wordsworths, who were with the youngest of the Hutchinsons, Mrs. Wordsworth's nephew. Miss Fenwick, too, was there. . . .

[*Travel journal: Malvern.*] JUNE 21st. . . . We had not been there [Westminster Hotel] long before we saw on the road before the house Miss Fenwick, driven by the Rydal James, and Mr. Wordsworth accompanying her. A hearty greeting. We accompanied Miss Fenwick to her house door, very near the hotel, and I walked then to the parsonage, where was Mrs. Wordsworth and the Hutchinson family. . . . We returned soon to tea. . . .

JUNE 22nd. This was a day of great fatigue, but also of considerable enjoyment. A picnic party had been formed by several ladies to take tea on the top of the hill about five miles from Great Malvern, called the Camp, and we were, of course, invited to be of the party. . . . Between two and three [Moxon and I] were joined by Wordsworth and Mr. George Hutchinson, when we set out on our walk. Mr. Wordsworth was soon forced to mount one of the three small carriages which formed the mass of the procession. . . . There were three middle-aged ladies, seven or eight young ladies, and one other gentleman, a Mr. Preedy. . . .

¹ A favourable review.

² Thomas Ballantyne.

And at the top of a height beyond the camp we were all refreshed by tea made by the company. . . . After tea we ascended another knoll, round the top of which is an evident entrenchment. . . . I . . . did not reach home till . . . nine.

JUNE 23rd. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Wordsworth were going to make a call on Colonel Raper at a distance of two miles. They rode and Mr. Wordsworth was to walk and I accompanied him. . . . The walk . . . had nothing remarkable in it. Mr. Wordsworth and I returned about half-past two. . . .

JUNE 24th. . . . I called at Miss Fenwick's, where were the poet and his publisher, and where Mrs. Wordsworth and Mrs. Hutchinson joined us. . . .

JUNE 25th. . . . Between ten and eleven I accompanied the Wordsworth party on a visit to Mrs. Fearon . . . about seven miles . . . Mrs. Fearon . . . had with them . . . Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, the father and mother of Henry Taylor. Mr. Taylor is an old man of seventy-seven, but in vigorous health, a man full of life and a man of intelligence. He took Mr. Wordsworth and me a walk and showed us a rich rural scene. . . . No want for conversation. . . . After tea I called on Miss Fenwick and the party at Mrs. Hutchinson's and took a cordial leave of all. The only time this visit when Wordsworth talked freely and in his old style was with Mr. Taylor. I was particularly pleased with Miss Fenwick on this visit. . . .

JUNE 26th. . . . I was occupied great part of the day reading Coleridge's *Lectures*. . . .

JUNE 27th. . . . With Mrs. Coleridge; she thinks more highly of Froude than of Newman. She is now engaged in collecting her father's political writings.

JULY 19th. . . . I read early Wordsworth's *Waggoner* in bed with great pleasure. Donne had praised it highly. It did not use to be a favourite with me; but I discerned in it to-day a benignity and a gentle humour, with a view of human life and a felicity of diction which rendered the dedication of it to Charles Lamb peculiarly appropriate. . . .

JULY 21st. . . . I began, by Mr. Donne's recommendation, Robert Landor's *Fountain of Arethusa*. Robert has much of his brother Walter Savage's turn of mind. The style is gracefully playful, and the introduction narrating the subterranean adventures powerfully written. . . .

JULY 23rd. . . . Then I finished the first volume of *The Fountain of Arethusa*. The dialogues are very well kept up among the heroes of antiquity who live in the world of spirits and the

men who have never died. Robert Landor has much of the talent and more of the taste of his elder brother. His representations of Christianity and the inconsistencies of Christians are very well given. . . .

JULY 26th. . . . News arriving that [Talfourd] had been appointed judge, an appointment that seems to give general satisfaction. . . . The repose of judicial life harmonises better than the wranglings of the Bar with the temperament of the poet. Talfourd is a generous and kind man and merits his good fortune.

AUG. 29th. [Bear Wood.] . . . I was engaged reading *The Summer in the Country*, by the incumbent, Mr. Willmott—of whom hereafter—a book of sentimental criticism, and also read part of Mr. Willmott's *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, also a book which I read through with interest. He came to dine with us, and I was anxious to form an opinion of him from his works, and this I did greatly to his advantage. . . .

OCT. 4th. . . . I walked to Gibson's, Westbourne Terrace, and dined with him there—only his father and mother. Newman and Clough were there and I enjoyed the afternoon much. Newman made himself very agreeable, and Clough also, with whom I walked back. He is modest and amiable as well as full of talent, and I have no doubt that we have made a very good choice in him of a Principal for the University Hall. I explained to him as well as I could our position, and I hope he will form now no unreasonable expectations. [Francis] Newman told us that Maurice refused to join the Ladies' College in Bedford Square if he (Newman) were a professor, and though Newman offered to withdraw he still would not join. Maurice is certainly a very anomalous and strange character and perhaps overrated for ability. Clough does not announce his opinions on religion, and is wise.

OCT. 29th. [Sheffield.] . . . By Broom Hill to the Mount—a row of houses in which lives James Montgomery the poet. We [Mr. Phillips and the diarist] called on him, and though we had but a few minutes to spare they were very agreeably spent. I recollect spending one evening with him at Charles Aikin's,¹ when Jane Porter was present. This evening rested on my memory, and to my surprise I found Montgomery recollect it too and me also. He reminded me of an argument on Wordsworth's poetry, and on a criticism in the *Eclectic Review* with which I was very angry, written by Montgomery himself, but unknown to me. He said: 'Our controversy amused others, Miss Wesley,

¹ May 13th 1812.

for instance, who knew I was the writer. I recollect your saying: "The worst of all is that the fellow has a sense of Wordsworth's beauties, after all." He spoke with great esteem of Mr. Wordsworth and showed me with pride the first volume of his poems, a copy of which Wordsworth sent in exchange. 'My brass for his gold,' said Montgomery. Wordsworth had written a very kind note expressing admiration of the pious use to which Montgomery had applied his genius. I should say that the former interview with Montgomery must have been above thirty years ago. Montgomery is now seventy-seven years old, has a pale face and delicate countenance. He has of late years attached himself to the Church—that is, the Evangelical. . . . I enjoyed this short chat with him much.

OCT. 31ST. . . . I wrote a long letter to Quillinan giving an account of my journey and accepting an invitation for Christmas, though Mrs. Fletcher will not be there and Wordsworth is, I fear, lost to society. . . .

NOV. 6TH. . . . I made my first call on the Principal of University Hall. I found him apparently comfortable in his situation, but learnt nothing of his functions; we were interrupted. . . .

NOV. 10TH. . . . I also called at Moxon's and there paid for my two copies of Bernard Barton's *Life and Letters*.

NOV. 27TH. I was able to reach Rogers's [from Brighton] by half-past ten and there I found the usual Tuesday's breakfast party, viz. Samuel Sharpe, Dr. Henderson, Mitford, and Dyce, and we had a lively chat, which Sharpe and I broke up at half-past twelve. Rogers was, as he always is, prompt to repeat his favourite anecdotes and quote his favourite passages; but the old man is growing fast on him. Every visit may be the last, therefore I do not like to omit any, yet the anticipation of an early cessation of these is painful. . . .

NOV. 30TH. . . . I went late . . . to the Athenaeum, where I unluckily have entangled myself into reading *Shirley*, which I do not much like. . . . A few days since I had a very kind letter from Wordsworth himself, expressing the wish to see me at Christmas. . . .

DEC. 3RD. . . . I wrote two long letters—one to Mrs. Wordsworth chiefly on the uncertainty of my going to Rydal at the Christmas as usual, and the other to Mrs. Coleridge, who sent me a letter from Miss Fenwick. They both want me to write to (Wordsworth) to induce him to make a settlement on a niece of (Southey) who is in poverty. I wrote at length showing that I ought not to do so as I do not know Miss Southey myself and

could only write being set on by others, and this indirect and circuitous mode of making the application would be justly offensive. I also went on with the novel of *Shirley*. . . .

DEC. 4th. . . . I had a very pleasant chat with Clough before I went out. I shall be able to make parties with him for breakfast. . . .

DEC. 5th. I was gratified by a letter from Mrs. Coleridge declaring that she had been instructed by my letter and that she concurred in what I wrote and would not apply to Mr. Wordsworth for Miss Southeby. . . .

DEC. 15th. . . . I was engaged yesterday and to-day writing to Quillinan announcing my not going to Rydal at Christmas [owing to a carbuncle], and Dr. Boott has written to the same effect to Mrs. Davy, so I shall not be suspected of caprice. . . .

DEC. 31st. I was accidentally led to read *The Winter's Tale*, and that led me to Coleridge's *Notes on Shakespeare* and especially to the *Selections from his Correspondence* in the second volume published by Mrs. Coleridge. His humorous style in some articles which Blackwood published, seems on the whole lumbering and clumsy, though it is rich in the serious thought at the bottom. But I do not wonder that he never became really popular. A religious set strove to make use of his name as an authority, but it is after all hard work. Quite as much against orthodoxy as for it may be found in his works. . . .

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JAN. 3rd. . . . I had a letter from Quillinan informing me that Richmond had been at Rydal, where he amused them all. How can Wordsworth tolerate a man who asserts that the six great English poets are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Martin Tupper! . . .

JAN. 10th. . . . Enjoyed . . . the first vol. of Southeby's *Life*. . . . On the whole it is a pleasing volume. Cuthbert has said less than the curious might want to know of Southeby's early life and opinions, but he has not wilfully concealed, I believe, anything he knew. . . .

JAN. 18th. . . . I went to the Strand Theatre and there I heard Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*. . . . But the piece I went to see was Tom Taylor's very clever burlesque, *Diogenes' Lanthorn*. All the gods in Olympus turned into mortals. A bold satire on all parties and public characters—a reformer, railroad director,

peace meeting and all made exquisitely absurd. . . . I had written all I meant to say of Richmond, but a letter this morning received from William Wordsworth, junior, obliges me to go on with the subject. A Mr. Nottage, one of the Committee of the City of London Institute, wrote to Wordsworth a letter which Wordsworth forwarded, he stating that at his lecture there Richmond stated that Wordsworth in a passion in a conversation with him (Richmond) denounced Lord Jeffrey as a coxcomb and a puppy. Wordsworth is disgusted at this, and Wordsworth, junior, not undeservedly, terms this conduct blackguardly. I shall not fail to let Richmond know how his conduct is considered even in the Institution where it was delivered. . . .

JAN. 28th. . . . I wrote letters. One to [Cuthbert] Southe requesting him to put a note in a future volume of the *Life*, stating that Mrs. Barbauld was not the writer of the article on Lamb in the *Annual Review*. I gave an account of Mrs. Barbauld. . . .

JAN. 29th. . . . I read to-day Emerson's *Swedenborg*. A great deal that I do not at all understand, but coupled with so much that I do, that I am deeply interested in this new book of *Representative Men*. It is very suggestive. It makes me humble.

FEB. 4th. . . . I read to-day Carlyle's first *Latter Day Pamphlet*, *The Present Time*. His contempt towards the Americans powerfully expressed, and I could not but enjoy it; and yet on the whole the tone of this writing, like that in *Fraser on Slavery*, is very disgusting. He is a man I have no wish to see again, and I perceive that he has now disgusted readers in general. These extravagancies are to be ascribed to excessive vanity. He prides himself on exciting wonder, and does not care for exciting disgust. He likes it. I finished Emerson's *Representative Men*. His papers read last, on *Plato*, *Shakespeare*, as well as the introduction, have pleased me less than the others. I like particularly *Goethe* and *Napoleon*, next *Swedenborg* and *Montaigne*, and least of all the three others.

MARCH 10th. . . . Clough is a great deal too silent. There is a danger lest the faculty which never appears should be denied. . . .

MARCH 19th. . . . [Carlyle's] *Latter Day Pamphlet on Model Prisons*. It is a pity there is so much truth in what he says, as there is nothing but scorn and contempt of what is most amiable among men. His derision of the Philanthropists is not altogether unfounded, but in spirit very offensive. . . .

MARCH 25th. I took Mr. Clough to see Mr. Rogers. No one else with him. Clough, I believe, gave pleasure, for he received

a second invitation. Rogers was very full of anecdote, and Clough, on a hint from me, more communicative. . . .

APRIL 5th. I continued reading the clever but worthless and even tiresome *Trois Mousquetaires*, which I ought never to have begun. . . .

APRIL 11th. . . . I read with very great pleasure in an old number of *Tait's Magazine* a paper by De. Quincey giving an account of his first literary acquaintance, a Rev. Mr. C——, a Swedenborgian. An exquisite description. Wise also is his character of 'literary society' arising out of his acquaintance with Roscoe and the other Liverpool literati. . . .

APRIL 16th. . . . I also went on with *Blackwood*. The light, graceful prose style of many of its articles is very attractive. In banter and sneer *Blackwood* is unrivalled. In the evening I looked over Nos. 2 and 3 of Dickens's *Household Words*. Donne says, and justly, that Dickens's management of a periodical is bad. Certainly in these two numbers, which I only glanced my eye over, I could fix on one article only which pleased me, *Perfect Felicity*, being a paper written by 'The Raven,' one of the Happy Family, or cage of all sorts of animals exhibited, I never knew why (for I never heard that the birds were on sale), in Trafalgar Square. . . .

APRIL 20th. . . . Carlyle—of whom I read a *Pamphlet*, *New Downing Street*. The only sentence of practical sense and meaning is a declaration in favour of Sir Robert Peel as one who may be a redeemer. . . .

APRIL 23rd. . . . But the day will have a black mark in the annals of the age, for on this day died the greatest man I had ever the honour to call friend—Wordsworth.

APRIL 24th. . . . On my arrival I found a letter from Quilligan announcing the death of my great friend the poet only an hour before. His sons were with him, and Mrs. Wordsworth had the comfort of her nearest relations. Every consolation which death admits of was here, of which the chief was the full sense that the departure was after a long life spent in the acquisition of an immortal fame, 'the perfect judgment of all-seeing Jove,' the reward of a life devoted to the service of mankind, the spread of truth married to immortal verse. . . .

APRIL 28th. I spent great part of the forenoon in writing a paper for the *Bury Post* on Wordsworth, with which I am by no means pleased. It is an account of the Wordsworth controversy with the *Edinburgh Review*. The article on Wordsworth in today's *Inquirer* is very good, and I have ordered a copy to be sent

to Quillinan. The *Examiner* also is good, but not equal to the *Inquirer*. The best by far of the newspaper articles is that of *The Times*, which is admirable. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . I talked with Monckton Milnes. He thinks Wordsworth should have had a public funeral. He even approves of Carlyle's *Pamphlets*—an opinion I found it difficult to tolerate. . . .

APRIL 30th. . . . Then at the Athenaeum, where I wrote a letter, for a letter had come from Quillinan informing me of the funeral. Mrs. Wordsworth herself had attended, and I was expected. I regret much I did not go, for in general it seems that it was thought I was there. Everyone speaks as he ought of Wordsworth, and so all the papers. . . .

MAY 3rd. . . . I went to Mr. Cookson, who is one of the executors of Mr. Wordsworth's will, and with whom I had an interesting conversation about Wordsworth's arrangements for the publication of his poems. He has commissioned Dr. Christopher Wordsworth to write his *Life*, a brief memoir merely illustrative of his poems, and in a paper given to the doctor he wrote that his sons, son-in-law, his dear friend Miss Fenwick, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Robinson, who had travelled with him, would gladly contribute their aid by communicating any facts within their knowledge. But the property in these works remains with his family. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . A letter from Mrs. Wordsworth, enclosing one from France. . . .

MAY 6th. I wrote to M. Baudouin at Paris, number 6 Rue Jacob, informing him that Mrs. Wordsworth had transmitted his letter to me and desiring that he would in future write to me. Levesque assisted me in writing the letter.

MAY 7th. . . . Dined with Kenyon; only Landor with him. He and I agree tolerably well and he was boisterous and extravagant as usual and quite friendly to me. . . .

MAY 9th. . . . I made calls on Mrs. Coleridge. I read to her Mrs. Barbauld's lines to her father in his youth. She is, I believe, made sensible that he treated her unworthily. She feels Wordsworth's loss. . . .

MAY 10th. . . . At Moxon's also, from whom I was sorry to hear that (Talfourd) did not scruple to talk in company unkindly of (Wordsworth). . . . Archdeacon Hare' . . . wished for my concurrence in a committee meeting to concert a plan for a monument for Wordsworth, perhaps on Monday at the Bishop of London's. Talked after with Arthur Stanley and Dr. Whewell

on the same subject. Wrote a second note to Quillinan on this subject. . . .

MAY 13th. . . . At quarter-past four I attended a meeting at Mr. John Coleridge's to consider of a monument for Wordsworth. I made the thirteenth. Present: Bishops of London and St. David's, Archdeacon Hare and Milman, Mr. John Coleridge, Rogers, Scott (Professor) and Boxall, and four whose names I did not learn. There was little or nothing said worth remembering. The archdeacon had drawn up a resolution, which was objected to for its phraseology and referred to a sub-committee. It was agreed that there should be a bust in Westminster Abbey and a suitable memorial in Grasmere church, and if there should be a surplus of subscriptions (not likely) it is to be considered what is to be done with that. The Bishop of Llandaff suggested a scholarship at St. John's College for a native of the Lakes. John Coleridge objected to scholarships. The Bishop of London wished for something connected with literature—almshouses seemed to want an object. Rogers was uncomfortably deaf and understood little of what was going on. I left before the close of the business and hastened to an omnibus. . . .

MAY 14th. . . . At the Athenaeum I wrote a long letter to Quillinan. Archdeacon Hare there; he gave me the corrected resolutions to copy, which I sent to Quillinan. A larger body of the Committee named, viz. Bishop of Oxford. How will he relish his companions? The Bishop of London alone has subscribed and given £25. I wish to subscribe all I can with propriety. . . .

May 16th. I also wrote to Quillinan in answer to letter from him on the Wordsworth monument. At the Athenaeum I chatted again with Hare about the monument. John Coleridge, son of the J[ustice], is secretary. I am on a sub-committee. I suffered myself to be put down for £20 subscription at the persuasion of Hare, but I think I have done wrong; it will look like assumption. But Hare said: 'If you don't, there is a danger lest no one go beyond £10; at present only the Bishop of London has given more, viz. £25.' Full of this subject, I have since written to Lady Rolfe and Sir James Stephen to request that the Baron's and Sir James's names may be added. I have also this morning written to Cookson. . . .

MAY 17th. I had John Wordsworth at breakfast with me and also Pattison. Wordsworth came unexpectedly, and first he spoke with seriousness about his father and gave a good account of his mother and listened with interest to the account of the subscription. . . .

MAY 19th. I had an unusually agreeable party at breakfast. Matthew Arnold and Clough, Boxall, and Cookson. The two latter I introduced and they had much to communicate about the monument, Boxall being one of the sub-committee with me and Cookson being to be on the committee. I talked with Arnold on German matters, particularly Goethe. . . . I continued reading Southey's *Life*. In the fourth volume mention is made of my having by desire of Mr. Walter made an enquiry to Southey whether he would for a handsome salary come to live in London, which he refused on any terms. But it is made less of than might well have been done. . . .

MAY 20th. . . . I had a letter from Quillinan calling my subscription munificent—others will call it ostentatious and presumptuous. I wrote an apologetic letter. Quillinan wants me to go *now* to Rydal, which is impossible. I also wrote to Miss Fenwick at Rydal, telling her that I had written to Lady Rolfe and Sir James Stephen and had no answer from either, which vexes me. Kenyon has written to me against the having an institution. He will give £5 for a monument only, he would give £25 for a suitable monument, but he will give nothing for a school or a church. He has written me a sensible, but to some an offensive letter. . . .

MAY 21st. I spent this forenoon within the home district chiefly reading about Wordsworth. In the *Inverness Courier* were two articles about him written in a good spirit. I wrote a letter to the editor about Jeffrey and Wilson and their treatment of him, which I hope they will print. While so employed Dr. Christopher Wordsworth and his wife called. He was very obliging and I believe nothing is to be feared from him in writing the *Life*. . . .

MAY 23rd. . . . I dined at the Athenaeum, from whence I sent a letter to Quillinan. Mrs. Wordsworth has communicated to him what he calls 'the *Mystères de Paris*,' so I sent him M. Baudouin's letter. Miss Fenwick has written me a very friendly letter. Nothing new about the monument. . . .

MAY 25th. . . . I breakfasted early with John Coleridge at Boxall's. Our business was to add to the committee for raising the monument. I succeeded in getting the secretaries to insert the names of Madge as already appointed, and of Donne, Donaldson, and Hunter, to be written to for their consent to be appointed; I also communicated the purport of a letter from Quillinan with enclosures from Lough, etc. Among the incidents is that of Sir Robert Peel declining to be on the committee because

he does not 'see his way' through the business. The announced subscriptions amount to £200, but I do not expect a large increase. . . .

MAY 30th. I spent a great part of the forenoon in writing on Wordsworth. My paper is not at all to my taste. I hope I shall never be called on to print anything again. . . .

MAY 31st. . . . I called on Boxall, paid him my subscription of £20 for the monument, and then called on Moxon and Dr. Wordsworth. I saw only Mrs. Wordsworth and I gave the first volume of Coleridge's early writings. I was fully engaged on this business. I wrote on the subject to Quillinan and I also wrote to Donne and Donaldson to have their names on the subscription. Boxall says the subscription goes on well. The Queen and Prince Albert will subscribe. This is the best fact I have to mention. I distrust the business talent of those who will manage this business. . . .

JUNE 21st. . . . Read the first half of volume one of Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*. I could not but feel interested, because I knew so much of those he wrote about.

JUNE 22nd. . . . Boxall told me last night . . . that it was resolved that there should not be any institution—merely a full-length figure of Wordsworth in Westminster Abbey. Any surplus may be given to the Grasmere memorial. This I gladly communicated to Kenyon, as I have no doubt he will now give the £25 originally proposed. . . . I made a call of enquiry at Rogers's. He has broken the cap of his hip-bone. He may recover, but he will never walk again without crutches; he has seen no one yet but his own family. . . .

JUNE 23rd. . . . I had written to him [Kenyon] informing him of the change of plan as to the monument and that it is to be merely a monument in Westminster Abbey. He will, therefore, give £25 with pleasure. My only apprehension now is that a sufficient sum will not be raised for a statue. Monckton Milnes complains that there is not the feeling for Wordsworth which there was in his day at college. . . .

JUNE 25th. . . . I dined with [Kenyon]—a party of literary men to meet Prescott, the American historian. His person and manners are unassuming. He was made an Oxford LL.D. yesterday. The set consisted of Sir Charles Fellows, Thackeray, Panizzi, Forster, Babbage,¹ and Macready. Tom Taylor was invited but did not come. . . . Certainly a laudable variety of

¹ Author, *inter alia*, of *Principles of Taxation with a View to a Property Tax*, 1845.

notables, but there was no good talk—nothing at all corresponding with the reputation of many of the company.

JUNE 26th. . . . Finished Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*. The book leaves an impression more favourable to his moral than his mental qualities, as if he were a well-disposed man with no worse vice than vanity. . . . My chief call was on Samuel Rogers, who is lying on his bed, and his appearance was ghastly. He will never be able to walk, and it is to be feared that the want of exercise will destroy his health. He is not sensible of the extent of the injury, for he says he will never go out again without an attendant!

JULY 1st. . . . Read the last publication by Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, Coleridge's early political writings. The *Conciones ad Populum* are written with eloquence, but there is none of the profundity of his later works. I suspect this will prove a bad speculation. . . .

JULY 3rd. . . . At the library to-day I met with the fifth volume of Southey's *Life* which I have already begun: one sentence I cannot help copying. [Of William Taylor, he says]: 'what is more remarkable is, that this habitual and excessive scepticism has weakened none of the sectarian prejudices in which he was brought up. He sympathises as cordially with the Unitarians in their animosity to the Church and State, as if he agreed with them in belief, and finds as strong a bond of union in party spirit as he could do in principle.' I could write much in comment, but I abstain. The sentence is curious, truth and misapprehension combined. . . .

JULY 4th. . . . I had this morning a letter from Quillinan. Mrs. Wordsworth very much dislikes the full-length of Wordsworth. . . . Dr. Wordsworth leads one to fear that the expense of the licence for the monument will be very great. . . .

JULY 6th. . . . I finished the fifth volume of Southey's *Life*. The work increases in interest as it approaches the end. There is a charm in Southey's own letters, but there is nothing else in the book; his own style is cordial and graceful, and even his vanity when exhibited to a friend confidentially does not offend. His late letters to Henry Taylor are particularly good. . . .

JULY 7th. I began to-day Cornewall Lewis on *Authority in Matters of Opinion*,¹ a book of admirable practical sense. I shall read it through. . . .

JULY 9th. . . . I continued reading C. Lewis. Some chapters

¹ *On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, by George Cornewall Lewis, 1840.

abound in commonplace, but it is a wise book. His mind is essentially practical: he is free in his opinions, but he prudently takes care not to give offence. He is a great reader. . . . I read also Carlyle's *Stump Orator*.¹ It has a few good thoughts—more than can be said of his *Downing Street* pamphlet. . . .

JULY 11th. These *Edinburgh Review* articles² I read in the forenoon, as well as a *Pamphlet* by Carlyle, *Parliaments*—a trifle better than the preceding. . . .

JULY 15th. . . . Donne . . . lent me to read—which I have read with interest but not conviction—De Quincey's low appreciation of great literature. . . . I cannot comprehend Donne's excessive praise of this. It is written with vigour and humour certainly.

JULY 26th. . . . I began to-day and read two books of *The Prelude*, the autobiographic poem of Wordsworth, with which I am delighted; but it will give great offence—of which hereafter. . . .

JULY 28th. Read *The Prelude* in bed. I was reading with great enjoyment *The Prelude* all the forenoon. . . .

JULY 30th. . . . I finished the first hasty perusal of *The Prelude*, which I think very beautiful; but I find myself so dull that I shall with difficulty execute my purpose of writing a short paper on it for the *Reformer*. . . .

AUG. 6th. Donne called on me this morning and with him James Spedding, one of those men of solid talent of whom I stand in awe. We had a half-hour's agreeable chat. He says that he believes Bacon did not write the *Paradoxes*. Spedding has devoted his life to the study of Bacon, whose life he means to write. . . .

AUG. 8th. . . . I looked over Mrs. Jameson's *Legendary Art*, volume one. She should not pretend to have shed involuntary tears on seeing the ruined state of Da Vinci's 'Cenacolo' at Milan. Affectation destroys talent even greater than hers. Her book is amusing; I cannot say more. A suspicion of insincerity or affectation accompanied my perusal of it. . . .

AUG. 13th. . . . I corrected the proof of my article on Wordsworth's *Prelude*, which I had sent to the *Christian Reformer*. It has nothing good in it—no thought, but it is not offensive. . . .

AUG. 14th. . . . On Thursday 15th August I set out on a visit to Rydal, where I remained a week. I went to see Mrs. Wordsworth, whom I found admirably calm and composed. No com-

¹ *Latter Day Pamphlets*, 1850.

² On the *Gorham Controversy* and on *Goethe*.

plaint or lamentation from her. I went also to talk with Dr. Wordsworth about the *Memoir* he is writing and with Miss Fenwick. . . .

AUG. 16th. [Travel journal: Rydal.] Wordsworth [John] and I were met by a stranger—Pearson—who accosted me by my name. . . . He knew I was here and wished to talk with me about Charles Lamb. We chatted a few minutes, but he was an admirer of Carlyle, so we did not harmonise. . . . By the bye, Miss Wordsworth is, I think, much improved in health. Mem.: This day Mrs. Wordsworth attained her eightieth year, and on the same day, 1804, Mrs. Quillinan was born.

AUG. 17th. . . . I had three interesting conversations, first with Mrs. Wordsworth, then with Miss Fenwick, and then with the Doctor [Christopher Wordsworth] as to the expediency of mentioning a delicate subject in the forthcoming Memoir, and I have the satisfaction of believing that I shall have contributed to a determination in which all parties will be agreed, and the having done this will have rendered this my short visit a very valuable one.

AUG. 20th. . . . I went on with Cottle's *Reminiscences* [of Coleridge and Southey, second edition], which contain a great deal about Coleridge that ought not to have been printed, but also a great deal that is most interesting.

AUG. 21st. . . . I finished in the forenoon the unpleasant but interesting book of Cottle, containing too true an exposure of Coleridge's infirmities, by which only medicosity has been comforted and malignity gratified. . . .

AUG. 25th. [Bolton Abbey.] . . . I found Miss Martineau as happy and full of zeal as ever. She is full of work and full of confidence both in the utility of what she does and of her capacity to do it. She is writing for Knight's *History of England*, and by way of change, writes Sanitary Tales for Dickens's *Household Words*. . . .

AUG. 26th. . . . Found letters awaiting me . . . one from M. Baudouin at Paris, of which this is not the place to speak. . . .

AUG. 27th. . . . I wrote a hasty letter to Miss Fenwick, consisting of a translation of M. Baudouin's letter. . . . Despatched a short note to Cookson about Baudouin's letter. . . .

AUG. 29th. . . . Was engaged till half-past five writing to . . . Cookson accompanying the draft of a letter to Baudouin in answer to his letter threatening to come here to look after his interests if necessary. This will be a troublesome business, I fear, but I think the claims should be flatly refused. . . .

AUG. 30th. . . . I called on Samuel Rogers. I found him

greatly improved in appearance, reading by his bedroom window. He has been out of the house twice and is going to reside at Brighton with his sister. He made kind enquiries after Mrs. Wordsworth and spoke very favourably of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* as full of deep feeling, though Tennyson is often very obscure.

SEPT. 12th. . . . I had an agreeable evening reading . . . passages from the *In Memoriam*, which I am more and more pleased with, and from Shelley. . . . His small poems [I] recognised as very beautiful, especially the *Skylark*; but I could not relish the *Adonais* as I do the *In Memoriam*. By the bye, the *Prospective Review* does ample justice to Tennyson, but with an admixture of blame.

SEPT. 16th. . . . After a call at Moxon's I took an omnibus to Mortlake. There I took a luncheon dinner with the Taylors and Miss Fenwick, also Mr. Aubrey De Vere, a very gentlemanly as well as superior young man, so that the conversation was of a very superior character. De Vere is poet and liberal, a thinker, and a man of sentiment. Miss Fenwick is desirous of a free gift being made to the French family,¹ but is not pressing on the subject. . . .

SEPT. 19th. [Brighton.] . . . I made calls after breakfast on Mr. and Miss Rogers, who occupy different rooms in a large house on the Eastern Terrace. She is very feeble as a paralytic patient: he being in good health, notwithstanding his accident, conversed pretty much as he used to do, with his usual acuteness; but he does not become more gentle or forbearing. . . .

SEPT. 25th. . . . Sortain tells me that Macaulay has already gained £15,000 by his *History*! . . .

SEPT. 26th. . . . Lent me Dickens's *Household Words*—some odd numbers. I have read with great pleasure, evidently by H. Martineau, a tale illustrative of sanitary matters, the history of a Yorkshire village, Bleaburn, under a fever, the heroine an American young lady, very wise and valuable; also a witty paper by the Raven, one of the Happy Family—a capital satire. . . .

SEPT. 28th. . . . Also at the Athenaeum I began to read the *Autobiography of Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet*, by Kingsley. So pleased with the beginning that I must go on with it.

OCT. 3rd. . . . Reading and finishing *Alton Locke*, the Chartist novel, embracing most of the stirring topics of the present day. A tale of considerable ability, but leaving the sentiments

¹ The Baudouins.

of the reverend author in considerable doubt. I suspect him to be a liberal striving to be orthodox. . . .

OCT. 4th. . . . I finished *Alton Locke*, which is a powerful novel, though unsatisfactory at the close, the result being that Chartism has no legitimate root but in the death of Christ for all men. The conversion of Alton is rather rapid at the close, and being converted there was nothing left for the author to do but to kill him. It would have been beyond his strength to make him live in conformity with his new life. . . .

OCT. 5th. . . . Also to Mrs. Wordsworth, sending her a copy of my last letter to Baudouin, with my expectation that it will effect its purpose and that we shall hear no more of him. . . .

OCT. 6th. . . . I afterwards went to Wilkinson's. He has offered me three works by Blake which he offers me for £5, but I cannot bring myself to give so large a sum. I went to look at these. . . .

OCT. 9th. . . . I also read in Tennyson with great pleasure. . . .

OCT. 21st. Began in bed to read in *Fraser's Magazine* the articles entitled *Yeast*. I have read four chapters. The humour and the earnestness are well balanced. There is a religious fisherman admirably drawn. . . .

OCT. 30th. [Bagshot.] . . . I read on my walk a book which supplied me with amusement during my stay there—a novel entitled *The Boyne Watch, by the O'Hara Family*, alias Mr. [Michael] Banim. I found it very wearisome and should not have gone on with it if I had had a more attractive book. . . .

NOV. 2nd. . . . I forgot to mention a call from Moxon on Friday. Dr. Wordsworth is going to put the *Life* of Wordsworth into Murray's hands. This is unjust to Moxon and will be against the interest of the family, for Moxon will give more than Murray for the work, and Murray refused the poems. . . .

NOV. 26th. . . . I went round by Moxon. He told me that Mrs. Wordsworth and the family had written very strongly to the Doctor in favour of *his* being the publisher of the *Life*. Perhaps he may, as Murray's offer is not a good one, viz. to publish the book on commission and give a bill for the profits at nine months. Moxon says he will give a sum and pay beforehand. The Doctor, Moxon thinks, is looking only to the profit—he halves it with the family. . . .

DEC. 7th. . . . I wrote [to Aspland] about dear Charles Lamb's enquiry whether he had not a right of action against Capel Loftt for writing stupid letters under the signature 'C. L.', by which he (Charles Lamb) was injured in reputation. . . .

At the University College Clough was elected professor¹ in the room of Scott. . . .

DEC. 11th. . . . Monkhouse . . . is glad as I am that Moxon is to publish the *Life*. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . I had a letter to-day from the barrister Coleridge inviting me to meet the committee of the monument. . . .

1851

JAN. 18th. . . . I met at Mr. John Coleridge's the sub-committee for the Wordsworth monument, a very genteel dinner. The business of the monument was gone into but not much done. Only £1,100 subscribed and about half paid; yet this is enough, they say, and the secretaries are to address to artists a circular request for design. The party was not large. The most interesting person was Ruskin, who talks well and looks better. I have told him of the Flaxman Hall, of which he had not heard, and he will see it with me and call to see my Wieland, etc. I have also interested him about Blake. He has a very delicate and most gentlemanly countenance and manners. We talked about the *Quarterly* review of Southey and the demerit of the article was acknowledged as freely as the generosity of the Chancellor.² I found that I kept my place at table and was respectfully treated. . . .

JAN. 28th. I finished to-day the *Life of Goldsmith* [by Forster] —a book which, without adding to one's knowledge, nevertheless is an agreeable and acceptable addition to one's stock of light reading, merely from the easy style and judicious arrangement. . . .

JAN. 29th. . . . I unwisely took the commencement of the Caxton family³ as in *Blackwood*, but I had already read the three numbers contained in the volume. . . .

FEB. 1st. . . . Was employed in reading Tennyson's *Princess*. The playful grace and unpretending good humour of this *Medley* are quite captivating. Tennyson succeeds evidently in the genteel comedy or pedestrian blank verse in which Cowper excelled. The theme not unlike Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, but treated very differently. . . .

FEB. 3rd. . . . I finished *The Princess* to-day. It is an elegant

¹ Of English Literature.

² He had offered Cuthbert Southey a living at Colchester of £250 a year.

³ *The Caxtons*, by Bulwer Lytton.

trifle, and with graceful irony the true relation of the sexes is pointed out; but it has numerous faults of construction and is very carelessly written, the versification very unequal.

FEB. 5th. . . . I read to her [Mrs. Clarkson] parts of *In Memoriam*, which I have given to her, and she acknowledged the beauty of the passages, though not prepossessed in favour of Tennyson.

FEB. 7th. . . . Sent off letters to Dr. Davy urging the propriety of postponing the erecting the Grasmere monument until after the finishing of the London monument.

FEB. 8th. . . . I called at Chapman's and there saw Miss Mary Ann Evans (George Eliot), translator of Strauss—no recommendation to me, certainly, but the contrary, and yet there was something about her which pleased me much both in look and voice. She spoke of Harriet Martineau's and Atkinson's letters as studiously offensive.¹ It seems as if this book is absolutely atheistic! . . .

FEB. 12th. . . . I breakfasted with Rogers. . . . Afterwards Ruskin stepped in. He seemed to have forgotten me, but was obliging in his manner when I referred to our dinner; but I did not renew my wish that he should come to see the Flaxman Gallery. . . .

FEB. 13th. . . . I came home luckily, for I had a letter this morning from Dr. Davy about the Grasmere monument to Wordsworth. He requested me to let a young artist—Woolner—have the Chantrey bust in order to make a medallion for the monument, and while writing to desire he would call to-morrow. He did call, and I gave him the bust and I wrote to Quillinan telling him what I had done. . . .

FEB. 18th. [Brighton.] We [Masquerier and Crabb Robinson] had calls soon after breakfast. The one to be mentioned was that of Faraday, one of the most remarkable men of the day. The very greatest of our discoverers in chemistry, a perfect lecturer in the unaffected simplicity and intelligent clearness of his statement, so that the learned were instructed and the ignorant charmed. His personal character admirable. Masquerier was kind to him when he was young and poor and altogether unknown, and now that he is a great man he does not forget his old friend. . . .

MARCH 4th. . . . I devoted all the day to the reading of Atkinson's and Miss Martineau's letters on the Formation of Man, and went over half the volume with no pleasure and yet with less

¹ *Letters on the Laws of Man's Social Nature and Development*, by H. G. Atkinson and H. Martineau, 1851.

disgust than I expected. I have not fallen in with any atheistical sentiments, but the arrogant tone is offensive. . . . Altogether a disagreeable book. I am not sorry that my intimacy with Miss Martineau has of late so much declined: I shall make no *sacrifice* if I break with her entirely.

MARCH 7th. . . . In the forenoon I took a cab to Stanhope Street, Mornington Crescent, . . . and there looked at the medallion of Wordsworth just modelled by [Woolner], who has made it for the Grasmere monument. It is a form I especially like, though the putting it up now by the Ambleside people in their impatience, while the chief monument is undetermined, is to be regretted.

MARCH 9th. . . . I finished the book of Atkinson and Harriet Martineau. Charles Knight, it seems, has advertised that he is not going on with a work she was to have written: her name, however, does not appear. This will open her eyes if anything will. . . .

MARCH 12th. . . . Among the new books Hartley Coleridge's *Poems*. 'The Life' contains my extract from my diary of 1811 relating Coleridge's account of his boy—a good anecdote, probably on Coleridge's part made up of imagination and memory, or rather an exaggeration of a fact.

MARCH 15th. . . . I began to-day the account of Hartley Coleridge by his brother. I was not aware of the extent of his poetic genius.

MARCH 18th. . . . Wordsworth showed me the proof sheets of the *Life*, in which I am sorry to see a canting commonplace remark on the perils to which Wordsworth was exposed in his youth at Paris, which might make one utterly ignorant of Wordsworth's personal character imagine he had been guilty of some immorality! I wrote a short letter on this to Quillinan.

MARCH 21st. . . . Then I called on Moxon about the *Life*. In the first proof, which I supposed to be the revise, John Wordsworth showed a passage of which I have spoken in the last page. Quillinan sent my letter to the Doctor, he and Miss Fenwick and Mrs. Wordsworth all agreeing with me; but Moxon is sure that the objectionable passage has been expunged, and at all events it will be if Mrs. Wordsworth requires it; and I wrote a letter to Quillinan to say as much. On my way I called at Boxall's and he told me that Dr. Davy and seven others refuse to pay their subscriptions to the Wordsworth monument; something so outrageous that it is hardly conceivable that any gentlemen could act so. . . .

MARCH 25th. . . . Reading a few of Hartley Coleridge's beautiful sonnets—the old poems. . . . From Moxon I learned

what provoked me—that the injudicious paragraph about Wordsworth's residence in France is retained, which I thought had been omitted, and I wrote to Quillinan in consequence. . . .

MARCH 27th. . . . A call from John Wordsworth just after a letter from Quillinan. Quillinan would submit to the Doctor's insertion of the offensive paragraph, but I advise him and his mother to prohibit it absolutely. Moxon will do what they wish. . . .

APRIL 2nd. . . . I had a call from Quillinan quite unexpected. I am sorry to find that Dr. Wordsworth has not yielded to remonstrances. . . .

APRIL 11th. I received last night a copy of the *Life of Wordsworth*, of which I have yet seen no part but that which respects my journey with him in 1837. So much I perceive that the Doctor has treated me kindly and with respect. I wrote a note of acknowledgment to him. . . . [Moxon says] he owes everything to Rogers, whom he knew independently of Charles Lamb. . . .

APRIL 20th. . . . I read a wild pamphlet by Landor against Popery and Prelacy, good and bad offensively jumbled together. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . I stayed at home . . . reading Wordsworth's *Memoir*, in which I continue to take a deep interest. I do not find anything seriously to [incomplete in MS.]. If not the whole man is given, portions are faithfully, though inevitably in magnitude disproportioned to the other portions of his character. . . .

MAY 2nd. . . . I finished Wordsworth's *Memoir* this morning. . . .

MAY 14th. . . . I had interesting talk with Ruskin, who said he was ashamed at not having been impressed by Wordsworth's landscape sonnet¹ which I repeated, and I left a better impression than he had before received of Goethe. He has hitherto not been to see the Flaxman Gallery because he had not time to see it as he ought. . . .

MAY 20th. . . . Calls . . . on Mrs. Coleridge to whom I lent a volume of Aquinas—and who (spoke freely of Mrs.² Wordsworth, whom she accuses of selfishness, *Selbstsucht*, and speaks of the *Life* by the Doctor as I would), and with mildness and truthfulness. . . .

¹ 'Praise be the art whose subtle power could stay.'

² This is apparently the reading of the shorthand. But the difference between *Mr.* and *Mrs.* depends only on the length of a stroke, and it is inconceivable from all we know of Mrs. Wordsworth that the reference can be to her. It is possible that Mrs. Coleridge was speaking of the poet, but much more probable that the words referred to some other member of the family. See *infra*, under Oct. 2nd.

MAY 22nd. . . . Miss Aikin . . . offended me by captious remarks on Wordsworth, which sent me off in a tiff. . . .

JULY 10th. . . . My first call was on Moxon. There I heard of the death of Quillinan, which Mrs. Wordsworth's note had made me apprehend. It is some consolation that his death will not leave his daughters in a worse condition, but be rather a relief. He was an amiable man, and the kindly feelings of the Ambleside people will be now generally excited. It is a great drawback on the hoped-for pleasure of a visit there. . . .

JULY 17th. . . . Wrote a letter to Mrs. Wordsworth about Quillinan and Mrs. Clarkson, in answer to one from John Wordsworth and in particular assuring her she had no cause for fearing any annoyance from France.

JULY 22nd. I read [an essay]¹ on Elliott, the 'Corn-Law Rhymer.' The citations have satisfied me that he was a real poet, which I might have taken on Wordsworth's word. . . .

JULY 25th. . . . Took a volume of *Blackwood* that I might go on with *The Caxtons*, an excellent novel as far as sensible dialogue and successful delineations of character can confer excellence. This I read with pleasure on a walk. . . .

AUG. 4th. . . . Ruskin on *Sheepfolds*—outrageously over-praised [in the *Prospective Review*]. . . .

AUG. 9th. . . . I finished *The Caxtons*. This book has more of the novel and less of the romance than many of the fictions of Bulwer. His variety is admirable. . . .

AUG. 11th. . . . The dialogue in *My Novel* by Caxton is excellent. This seems really his (Bulwer's) proper department. . . .

AUG. 28th. . . . I heard from Cookson that the Wordsworth monument is going on and that the artist will take the money subscribed, whatever it may be. . . .

SEPT. 7th. . . . I was not at Kenyon's house till near twelve. With him I found Walter Savage Landor, who was in a somewhat subdued mood all day. In his judgments not at all extravagant—his laugh only as joyous and sincere as ever. . . . Our party was increased by Browning, whom I found more agreeable as well as more healthy than ever. The talk was critical and anecdotic, and the latter easier to set down than the former. . . . Browning . . . is so far from being timid that he and Mrs. Browning are going to Florence, notwithstanding her *Casa Guidi*. Procter accompanied Browning. . . .

SEPT. 9th. . . . To-day I had Hartley Coleridge's *Prose Essays*, an excellent collection. . . .

¹ By Giles.

SEPT. 10th. . . . Called on Miss Aikin . . . [she] roused my anger by calling Wordsworth's conformity to the church *base*, and imputing unworthy motives to him, and this provoked me to great and unwarrantable rudeness. . . .

SEPT. 13th. . . . Calling at Moxon's for Beddoes's poems. . . .

SEPT. 15th. . . . I breakfasted with Rogers. He was not in a happy mood; abused Lamb's *Letters*, which he thinks very poor; sees no grace in the style, mere verbosity, etc. Also harping on the old subject, Wordsworth's reluctance and for a long time refusal to consent to the marriage of Dora with Quillinan, which he is always repeating. . . .

SEPT. 18th. [Rydal.] After a long delay and several procras-tinations, I have renewed my visits to this hospitable house. Last Christmas I was prepared to come if Mrs. Wordsworth had wished me to come, but she herself through Quillinan proposed my deferring my visit . . . which I gladly assented to. . . . On arriving at the Mount . . . I had a cordial reception. . . . I was glad to find that Mrs. Wordsworth was, as I have since found her, cheerful, in spite of the repeated bereavements she has recently undergone. . . .

SEPT. 20th. . . . I finished Lamb's *Ulysses*. I have read it with deep interest, but I did not find it in style what I expected. Occasionally queer expression which a child would not enjoy or taste, and the modern sentiment diffused sometimes is inharmonious with the incidents. . . .

SEPT. 24th. . . . Wordsworth was not incapable of appreciating the value of reason in its application to theology. . . . He praised Southwood Smith's book on the Divine Government as the only reasonable view of the subject. It is a satisfaction to me, the perception that even here the *Life* is justly appreciated, yet Miller, I believe John,¹ Mrs. Wordsworth says, has declared that the Memoir has reconciled him to *The Prelude*.

SEPT. 25th. I occupied myself this morning in copying after breakfast the above [lines by Mrs. Eliza Fletcher, *Written on Leaving Grasmere Churchyard after Mr. Wordsworth's Funeral, April 27th 1850*], and also the . . . sonnets ['Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill' and 'Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,' also the lines: 'Behold an emblem of our human mind,' and 'How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high'] which I found inserted in the single-volume edition of the Poems. They were in the poet's hand. John Wordsworth, when in Italy, purchased some paintings ascribed to Giordano. Three have been placed on the

¹ There were three brothers.

staircase, where they receive a favourable light, though they are seen too near. Their subjects are mythological. . . .

I read to the ladies and Mr. Carter, who dined with us, a couple of *Mrs. Leicester's School* stories and the Danish stories, *The Ugly Duckling* and *The Emperor's New Clothes*. . . .

SEPT. 27th. I left my excellent friend Mrs. Wordsworth before eight o'clock with an apprehension that this may be the last of my visits to her, not that I fear her death, but I fear that Rydal and Ambleside may cease to be visitable places. They are changing. Even James is become incapable from infirmity of managing a horse and it is laid down [sic]. . . .

SEPT. 29th. . . . I read with great admiration rather than pleasure Beddoes's tragedy—the first three acts of *The Fool's Tragedy*.¹ . . .

SEPT. 30th. I have since read the rest of this beautiful tragedy. It has marvellous power, and as the work of a young man, raises deep regret at his early death. It is replete with horror, with a grotesque combination with comedy, and also delicious songs. It deals in the supernatural and is exuberant with imagery and excessive passion. In the same volume is the tragedy of a minor, *The Brides' Tragedy*. . . . It is full of beauties and will please more than the other. The author was nephew of Miss Edgeworth.

Oct. 2nd. [Bath.] . . . I went to see Miss Fenwick. . . . I had a long and interesting chat with her about the Wordsworths, Miss Martineau, etc., and heard more than it would be right to set down here, but of which I must somewhere keep a memorandum. It was a satisfaction to find that she thinks of the *Life* or *Memoir* as everybody else does. She is a most just and conscientious person, and does what she deems the right thing always. She speaks highly of Quillinan's honourable feelings and character and is naturally anxious about the position in which she fears they [his daughters] must be placed if their father's brother do not provide for them. (She thinks that they ought to have, till their uncle Brydges dies, the interest on what Mrs. Quillinan had, and so said to the Wordsworths. But they do not consent. She thinks William very selfish and very cunning, and Quillinan was over high-minded to be a match for them. This troubles her, though she does not like the *Memoir*. She does not think the Doctor so

¹ The verse drama *Death's Jest Book, or The Fool's Tragedy* was published anonymously in 1850, after the suicide of its author, T. L. Beddoes, in January 1849. The composition had occupied him at intervals since 1825.

selfish as the Wordsworths, so she says. The sons treated him very ill, and that was Quillinan's opinion. She now regrets having given her notes to Quillinan, and still more that Quillinan gave them to the Doctor.) She, of course, is much displeased with Harriet Martineau's book, and would not keep up any acquaintance with her, were they in the same place. . . .

Oct. 3rd. . . . I first called on Landor. He was very friendly, but he is so uncertain a man that I should fear being intimate with him. The Miss Hughes have told me an anecdote of him, corroborated by his own original letter; so that there can be no doubt. A lady, a great admirer of Landor, meeting him at the Miss Hughes' began in extravagant terms praising his articles in the *Examiner*. He must have misunderstood her to suppose that he was a writer for pay; that offended him to such a degree that he called her *impudent*, and insulted her in the grossest terms. Leaving the house, he sent a letter to the Miss Hughes, which I read; it was to this effect—that he had never in his life seen so impudent a woman as the one he saw at their house. 'It must be because I have not acquaintance with the worst of your sex. However, if you take an interest in her, *I will return good for evil and procure her a ticket for the penitentiary.*' Truly he must be mad—but where does madness begin and responsibility end? . . .

Oct. 4th. . . . I went to Landor's and chatted till past ten with him. He was as friendly as ever. I understand he talks very cordially about me. *Tant mieux.*

Oct. 13th. . . . I was employed writing [reading?] the *Memoir* of Beddoes's life and some eighty pages of his poems. Much quite unintelligible, but a great deal beautiful in an eminent degree. His abuse of Goethe annoys me, he being himself a man of unquestionable genius. . . .

Oct. 25th. . . . The day was fine and I spent part of the forenoon in a solitary stroll, reading Hartley Coleridge's prose remains, *Marginalia*, with interest. . . .

Oct. 26th. . . . I found J. P. Collier very friendly; not a word did he say amiss, yet he is so addicted to contradiction that if I lived with him I should be in a constant fever, for though he does not mean it, yet he seems, whenever anything is said, to consider that the business of conversation is to contradict, and his manner implies thus much: 'What a fool you must be if you think so!' There is a confident and vehement manner which offends. . . .

Oct. 30th. . . . I attended the Council of University Hall. We resolved to give notice to our Principal that his connection with us is to cease at the end of the present session, for we find

that our pupils are fewer this year than they were last, so that we cannot possibly go on as we are. It seemed to be the general opinion that Clough, though a most amiable man, is by no means the man to preside over an establishment like ours. He wants authority and also activity. A letter was read from him declaring very coolly that he could suggest nothing by which our numbers could be increased. This was unsatisfactory to even his most zealous friend Edwin Field, and he concurred in the vote. . . .

Nov. 1st. I finished the first volume of Hartley Coleridge's excellent prose writings. . . .

Nov. 7th. . . . I read an *Athenaeum* and I began Carlyle's *Sterling*, which he will make interesting in spite of his faults. At all events it begins well. . . .

Nov. 8th. . . . I was detained and attracted by Carlyle's *Sterling*, of which I read this evening enough to make me anxious to go on with it. Indeed, next day, Sunday, I read a little more. The character of Coleridge is admirable, the best thing in it, and yet a brilliant passage exposing the vanity of his imagined religion is precisely what may be with equal truth said of his own. The style is somewhat less extravagant than usual, but it is not free from his peculiarities. It is the subject, after all, which chiefly attracts me. Sterling is a man I feel an interest in. There is no extravagant admiration of him by his biographer, which is a great merit.

Nov. 12th. . . . I took luncheon at the *Athenaeum*, meaning to go further, but I found Carlyle's *Sterling* so attractive that I could not leave. . . .

Nov. 14th. . . . I read in Carlyle's *Sterling*. This takes up time, but it reconciles me greatly to Carlyle. The book has much that is excellent. . . .

Nov. 15th. I was within all the forenoon after a call on Mrs. Fletcher, which was a very agreeable one. I obtained from her the £5 she had given to the Wordsworth monument—she declaring the Doctor [Davy], her son-in-law, though a most honourable man, to be no man of business. I left a note at Boxall's informing him of this and congratulating him on his being made an A.R.A. . . . Of the party¹ were Kinglake, author of *Eôthen*, . . . a gentlemanly and agreeable man, with a cast of expression very Jewish; but nothing remarkable in his conversation. . . .

Nov. 17th. . . . Also finished the *Life of Sterling*, by Carlyle—a book which has given me the greatest pleasure and all but

¹ A dinner at Sir Francis Goldsmid's.

made me forgive his brutal paper on *Slavery* in *Fraser* last year. . . .

Nov. 19th. . . . I have been reading a most delicious article on *Polemical Fiction* in a review of *Yeast*—an able defence of the whole class and a capital appreciation of the particular book. . . .

DEC. 11th. . . . Clough has sent in his resignation. . . .

1852

JAN. 8th. . . . The Doctor [Davy] has carried his point of having a window put into the new church of Ambleside in memory of Wordsworth. . . .

JAN. 28th. . . . Then I drove . . . to Thackeray's lecture at the Marylebone Institute. It was the last of the series and well delivered, having been read before. The subjects Sterne and Goldsmith. Sterne in rather a canting style abused for his impurity, and Goldsmith [praised] for his goodness. At the close the public were absolved from the imputation of neglecting men of letters. On the whole the matter not sterling, but the form graceful. I asked him why he did not incidentally mention Charles Lamb. He said he could not venture on him. He admired Charles Lamb greatly. . . .

JAN. 29th. . . . I read an *Athenaeum* and I lounged over Miss Mitford's *Literary Life*. Most pleased with Praed's capital *vers de société*. He was quite a master in that style. . . .

FEB. 4th. . . . Left home early, having promised to call at Angus Fletcher's studio in order to look at a bust he is making of Wordsworth. He has, I think, succeeded in making a strong likeness, but, as I honestly wrote, I am conscious of not having that delicate perception that constitutes taste. . . .

MARCH 4th. . . . Pickering [H. W. Pickersgill?] has a full-length of Wordsworth, his own property, which he looks forward to as of great value to his family in the next generation. It is a well-conceived painting. . . .

MARCH 19th. I breakfasted with Rogers. With him Dyce and Dr. Beattie. No material difference from other breakfasts. Poor Rogers never omits telling us of Wordsworth's refusal to consent to the marriage of Dora with Quillinan. . . . I began and read the first number of *Bleak House*. It opens with exaggerated and verbose description. London fog is disagreeable even in description, and on the whole the first number does not promise

much, except an exposure of the abuses of Chancery practice. The best thing is the picture of a desolate condition of a natural child, but she is removed out of it before sympathy is much called out. . . .

APRIL 8th. . . . Read No. 2 *Bleak House*. Dickens retains his admirable talent at scene-painting. . . . Two delicious characters: that of a benevolent man who won't be thanked—an impersonation of goodness, the good genius of *Bleak House* and a childlike thoughtless creature who allows young women to pay his debts and thinks he does them a kindness by making them feel they take care of him 'who for himself can take no care at all.'

APRIL 11th. . . . Reading . . . the political poems of Tom Moore—really the gem of his compositions, really classical productions. . . . I looked over the obituary of the month in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; not fewer than six deaths did I read of, and all of persons I knew. A long account of Basil Montagu—much over-praised, yet I am indebted to him for kindnesses during many years, and feel kindly towards him; he had good feelings, but wanted character, at all events in the German sense of the word. He was a man of generous impulses, but wanting consistency and full of ostentation and pretence. His wife, who survives him, a remarkable woman of great talent and many accomplishments, of whom I heard Coleridge say: 'I never see that woman but I think of the line of Euripides, *μοσῶ σοφῆν γυναῖκα* [etc.] (I hate a wise woman, she flatters her husband).' . . . Moore the poet was [another]. . . .

APRIL 26th. . . . I went early to the Athenaeum and from thence to Fraser's. I was induced to dine with them. Fraser very poorly; one can have very little talk with him now. He says he did not write *Needy Knife-grinder*. I could not ask whether he did not tell me that he *was* the author, and wrote the parody when an undergraduate at Cambridge. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . Accompanied Donne to Chapman's, where was a meeting of authors, etc., to announce an opinion against the Booksellers' Association—to put down the cheap vendors. Dickens in the chair. The best speakers by far were Tom Taylor, who was playful and convincing. . . . Professor Owen spoke feelingly and produced a serious impression. Carlyle, John Mill, and others wrote letters. Several booksellers spoke on the other side, but were not listened to. . . .

MAY 5th. . . . Dear Mrs. Coleridge¹ died on Monday. . . .

MAY 7th. . . . A call from Miss Swanwick. She brought

¹ Mrs. H. N. Coleridge.

ne back a volume of Schlegel's *Critiken* and I lent her volumes of Goethe, etc. Her conversation pleased me. She shows a comprehension of Goethe which puts me to shame. Yet she is not presumptuous in her manner. . . .

MAY 13th. . . . William Wordsworth and I went to see his father's intended statue, and calling on Kenyon in our way he accompanied us to the sculptor's, Thrupp, 30 Gloucester Place. We found Thrupp's statue a sitting figure. Wordsworth is bent over—not a book as originally designed, but—it is not yet clear what—something in his hand. I had not a sufficiently clear impression to venture on criticism, except that I wished the muscles of the right hand to be relaxed, not compressed. Both William Wordsworth and Kenyon thought the statue would prove good. . . .

MAY 29th. . . . I sent to Mr. Thom¹ the beautiful letter by Blanco White to Samuel Rogers, thanking him for his kindness to Ferdinand the son of his misfortunes and speaking with a mixed feeling of sorrow and joy about this son.

JUNE 18th. . . . I read at Bear Wood Nos. 3 and 4 of *Bleak House*. It has an excellent picture of Walter Savage Landor as Mr. Boythorn. His fierce tones, tenderness of heart, and exaggeration in all his judgments described with great truth and force. . . .

JUNE 27th. . . . I finished the anti-slavery novel,² which I was pleased with notwithstanding its very Evangelical tone. All the classes in America are fairly represented and the manners of the Southerners painted with honour and spirit. Written by a woman. Ophelia, the New England Abolitionist, and the heartless wife at New Orleans are well contrasted. Quite as candid and fair as such a book can be. It is reprinted cheap in England from the tenth American edition. It is said to have made many converts to Abolitionism. The hero, Uncle Tom, is a pious negro who submits to every cruel infliction as an apostle would, and his persecutor is perhaps too unmixed a monster. . . .

JULY 19th. . . . I found time to write to Monckton Milnes. He had asked me to lend him Blake's *Catalogue*. I, of course, intimated my [willingness] to do so. At the same time I expressed the hope that he was preparing an edition of Blake's Poems. I mentioned my having brought together my recollections of his conversation. Query—whether he will wish to see them? . . .

¹ Cf. *Life of Joseph Blanco White*, by himself, ed., with portions of his correspondence, by J. H. Thom.

² *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

AUG. 13th. . . . I was reading the second volume of Hartley Coleridge's *Poems*; they are very unequal. . . .

AUG. 14th. . . . I called on Boxall and found him ill in bed, but able to see me and give a favourable account of the progress of Wordsworth's statue. . . .

[*Travel journal: Edinburgh.*] SEPT. 1st. . . . The only novelty of importance is the Scott monument—full of crockets and petty ornaments not unsuited to the character of his poetry. . . .

SEPT. 2nd. . . . We went to the little theatre, not the Royal, and saw *Rob Roy* with no great pleasure. . . . and I was rather unpleasantly affected by hearing portions of Wordsworth's *Rob Roy* sung. His verse does not admit of being vulgarised. I felt that thoughtful verse does not gain by being set to music. It is degraded. One does not sing axioms of wisdom.

SEPT. 9th. [Rydal.] . . . I called . . . on Mrs. Davy, with whom I had an interesting chat chiefly about Harriet Martineau. It seems that she is at Belfast, that she is engaged to write there a series of articles describing the state of Ireland—to be published either in the *Daily News* or *Household Words*, according to the subject. She is a chief contributor to *Household Words*, and also makes £200 by what she writes in the *Daily News*, the paper of largest circulation after *The Times*. . . . Harriet Martineau lets her house whenever she leaves Ambleside, so that I should think she must be saving money. This I am glad of, as with all her faults there is more of good than bad in her. Her talents are great, and her intentions benevolent. Mrs. Arnold remarks that her spoken judgments on persons and things of the day are very unsound, yet that her written judgments in her *History* are unexpectedly correct. . . .

SEPT. 10th. . . . I read a number of Wordsworth's poems, especially sonnets, to the family. . . .

SEPT. 12th. [See *ante*, under Sept. 25th 1851.] The single volume from which the verses were copied above, p. 40, 41 [of the *Travel Journal*, 1851 to 1852] also contains the following manuscript lines, page 429, at the end of the verses on the period of old age, viz. *Animal Tranquillity and Decay*:

Oh bounty without measure, while the grace
Of Heaven doth in such wise from humblest springs
Pour pleasures¹ forth, and solaces that trace
A mazy course along familiar things,

¹ *pleasure* in the printed text, in which there are also variations in punctuation.

Well may our hearts have faith, that blessings come,
 Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
 With angels, when their own untroubled home
 They leave, and speed on mighty¹ embassy
 To visit earthly chambers, and for whom?
 Yea; both for souls who God's forbearance try!
 And those that seek his help and for his mercy sigh!

April 7th 1840, my seventieth birthday.—W. W.

N.B., page 430.—The first *Epitaph from Chiabrera* is thus altered in lines 7, 8, in Mr. Wordsworth's hand:

Francesco Ceni willed that, after death
 His tombstone thus should speak for him. And surely

[So printed in modern editions.]

SEPT. 15th. . . . I could not leave dear Mrs. Wordsworth without a painful feeling that it is not unlikely to be the last time of my visiting her. While we both live I should be sorry to omit coming once a year, and she would regret not seeing me. Yet we are of necessity declining every day and possessing fewer of those qualities which interest others. . . .

SEPT. 22nd. . . . Hutton it is feared is in a decline, and Clough is about to try the experiment of America, where he may be able to establish himself in some college as a professor. I fear he wants the faculty of getting on.

SEPT. 27th. An agreeable day, though spent entirely out of the house. I breakfasted with Kenyon—Procter with him. He delighted me by telling me that he had heard of Clough from Browning, and was quite ready to give him letters to Ticknor and others in America, and that he might do so well. Clough and I are to dine with him. . . .

OCT. 3rd. . . . Moxon . . . joined me at Kenyon's, with whom was Browning. A *partie carrée*. The afternoon was a pleasant one. Browning talked agreeably, but there was nothing remarkable in anything he said. I am afraid I talked the most. . . .

OCT. 6th. . . . With Kenyon I found an interesting person I had never seen—Mrs. Browning, late Miss Barrett. Not the invalid I expected. She is a handsome oval face, a fine eye, and altogether a pleasing person. She had no opportunity of display and apparently no desire. She has not the very amiable appearance of her husband. There is a singular sweetness about him. . . .

N.B.—I have never read Mrs. Browning's poems. She addressed me as if she had known me before. I had lent her books though

¹ *nightly* in the printed text, in which the poem is called *The Cuckoo-Clock*, and consists of four stanzas of which this is the last. The clock was presented to the poet by Miss Fenwick.

I had never seen her. I hear that she advocates the cause of Louis Napoleon, which, unless in a very qualified way, would be an evidence of wrong-headedness. Yet it is said she considers him as really the people's choice. This would prove great credulity.

OCT. 14th. . . . Then I came to the University College, where Clough, who had already resigned his professorship of English Literature, yet delivered his lecture prepared on the History of English Literature. But, admirable as the substance was, so ill delivered was this lecture that it gave little pleasure. . . .

OCT. 21st. . . . Henry Foss . . . told us of the recent death of Martin Burney, of whom I am disposed to think charitably. . . . He was so sharply punished for his frailties that the world need not aggravate it by severe censure. He is the very man to whose tomb we would affix the Catholic: [Re]quiescat in pace. . . .

OCT. 23rd. . . . I began reading Masson's papers—one on *The Three Devils* of Luther, Milton, and Goethe, old and not very good. One, however, on *Milton* in the *North British Review* very much pleased me. There is no doubt that he is a very superior man and will be a great (perhaps not a permanent) acquisition to our University College as Professor of English Literature, if the testimonials of Scott, Carlyle, John Mill, and a number of Scotchmen be not gross exaggerations, as perhaps one might suppose them to be, he being a Scotchman, were they not so numerous. . . .

OCT. 31st. . . . I looked over the folio Shakespeare which Collier bought by accident, containing some very remarkable emendations which prove themselves to be true by their obvious propriety. Many passages are struck out, as if they were to be omitted in representation. A new edition of Shakespeare is coming out in one volume royal octavo, and a supplementary volume to the last of J. P. Collier's editions will soon appear. . . .

NOV. 16th. . . . I spent the whole of the day afterwards at the Athenaeum, for I found Thackeray's *Esmond*, vol. i., at liberty, and took advantage of the circumstance and was reading it between five and twelve with great pleasure. It is one of the most agreeable novels long read. The two noble ladies, the Catholic dowager and her successor, as far as the first volume goes, very finely painted. The latter ought not to be called, as some critic does, an aristocratic Becky. The first appearance of Sir Richard Steele is felicitous.

NOV. 18th. [Day of the Duke of Wellington's funeral.] . . . Reaching the Athenaeum a little after 8, I found Thackeray's *Esmond* at my service, and I was engaged nearly all the day—that

is from half past eight a.m. till half past seven p.m.—reading it. . . .

Nov. 20th. . . . Then I went to the Athenaeum, where I was able to finish *Esmond*, and with great pleasure. This is a capital novel, and in this respect it is quite artistic: that the romantic catastrophe harmonises admirably with the historical elements. . . . Among the best parts of the tale are the exposure of Marlborough's selfishness and treachery and of other public men. Sir Richard Steele is introduced with effect; Swift unworthily; Addison not ill. . . .

Nov. 23rd. . . . I have renewed *Bleak House*—read No. 5—also without any pleasure. But from Dickens one may expect something good to follow what is insignificant.

Nov. 26th. . . . I continued *Bleak House*. Having begun this poor work I am constrained to go on, little as I like it. . . .

Nov. 28th. I finished this morning Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. I could never relish Campbell's poetry, and wonder at the honour showed him in a burial in Westminster Abbey. He wrote *down* to the mediocrity of the age. . . .

Nov. 29th. . . . At seven I went to Robertson's and had two hours of interesting talk with him,—on his position here [Brighton] in the pulpit; also about Lady Byron. He speaks of her as the noblest woman he ever knew. It seems Lady Lovelace is dead and that Lord L. and Lady L. have both acted very ill. . . .

DEC. 11th. . . . I read . . . Hood's capital *Ode to Rae Wilson*, full of satire and liberal thought, very offensive to the godly Scotch Sabbatarians. . . .

DEC. 12th. . . . All my reading to-day was confined to the *Inquirer* and the poems of Thomas Hood. . . . Hood is really a poet and excellent both in the humorous and the grave. *The Bridge of Sighs* is one of the best I ever saw. . . .

DEC. 25th. . . . I read *The Bridge of Sighs* and other poems of Thomas Hood, with which everyone is delighted. He is quite an acquisition. . . .

DEC. 26th. . . . I skimmed over the first volume of Thomas Moore's Life.¹ His letters are those of an ordinary class of person, but very clever and gaining an opportunity to make [use of?] his poetical talents by means of his social qualities. . . .

¹ *Memoirs, Journals and Correspondence*, ed. by Lord John Russell.

1853

JAN. 5th. . . . A letter from Mr. Carter asking me to lend to Mr. Johnston my letters from Quillinan, as it is intended to print his poems privately. . . .

JAN. 9th. . . . I read . . . in Moore's poems. His political squibs are his very best. I find now, looking over the complete edition of his works, that he has written very many things that one can well spare. . . . I finished the second volume of Moore's Life. It raises my opinion of the man infinitely and makes me better acquainted with his works. But his political poems are far too many. . . .

JAN. 18th. I read early in bed in the *Twice-Told Tales* of Hawthorne, as I have this morning (19th) done. A writer of ill-managed power. . . .

JAN. 19th. I read two of Hawthorne's tales, which are full of genius. . . .

JAN. 23rd. . . . Looked into the new volume of the Shakespeare Society. The MS. corrections of the 2nd Folio of 1632 in an imperfect copy found by Collier—many of them of great value, and all curious.

JAN. 28th. I finished the *Twice-Told Tales* of Hawthorne, with which I became surfeited before the end of the volume. . . .

FEB. 7th. . . . I read the first volume of *Ruth* by Mrs. Gaskell, a great improvement on *Mary Barton*. The seduced girl is an exquisite character, and all the characters; Sally, the servant of the Dissenting Minister, an admirable comic portrait. The good minister and his sister are also excellent. . . .

FEB. 9th. . . . Read at night an amusing paper in *Household Words*, exposing the impudent imposture of the evoked spirits [spirit-rapping]. Precisely the same account which Dr. Ashburner gave me the other day, except that the Doctor narrated as a dupe what Dickens exposes *en esprit fort*.

FEB. 10th. . . . In the *Prospective Review* . . . I have since read another capital article on Tom Moore—with a recent paper in *The Times* the best that has been written on the amiable epicurean poet. . . .

FEB. 15th. . . . I went on with *Ruth* with great delight. . . . One anticipates the end sorrowfully.

FEB. 16th. . . . *Ruth* I could not finish; but I have no doubt that she as well as her child dies. What became of the seducer I do not know. The assignable fault, if any, might be an excess

of repentance; yet there is no cant, certainly. (18th, a.m.) I have since heard that Ruth as a nurse attends the seducer, catches of him a contagious disease. Both die. The child lives, provided for by him.

MARCH 6th. . . . Saw Mrs. [Monckton] Milnes. My old friend Sarah Burney was her governess. She was a great favourite. . . .

MARCH 8th. . . . I was seduced by laziness and the attraction of Miss Brontë's *Villette* to stay at the Athenaeum till late. *Villette* is the name of a French [sic] town; the supposed authoress, a Miss Snowe, is a young woman who has to live by her wits. Two-thirds of volume one bring her to the establishment of Madame Beck at *Villette*. She is a model of selfishness and shrewdness—a character. I suspect the book is a collection of character sketches, in which the authoress excels. Carlyle is become a member of the Athenaeum. He was unexpectedly friendly towards me.

MARCH 11th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum where I stayed all the rest of the day till six. My object was to finish *Villette*. It disappoints at the end. . . . It is a novel of thought—too much preaching, in fact, and disquisition on points of education and physiology—and written in a strange style of bombast, so that the impression is disagreeable at the close. . . .

APRIL 1st. . . . Rogers produced to the Baron [Goldsmit] some autographs, contracts with Dodsley's house with great authors: Johnson's signature, by which it is known that he had £15 for his translation of the ninth Satire of Juvenal (the tenth, *Vanity of Human Wishes*); Burke's, £100 for the first volume of *Annual Register*, 1758, and so from year to year; Gray's, forty guineas for the two odes, *The Bard* and *Progress of Poesy*; and Sterne's, £380 for the third and fourth volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. . . .

APRIL 6th. . . . Archdeacon Hare . . . mentioned a paper on the life of Wordsworth by Lady Richardson in *Sharpe's Magazine*. To be read.¹ He speaks highly of it. . . .

APRIL 17th. . . . I had just time to finish the third volume of Thomas Moore's Life. It filled up three years of his life and shows him as a very ordinary tuft-hunter—a feeder on the great. It has lowered him in my opinion. His ill-will towards Wordsworth is discreditable to him. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum where I began the fourth volume of Moore's Life. In his diary mention of me not

¹ He reads it next day and calls it 'an excellent article.'

written in a friendly spirit, yet not uncivil; to be copied hereafter and remarked on. . . .

APRIL 19th. . . . I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood . . . and we had a genteel and agreeable party—of liberals, of course. Mrs. Marsh, whose literary reputation still rests on her first work, *The Admiral's Daughter*. She has sunk into an ordinary novelist, but she is still a very pleasing person. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . I finished the fourth volume of the worthless *Life of Moore*. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . I was diverted from my intended evening calls by the Haymarket playbill and saw Browning's play, *Colombe's Birthday*—very obscure in style. Heard little and understood less, nor did Ellen Tree satisfy me. . . .

MAY 24th. . . . At Mrs. Reid's between three and four. There were assembled some twenty or thirty of Mrs. Reid's acquaintance to be introduced to the object of general curiosity. [Mrs. Beecher Stowe] herself looks young, agreeable, and quite unpretending—her voice only disagreeable, being Yankee-ish. . . . A far more interesting person was Lady Byron, to whom Mrs. Jameson introduced me and with whom was Dr. King. Lady Byron echoed my praise of Robertson, who has consented to take a curate. . . .

MAY 29th. . . . I put into Talfourd's letter-box coming home a laudatory letter on his *Castilian*, amplifying the thought that Padillo is a Christian Ion, and Ion a pagan Padillo. In both the theme is self-sacrifice, varied according to pagan and Christian notions. It has raised Talfourd in my opinion, as his last talk with me . . . has improved our reciprocal feeling of regard, I have no doubt. . . .

JUNE 3rd. John Mallett . . . accompanied me to see the sitting figure of Wordsworth by Thrupp—very striking. In consequence, I have written to Samuel Rogers to induce him to see it, which he can from his carriage. . . .

JUNE 7th. . . . I forgot to go to Moxon to meet Derwent Coleridge about having a picture of the poet by Allston engraved. I am put on the committee! to have it done. I have since seen the picture. It has great beauty, more expressive of the poet's tenderness than power. But it deserves to be engraved, and I willingly take part in the work and shall subscribe for several copies.

JUNE 9th. . . . I amused myself by writing a paper for the *Athenaeum* on Moore's account of the dinner at Monkhouse's thirty years ago, which Boott recommends me to send to the *Athenaeum* and I mean to do. . . .

JUNE 19th. . . . I read Thackeray's Pope lecture. Thackeray does not rise in my estimation, and it is the subject, not the treatment, which makes me relish the book. Any fresh biography of Addison, Swift, or Pope could not fail to delight me—at least, to interest me. . . .

JUNE 25th. . . . I called . . . at the Athenaeum office and had the pleasure of reading 'H.C.R.' in the morning's number.¹ The paper itself is better than I feared it would be. With Ayrton I found Oxenstern and a son of Alsager. They had breakfasted, but I was kindly received and the hour and half passed off pleasantly, but I was no judge, for I was the talker about my paper in defence of Lamb. . . . Going to the Athenaeum, I there wrote to Mrs. Wordsworth, and I also sent a stamped copy of the *Athenaeum* to Mrs. Wordsworth. And I told her of Bishop Wilberforce's overtures to me, Coleridge's picture, etc. . . . Finished the *Lectures* of Thackeray on the *Humourists*, which are very agreeable insignificant reading; and I called on Rogers. . . .

JUNE 26th. I was alone at breakfast, which gave me time I did not profit by as I ought. I lost time in musing over my letter on Lamb and Moore in the *Athenaeum*, which I liked at first, and the kind words about it of Kenyon . . . etc. made me think it really good. But I have been reading it again, and found numerous improprieties of expression and points feebly put. . . . I spent the evening in calls. . . . Then on Mrs. Reid, who brings from Ambleside a kind message from Mrs. Wordsworth and Harriet Martineau. Rather say messages, for these cannot be joint acts—but quite separate or several. . . . My last call was on the Kenyons, and an agreeable call it was. I was in high spirits—and Kenyon very friendly. . . .

JUNE 28th. . . . I had the satisfaction . . . of receiving a short note of praise from Mrs. Procter with unlooked-for kindness of tone for my paper on Charles Lamb, saying it was graceful for the same hand to do it which vindicated Clarkson. This I answered on the spot. It will improve our relation. . . .

JUNE 29th. . . . Mrs. Clarkson did not come down till she was ready to take a drive with me. . . . The subject . . . my paper on Lamb and Moore in the *Athenaeum*, which she enjoys as a vindication of her old friend. . . .

JULY 1st. . . . I received a very pleasant letter from John Miller, who is sufficiently laudatory of my defence of Lamb, but intimates a hope that I did not send it to his brother, whose dislike

¹ See *ante*, June 9th.

of Moore is greater than that of Lamb, and therefore Lamb may escape his censure [*sic*]. . . .

JULY 4th. . . . I wrote to Boxall about the Wordsworth subscription, and his answer informs me that all the subscriptions are paid that are wanted, and he does not wish me to interfere further. I have still to write to Benson Harrison. . . .

JULY 5th. I have been reading in the *Christian Reformer*, a good paper on Carlyle. He is properly treated, and altogether the number is a promising one. . . . A dinner at T. Talfourd's . . . Moxon . . . The Justice made himself agreeable. Probably not pleased with my paper on Lamb, as he did not allude to it; but Moxon likes it. . . .

JULY 6th. . . . Having had a letter from Boxall, I wrote yesterday at the Athenaeum a long letter to Harrison declining to let Dr. Davy transfer my intended subscription, five pounds, to the Wordsworth monument to the Ambleside window, which is no proper memorial of Wordsworth, and I justified my not joining in church building, which I approved of churchmen doing, on the ground that, with very limited means each individual must be guided by personal considerations. . . . Let me supply an omission. At Talfourd's was Charles Kemble, who, but for his deafness, which is severe, would be very agreeable. With the aid of a tube he can maintain a *tête-à-tête* conversation. He expressed great pleasure at my relating anecdotes of the old time—my love of Mrs. Siddons; but Charles Kemble spoke of his brother as a greater artist than his sister. Charles Kemble said incidentally that all his children were lost to him. He knew nothing about them—in an angry tone, too. . . .

JULY 13th. . . . I called on Moxon, and met there with Derwent Coleridge. The proposed engraving promises to be sufficiently subscribed for. My name is put down for three copies. . . .

AUG. 4th. . . . Last night I received the new *Prospective Review*, and I find this morning a very clever paper on Shakespeare; by internal evidence I should say by Bagehot—wild, paradoxical, and somewhat pretentious. But still good. On the other hand, there is a very commonplace article on *Religious Fiction: The Wide Wide World*, which though praised, I have no wish to read. . . .

AUG. 7th. I sat up late reading . . . an article I finished this morning in the last *North British Review*, written by our Professor Masson, I have no doubt, and which I have very much enjoyed, *Dallas's Poetics and A.¹ Smith's Poems*. This paper none but

¹ MS. reads *H.* But the reference must be to Alexander Smith, 1830-67. His first volume of *Poems*, including *A Life-Drama*, was published in 1853.

Masson could have written among those I know. Full of German doctrines, but giving to them a considerable portion of English clearness. Some Scotch predilections in favour of the Glasgow philosopher, and the Edinburgh poet—a new poet whose juvenile volume I must read. Masson has a wide taste, and loves Aristotle and Kant, Goethe and Shakespeare, Keats and Tennyson rather more than I should have expected, and less Wordsworth—but all with discrimination? . . .

AUG. 9th. . . . I read the volume of Smith, the new Scotch poet, that is, as much as I could, but it was really a trial. I could not have borne to read a whole volume. So beautiful, but so unmeaning—or meaning too much to be understood. . . .

AUG. 10th. I read this morning before breakfast Maurice's *Essay on the Incarnation*. Like all the others, charming till you ask: 'And what is the end of all this?' The answer is: If you mean no more than this, why be so anxious to make us adopt your words, since you show there is so little real difference between our schemes? . . .

AUG. 11th. . . . I have read the essay of Maurice *On the Atonement*. Of course, like his other essays, this takes so liberal a view of the doctrine as to render it agreeable and salutary, and as in all the others, he justifies the very words to which his doctrine seems really most opposed. . . .

AUG. 12th. I read the *Essay* of Maurice *On the Resurrection*. Like all the rest—just at the last there comes something you can't reconcile with the rest. Maurice does not seem displeased with those who cannot receive the Resurrection as a fact, which Coleridge would not, and when he says that it is easier to accept a miracle as an idea than as a fact I suspect he is not strong on the last point. He justly censures Priestley's materialism, and prefers, as Robertson does, the young to the old Unitarians. . . . I wrote a letter on the *Essays* of Maurice with an inquiry about Robertson to King of Brighton. I hope to hear from him as well as to recommend widely this admirable volume by Maurice.

AUG. 13th. I read another essay by Maurice early. . . .

AUG. 14th. I read early an admirable *Essay on Regeneration*, full of excellent thoughts. . . . Afterwards I read a second essay, *On the Ascension*, which I have liked less than most, but then, I have to-day been reading another *On the Judgment Day*, which seems to be one of the best. It is not easy to reconcile all his opinions, and one cannot see why, confessing as he does that there is no Judgment Day, for every day is a day of judgment—why he should attach importance to the belief in the Ascension as a fact. Of course, the Fall or First Sin must also be a myth. And with that

we might all be content but for the unlucky and most troublesome question: If these are myths or images, what may not be? . . .

AUG. 16th. . . . I began a little volume edited by Donne, *Magic and Witchcraft*.¹ . . . And in the afternoon Dr. King wrote to me informing me of the death of Robertson of Brighton. Take him all in all, the best preacher I ever saw in a pulpit—that is uniting the greatest number of excellencies, originality, piety, freedom of thought and warmth of love. His style colloquial and very scriptural. . . . He combined *light* of the intellect with *heat* of the affections in a pre-eminent degree. I have thought of him continually, reading Maurice's *Essays*. . . .

AUG. 19th. . . . I have now finished this volume.² It has not the merit of discretion or forbearance, and gives ample opportunities for reproach to his enemies. But though very seldom satisfactory, and not calculated to make unwilling converts, it is for the candid of all parties a book full of matter to be rejoiced in. That which is beyond reasonable contradiction ought to procure for the writer the most charitable construction for what is equivocal. I can have no hesitation in giving him credit for integrity and earnestness. Otherwise why should he make enemies needlessly? . . .

SEPT. 4th. . . . I breakfasted with Samuel Rogers. For the first time alone, or at most the second time since I have known him. Dr. Beattie preferred going to church. No wonder! Poor Rogers's conversation is becoming painfully indicative of a failing memory. After twelve I left him, he having pressed me to dine with him. . . . I returned to dine with Rogers, of which dinner I have nothing further to say except that he pressed me much to breakfast with him again this morning. He was, as usual, acrimonious and affectionate at the same time towards the same person, both morning and evening referring to Wordsworth's refusal to consent to his daughter's marriage with Quillinan. . . .

SEPT. 11th. . . . I called to-day—the only time—on Moses Ricardo. He, too, seems grown old: he looks a different man. He is one of those whom I find it difficult to tolerate who will prefer Sortain to Robertson. And yet, unless Sortain be grossly calumniated, he is morally as inferior to Robertson as he is most certainly intellectually. I knew that Ricardo thought meanly [of him] on the score of integrity and veracity. . . .

SEPT. 13th. Aspland jumped at my offer to prepare an obituary paper on Robertson, and this, therefore, became my occupation

¹ *Magic and Witchcraft*, by George Moir, originally appeared as an article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. It was reprinted with additions by an anonymous editor, whose identity seems to be established by this reference.

² F. D. Maurice's *Essays*.

for this and the following day. It is now in the printer's hands. I fear a middle thing, containing more than a mere paper giving an account of the man required, and yet nothing as a paper of thought. I am glad I attempted no more, for I should have written what I should have been ashamed of, compared with a short, excellent paper in the last number of the *Inquirer*. . . . In the evening called by desire on Lady Noel Byron, a call which I enjoyed and which may have consequences. She looks even an old woman; and, recollecting her history and as the widow of the most *famous* poet England had in our day, not the greatest, I felt an interest in her as I went, and that was greatly heightened when I left her. From all I have heard of her I consider [her] as one of the best women of the day. Her means and her good-will both great. She lives to do good, says Dr. King, and I believe him. . . . She wanted my opinion as to the mode of doing justice to Robertson's memory. She spoke of him as having the best head on matters of business of any one she ever knew. 'I have consulted lawyers on matters of difficulty. Robertson understood these better than the lawyers. He unravelled everything, and explained everything at once as no one else did.' She spoke of the Life to be composed, and suggested that one might be composed like that of Margaret Fuller. This was done afterwards in a letter to me I received next morning, in which she said an inducement was to have my aid in writing it—a flattering opinion. Unhappily I know that I make an impression at first by my manner which I am unable to keep up, and this I have hinted at in a letter I sent off on the 17th, in which I confessed I had written an obituary which I would send her. . . . I suspect she does not like Maurice. Indeed, few do, except the author of the paper in the *Inquirer*, either Martineau, junior, or Hutton, junior. Kenyon does not, but he has sent me the *Essays* to his friend Penrose. . . .

SEPT. 18th. . . . I had finished the first volume of Haydon's very interesting Life.¹ Better by far than I could have expected. . . .

SEPT. 19th. . . . Reading Haydon's affecting *Autobiography*. . . .

SEPT. 20th. I read Haydon's Life in bed till it was time to dress. Then went to Rogers's, where were Moxon, Mitford, and Dyce. A pleasant chat till half-past twelve. The old man was in a gentle mood. No one was scolded. But nothing remarkable. . . .

SEPT. 21st. I read for several hours Haydon's very instructive Life, and also wrote three letters, one to Mrs. Wordsworth urging her going to Playford with me, and offering to be her escort. . . .

SEPT. 23rd. . . . I read in bed this morning a chapter in

¹ *Autobiography and Journals of B. R. Haydon.*

Haydon's Life. It grows in painful interest. But I must not forget that I never saw a picture by him which gave me pleasure. Could he have been made to feel the truth of Mrs. Barbauld's *Essay on Inconsistency*, he might have cured himself of the folly of expecting the vulgar to have the refinement of the few.—I had a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth. She is coming to Miss Fenwick, who is now on a visit to Henry Taylor. . . . I hope to induce Mrs. Wordsworth to go to Playford, in which case I will escort her to Mrs. Clarkson and afterwards home. But Mrs. Clarkson must herself write. . . .

SEPT. 25th. . . . Street the architect, though High Church, pleased me unexpectedly. He is a man of sense, and agreeable in his person and conversation. . . .

SEPT. 26th. . . . I went to Mrs. Reid's to take tea, and there had a very agreeable evening. . . . Mrs. Jameson was there, who thanked me for my little paper in defence of Lamb in the *Athenaeum*. She is more mild and more generally agreeable than she used to be. Julia Smith and Mr. Nicolai and other liberal Church supporters of the Queen's College, of Mrs. Reid's Ladies' College in Bedford Square; also several professors. I enjoyed the evening.

SEPT. 27th. This, too, has been a busy day. Mrs. Wordsworth had written requesting me to provide two beds for her and her granddaughter near Russell Square. This alarmed me; but the Petos have told me that they can provide for them without any difficulty, having Mr. Leach's rooms at our command. This morning too I had a letter from Mrs. Clarkson expressing great pleasure at the expectation of seeing Mrs. Wordsworth, who, in her letter confirms her intention to visit Mrs. Clarkson, and I am to be her escort there, and back to the north. . . .

SEPT. 28th. . . . After going to the Euston Square Station, I ascertained the time of the train. Peto and I waited from seven to near eight, when the train came, and no friends there. There was no other till later, so that I had no hope of them. I came home. . . . Peto went again at ten. Came back. 'No Mrs. Wordsworth,' he said. Yet she and Jane and the maid-servant came soon after, and apparently in very good health and spirits. They had been disappointed in a chaise from the 'Salutation,' Ambleside. A long and interesting chat. In bed at twelve. Miss Wordsworth and Anne slept in Leach's small room in a double bed and Mrs. Wordsworth in the other, the front room, in a single bed.

SEPT. 29th. Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth breakfasted with me,

and seem to have been comfortable during the night, and no difficulty raised about going to Mrs. Clarkson. But Mrs. Wordsworth will not see the statue. In this she is wrong; but could she not go alone at a fixed time? They accompanied me to the Flaxman Gallery, and were evidently in good spirits and satisfied with their night's quarters. They left me at half-past one and took a cab to Uplands, East Sheen, where Henry Taylor lives. Mrs. Wordsworth agreed with me in thinking it more delicate not to obtrude myself, and she will let me know when she wishes my services in anything. It will be a month before they leave, probably. All this I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson, so that I need not answer a letter I received from her in the evening. . . .

SEPT. 30th. I continued reading Haydon's melancholy Life with the same feeling of sadness and dissatisfaction with everybody. . . .

OCT. 1st. . . . Heard from Miss Wordsworth. A letter came, civil towards me. A general invitation. Complaint of being cheated by the cabman, but I recovered, through Peto, the money. . . .

OCT. 4th. . . . Haydon's Life, now finished, contains a copy by Haydon from a manuscript by Sir Joshua Reynolds giving an account of his reasons for resigning the Presidentship, so very ill-written in all respects as to show that his lectures could not possibly have proceeded from his pen unaided. Tom Taylor has added a judicious criticism on the merits of Haydon, whose book is precious as a psychological monument at least. His vanity was outrageous, and his faults excessive. None of his paintings gave me pleasure, and the world was not bound to patronise an art for which they had no want or love. . . .

OCT. 9th. . . . Calls from Clough. He is returned from America, and has a place in the Education Board. He was only at Boston. The Yankees were friendly to him, and he likes them. He is, however, glad to come back. He looks well and is fatter. I told him our Hall history. . . .

OCT. 11th. . . . Uplands (Henry Taylor's house) is between East Sheen and Richmond. . . . Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth looking well and comfortable. Poor Miss Fenwick quite as well as I expected, but sadly. I doubt whether I shall ever see her again. She is feeble, and, though as kind as ever, yet she is conscious of not being what she was. . . .

OCT. 28th. . . . I wrote . . . about the trial now going on of Maurice's orthodoxy. I believe the bigots are doing themselves great injury. No folly punishes itself more severely. . . .

OCT. 29th. . . . Coming home at night I had a letter which

stated that he had been prohibited lecturing again at the King's College. . . .

Oct. 31st. . . . The interesting subject of conversation was Maurice's prohibition to lecture . . . and yet, I know not why, he refuses to resign his professorship. Archdeacon [Hare] takes Maurice's expulsion to heart, Sir James Stephen also; it breeds dissension among the churchmen. Hare has been made ill by the excitement. He did not think the authorities capable of so great folly. I was sorry to hear that among the enemies of Maurice is Green the surgeon, Coleridge's friend; also the Bishop of London. Indeed, Maurice seems abandoned by all the timid and insignificant . . . The students . . . will take part with the expelled professor. Maurice, I am told, adheres to his first pamphlet, *Subscription no Bondage*. A foolish book, and it lessens my respect for him that he does not see its utter inconsistency with his other deviations from common sense. . . .

Nov. 4th. . . . I slept for the first time on a spring mattress, and I have found the effect very agreeable. Formerly in Germany I slept on a sofa with a spring seat. I never slept better than last night, and I am now lying on it while writing and find it very pleasant. . . . Mrs. Wordsworth has resolved to go on Monday to Playford and to return on Thursday, and I had a letter from Mrs. Clarkson this morning saying she expects me with Mrs. Wordsworth. I shall be sorry if I am sent to Mrs. Dickens's [Mrs. Clarkson's daughter-in-law]. . . .

Nov. 7th. . . . My dear old friend Mrs. Clarkson had often expressed a wish to see Mrs. Wordsworth were it possible, but her paralytic attack put it out of her power to travel, and Mrs. Wordsworth, after the death of her husband, had resolved not to come to the south again. So the hope was not indulged in either of seeing each other, though Mrs. Wordsworth repeatedly said that were she to be in London she should hope to go as far as Playford. They did not write to each other, but I every now and then communicated to the one letters from the other to me, and so the wish was kept alive, and when it was resolved by Mrs Wordsworth to come to Miss Fenwick, I took care to press on her that now she could go to Playford, and to render that practicable I promised to accompany her and bring her back from London. Of this I gave Mrs. Clarkson due notice, and the result of all was that this morning—by arrangements become needless to mention further—at twelve I met Mrs. and Jane Wordsworth at the Shoreditch Station and we proceeded to Ipswich. When we arrived there, to my annoyance there was no carriage from Playford. It now

appeared that I had omitted to write, though above I mention having written. After waiting a quarter of an hour, so that it could not be any mistake of time which occasioned the absence of the carriage, I took a fly, and about a mile and half before Playford, beyond Rushmere, we met Mrs. Clarkson and Mrs. Dickenson in their carriage. I was in confusion, and the two ladies, too, were agitated. Mrs. Clarkson said she would come into our fly, forgetting that she could not move, and Mrs. Dickenson got out to speak to us; but she was a stranger to the ladies, and at length it was resolved that we should go on, and they came behind; and when I had accompanied the ladies into the dining-room I returned to see the luggage taken out and pay the postillion. On my going into the room the two old friends had recognized each other, and were in all the imperfect enjoyment of a first interview after melancholy privations on both sides. I saw at once that I and Jane were only in the way; I therefore told Jane to take a walk with me. In a few minutes Mrs. Dickenson followed our example, and we walked out for more than an hour . . . and did not come back till dinner was nearly ready. We were not expected, and therefore all apologies were needless had they been otherwise wanted; but Mrs. Clarkson keeps an excellent table, and the Wordsworths care less than most people for creature-comforts, so that Mrs. Dickenson declared that the want of notice, blunder really, was a great relief to Mrs. Clarkson, and I was forgiven—for the mistake arising from anxiety is a different offence from the forgetfulness of indifference. We dined between four and five, and the evening passed off rapidly. I hardly spoke to Mrs. Clarkson, leaving the two ladies as much as might be to themselves. Mrs. Clarkson remained below, and Jane, Mrs. Dickenson, and I went upstairs, where we were joined by Mr. Dickenson, who had been out of the parish, and we drank tea together, the two old ladies taking theirs below. We went down a short time before they retired, between ten and eleven. . . .

Nov. 8th. I breakfasted with Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth between eight and nine, as Mrs. Clarkson would not be visible for some time, and then walked at my leisure to Ipswich. The day was fine and I enjoyed the walk, reaching the station in good time for the train that left a quarter before twelve, having for companion, Watson, in the service of Ruskin, wine-merchant, father of the author. I gave him a copy of my obituary of Robertson, which he would show Ruskin if he thought proper. . . .

Nov. 10th. This ought to have been the day of our departure, but my consent was asked for a day's delay, for which I was

prepared and approved of. My ladies having each her friend, I was left alone. . . .

Nov. 11th. Before we left Playford this morning Mrs. Clarkson sent for me into her bedroom. We had an interesting chat, I rejoiced to find that each of the dear old widows felt grateful to me for having brought this interview to pass. They acknowledged this obligation to me, and they believe in the keeping up of the acquaintance in the next, the future, generation. I have promised to take Jane to Playford in the spring and then to take her to Rydal. Mrs. Wordsworth is to return without me. . . . I was kept so long that on my walk to Ipswich afterwards I was overtaken by the carriage with Mrs. Wordsworth and Jane, but we were in time for the train and had an agreeable steam to London, which we reached a little after half-past four, and took a fly to the Cloisters, Westminster. But I had been so much interested and my mind so much exercised during the day that I am sorry to confess that I was sadly confused in the evening on my taking the ladies to Dr. Wordsworth. I was so worried by the difficulties in getting into the Dean's Yard Cloisters, Westminster, that I lost my temper with Jane, whose shrill loud voice and loud laugh troubled me so that I was rude. . . .

Nov. 15th. . . . A call on Mrs. Wordsworth in Dean's Yard, and sat with the ladies, but I declined staying to lunch and seeing the Doctor. Dear Mrs. Wordsworth wants me to hear him preach; I fear she thinks he might convert me. . . .

Nov. 17th. . . . I had had an invitation to Mrs. Jameson's at tea. No party, and nothing but tea—very agreeable. The Fred Pollocks, a young man of dark complexion, patronised by W. S. Landor; Allen, said to be a poet; and one or two more. I was weak in the head in coming away. Mrs Jameson improves on me, she seems more honest than I thought her.

Nov. 18th. Read in bed an excellent article on Thackeray in the *Prospective Review*. . . .

Nov. 25th. . . . After lunching at home I went to Mrs. Wordsworth at the Doctor's, and took leave of her, unless I should see her on Monday, when she is to go. . . .

Nov. 28th. . . . I took an omnibus into the city, having before, by the bye, as soon as I had breakfast gone to the Euston Road railway station, and there in her carriage taken leave of dear Mrs. Wordsworth in her way to the north . . . Took an omnibus to the Athenaeum. There I . . . stayed till past nine, being diverted from my intended [plans] by Reade's novel *Peg Woffington*, a delightful picture of the manners of the dramatic and gay

life of the time of Colley Cibber and Mrs. Clive, when Garrick was commencing his career; the merit lying more in the description than in the thing described, being profligate. But there is a mixture of pathos and gaiety very attractive. It is scene-painting, rather than a tale, after all—at least, as far as I have read, two-thirds of it. . . .

Nov. 30th. . . . I finished *Peg Woffington*. The catastrophe of the story consists of Peg's giving up her lover to a country wife, who wins her affections by her goodness. It is a capital story, but it has too much religious cant. . . .

DEC. 11th. . . . A call from Clough; he was as pleasant as man can be. Did not absolutely talk about his intended marriage, but looked it all, and invited himself next Sunday. . . .

DEC. 18th. . . . The Americans have made Clough even loquacious compared with what he was. I like him. . . .

DEC. 20th. . . . Looking over a few new books. Two fresh volumes of Moore's Life contain a poor notice by Lord John Russell of my objection, and that of others—that *he* should not have published it. A volume by De Quincey will give me great pleasure. . . .

DEC. 23rd. . . . I was tempted to take Wordsworth's poems and read them upstairs to Leach and his friend. This the lawyer enjoyed more than his client. I consider this as even more intelligible. It requires an education to feel Wordsworth, as I felt more sensibly when the ridicule [was] cast on him than I do now. . . .

DEC. 30th. . . . The single incident of the day to distinguish it from others was the taking tea at Mrs. Dawson's and reading to the ladies . . . some passages from Coleridge. . . .

DEC. 31st. . . . Made calls . . . on Anna Swanwick—an associate in opinion and really with much talent. . . .

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JAN. 22nd. . . . I could not quit the capital article on *Religion* by James Martineau. It is wise and beautiful. The discrimination and classification are valuable. He imagines four sources of religion and from them deduces the present state of religion in England. . . .

JAN. 27th. . . . Discharged a duty in writing a cordial note to Talfourd thanking him for his *Vacation Ramble*, an unpublished

volume, which I have found much better than I expected. He is certainly a warm-hearted man. . . .

JAN. 30th. . . . So passed the day besides reading with delight the article on the *Foreign Policy of England* in the *Westminster Review*. . . . This, I hear, is written by Harriet Martineau. Before I knew this I had said that I thought the latter part not so good as the first. . . .

FEB. 9th. To-day I read the *Quarterly* review of Moore's autobiography. Croker has acknowledged himself to be the author of it. It is preciously malignant. In Coleridge's language: 'The implements not the inventions of malice': or in Wordsworth's words, to be characterised as 'malignant truth,' classed by him with 'lie.' It does not put Lord John in the right, but one wishes he had been. . . .

FEB. 11th. I spent . . . the morning chiefly in reading. The *British Quarterly* has an article on Coleridge which is in the main true relatively—that is, it successfully repels the claim of Coleridge to be considered orthodox. It will be very difficult for his admirers to defend him in this. Nevertheless, I infinitely prefer Coleridge and his doctrine to his adversaries on this point. . . . We dined with Rogers. . . . Rogers was also silent. . . . The impression he has made on me is that long life is a very doubtful blessing. But then he is twelve years older than I am, and he was weakly in youth. . . .

FEB. 12th. . . . Until this visit to Brighton the only matter of a serious kind on which Lady Byron spoke with me was the publication of Robertson's Life and Remains. But that subject was soon dismissed, and she soon introduced matters of a more delicate kind, and by her confidence I felt honoured. Yet during these communications given for the sake of advice asked for, there was very little indeed that I could not put down here with perfect propriety. The least important alone of these subjects were introduced by me, viz., the relation between Lord Byron and Wordsworth, etc. She spoke highly of Wordsworth and his poetry, and I, relating the incident at Lamb's chambers of Wordsworth's expressing his disgust at the unhandsome treatment of the *minor* Lord poet by the *Edinburgh Review*, she mentioned the warm admiration Lord Byron expressed of Wordsworth's dignified manners, and as to his Satires, she considered these as unserious wantonness. I informed her of the loss of my letter which contained a full account of all Goethe said of Lord Byron. She made no particular remark on this, nor in general on Moore's conduct, but she has authorised the insertion in some future

Edinburgh Review [of] a contradiction of the statement in the sixth volume of the *Life*, that she had declared her approbation of Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*, which she never would do. In all she said to me about Lord Byron there was a manifest wish to spare him. He could not subdue his passions. She denied that he was malignant, but he was reckless. She produced to me a copy of Medwin's *Conversations*, with marginal notes by her. She desired me to read a few on the spot, and then say whether it should be preserved. I was of opinion that she should take care to leave a written reply to all calumny. It is only since her daughter's death, etc., that she has felt it of importance that the second son¹ of Lord Lovelace should entertain just notions concerning her. He ought to entertain just notions of her. She hopes to have a good influence over him. I like his appearance much. She speaks of him as full of talent and strong affections, but has a tendency to waywardness. How can it be otherwise? Having read some of these marginalia I remarked to her that she must be careful not to assert a *negative pregnant*. She was not acquainted with the word. She is too upright to commit the fault wilfully, and will guard against inadvertently committing it. I also recommended her not to notice *light* imputations, which, at the worst, would only affix on her the minor charge of vanity. It would betray a want of feeling to care for such matters in the presence of serious matters. She took this very kindly. She praised warmly her governess as an admirable person. Lord Byron was worked on by others. No allusion to the cause of their separation—that is, its nature, except that it was necessary. I now find that here in London it is supposed to have been *incest*. I had thought it was still worse. I have found to-day that Mrs. Boott is inclined to think that Lady Byron ought not to have abandoned her husband. This is a woman's judgment. I am not supplied with any special means of judging except what my increased respect for her supplies. The next, and practically the most important matter on which she asks for my assistance, is a governor for this grandson—the second. He must be a man of dignity, to enforce authority; of gentleness, to secure love; a sufficient scholar, etc. I know no one. . . .

FEB. 21st. . . . At Mrs. Swanwick's I chatted very agreeably with James Martineau, and also with Newman; but Newman is losing ground with the public from his anti-Christian zeal, as many people will consider his anxiety to make his *unbelief* known. . . .

¹ Ralph Gordon Noel Milbanke, later Lord Wentworth, second son of Lord Lovelace, whom he succeeded, and grandson of Lady Byron.

FEB. 22nd. Read in bed Talfourd's *Rambles*. He is too much of a Smelfungus. His criticisms on Rome are very unequal. I have since finished the volume. It has amused me. . . .

FEB. 25th. . . . Read in the *Autobiography* of De Quincey. The account of Mrs. Lee is striking. The female infidel is a powerful sketch. . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . My attention was diverted from books to the really sad catastrophe which was announced in the evening papers. Talfourd, soon after delivering the charge to the grand jury at Stafford, was seized with apoplexy and died in half an hour! My acquaintance with Talfourd had long been on the wane, and was just beginning to revive, at least with Lady Talfourd . . . and now it is suddenly ended. This is a terrible blow to his family, and I fear that Lady Talfourd and her children will be nearly as ill-off as Mrs. Ely and hers. Only yesterday I wrote to Case that there would be no difficulty in managing about Talfourd Ely's education at the University College, and I expected to induce Talfourd to let me share the expense with him. I must now do it alone, and it will not be more than I can afford, I dare say, at all events with a little sacrifice. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . De Quincey. I have gone on reading the *Autobiography*. It is a very striking book. . . .

MARCH 20th. . . . I finished to-day volume one of De Quincey. Beautiful, but sometimes unpleasant. . . .

MARCH 31st. . . . At the Adelphi saw Tom Taylor and Reade's new play, *Two Loves and a Life*. The Jacobite traitor has his life saved by the intercession of his Roman Catholic love just before his intended execution, he being just married in prison to his other Roman Catholic love, who had nearly died for him, and thought he would be executed immediately afterwards. Very interesting, but not very agreeable. Tom Taylor is very popular as well as able.

APRIL 13th. . . . I have already been reading several hours in De Quincey. I am gratified by his account of Coleridge. I fear that of Wordsworth. But I, having read much more of De Quincey's Life, find him more candid than I feared. . . .

APRIL 14th. . . . Reading . . . an insignificant article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Moore's *Life* containing a denial (which Lady Byron told me would be put in by her authority) that she had expressed any approbation of Moore's *Life* of her husband. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . I wrote to Lady Byron . . . and I took this opportunity to recommend to her De Quincey's *Autobiography* as a psychological curiosity. I also wrote to Mrs. Clarkson chiefly

to let her know that I had ordered Moxon to send her a copy of this work, on which I wrote to her in the same tone as to Lady Byron. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . Moxon . . . is about to publish Talfourd's last works. Lady Talfourd would publish his Life, but that is not desirable, otherwise than as a short memoir. I read to-day Dickens's few but deeply feeling lines—sentences on Talfourd in *Household Words*. A little overdoing is to be expected, but it is not excessive here. . . .

APRIL 30th. . . . Boxall . . . introduced to us seniors the strange topic about to amuse and scandalise the public—a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court by Mrs. Ruskin against husband *impotentiae causa*, the real ground being extreme neglect in matters in which he wanted not the power but the will to do his duty. . . .

MAY 1st. . . . Another matter was on my mind this morning: an application from Phillips through Papworth for permission to have a mould made from my bust of Wordsworth. Papworth did not know that this was by Chantrey. I doubt the propriety of this. I, however, called on Scharf, and I mean to speak with Thrupp and possibly with Lady Chantrey as to the means of getting a suitable memorial of Wordsworth in the Crystal Palace. Of this more hereafter. . . .

MAY 2nd. . . . I was taken by Mrs. Byles in her carriage . . . to Thrupp's where we looked at Wordsworth's bust. It is a fine figure of an *old* man, and yet the poet should not droop so. The bard is lost sight of. Thrupp tells me that his bust was offered the Crystal Palace for five pounds, and that the mould does not cost more than two pounds, so that I am not so much obliged to them as I thought. . . .

MAY 3rd. . . . Called . . . on Rogers. He drove me round the Hyde Park to Miss Rogers, whom I found not more feeble than before. He is declining evidently. Visits to him are of gratitude and duty now. . . .

MAY 6th. . . . My first business was to call on Lady Chantrey and inquire whether she would approve of my letting the Crystal Palace have my cast of Wordsworth to make a mould from. She satisfied me that this ought not to be done. Sir Francis wished all the moulds to be destroyed, that casts might not be multiplied. And she destroyed all. Moulds from casts are not so good as from the marble. . . . I wrote accordingly to Papworth. My next call was on Benson Harrison, from whom I heard that Mrs. Wordsworth has recovered the use of her cross-eye, and is become blind.

in the eye formerly straight and now become cross, the eyes having thus changed their position! Dr. Gibson tells me that this fact is not unknown to him, and he mentioned a case which he printed. . . .

MAY 18th. . . . Read in *Prospective Review* on *Oakfield* a very interesting paper, confined, however, to an exhibition of its psychological character, showing that the author, [William] Arnold,¹ had, professing an admiration of Carlyle's philosophy, exhibited an opposite moral character. . . .

MAY 26th. . . . I dined at Darwin's. A party—himself not [there], for he caught cold. His brother Charles (a fine fellow in person as in character). . . .

JUNE 2nd. Finished the last *Prospective Review* by reading on Leopardi [whom Crabb Robinson had met in 1831] . . . a sickly poet of high reputation. . . . His person not unlike De Quincey's in the impression left of it, like mother of pearl. . . .

I read the *Hard Times* with increasing pleasure. . . .

JUNE 5th. . . . Late Mrs. Reid urged me to write a letter of apology to Miss Aikin for my rudeness when she insulted Wordsworth. I did write, but have not sent my letter to-day. It is not easy to write in a case in which, though I am formally wrong, she was, in fact, more culpable than myself. . . .

JUNE 10th. . . . I was interrupted by a call from an amiable man, Irwin, now living at Cheltenham—an Italian acquaintance, a man of more sentiment than knowledge. Of the family of Ellen Irwin, the subject of Wordsworth's *Braes of Kirtle*;² he was not aware of the poem and scarcely of the poet. I took him to the Flaxman Gallery. . . . Richard Hutton calling, I made tea for him. He wished to prepare a selection of Wordsworth's poems, and I am to introduce him to Moxon. . . .

JULY 1st. . . . Read *The Last Days of Kant*, a paper by De Quincey in the third volume of his selections. He has made much of the bodily constitution of a great man, with no allusion to his mind and philosophy. . . .

JULY 2nd. I read in my room in De Quincey, whose article on *Modern Superstitions* I have read with interest. But its tone is that of a writer who wants to produce an article that will sell, and so get him custom among customers (publishers). . . .

JULY 4th. . . . I read in De Quincey's beautiful article on *Joan of Arc*, which is excellent in style. . . .

JULY 17th. I finished to-day *The Spanish Military Nun*, the

¹ William Delafield Arnold. *Oakfield, or Fellowship in the East*, 1853.

² Ellen Irwin: or, *The Braes of Kirtle*.

least agreeable of the six articles in the volume of *Miscellanies* by De Quincey. A real story is told in a very unreal style; an effort about it, as if written for effect. So that it leaves a bad effect. . . .

JULY 19th. . . . A letter from Mrs. Wordsworth pressing me to go soon. Miss Wordsworth has become happy and still. A blessed change, writes Mrs. Wordsworth, preparatory to the last change. She, I perceive, thinks Miss Wordsworth cannot long survive, and therefore would have me go. . . .

JULY 22nd. . . . To-day I have been reading with great pleasure Arnold's *Oakfield*, of which more hereafter. . . .

JULY 23rd. I went on with *Oakfield*, and finished the first volume. It ends with the trial of Oakfield for not resenting an insult. His defence is admirable, that is, skilful in avoiding mere sentimentality. The judgment is still to be given. It is with the family spirit and integrity that the whole is written. The picture of manners is spirited, but external manners are less the author's object than the principles of his honoured father. The Arnold family are faithfully portrayed. A scene in Westmorland out of place, and a description of an Indian battle may have been filched from a *Gazette*. . . .

JULY 24th. . . . I, in some respect, changed the objects of my attention [from family gloom at Bury] by taking up the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and, when painfully impressed, by bringing from the library Henry Taylor's *Notes on Books*, from which I read immediately and I have since finished: altogether two essays on Wordsworth's Poetical Works and Sonnets. They do Wordsworth full justice, and his moral power as well as his power and success are by the critic fully felt and acknowledged. Henry Taylor is an elegant scholar and a man of thought. . . .

JULY 25th. . . . I finished *Oakfield* to-day. It is a beautiful novel. It is religious in the best sense, such as an Arnold should [sic], genuinely devout, with no assertion of verbal creeds. All the disregard of indifference. The picture of English—Cumberland—scenery excellent. The varieties of character in Middleton, Stenton, who marries Margaret, all admirable. The judgment of India, decisive in my mind. Can the lieutenant after this ever go to India? It is a proof of courage, the writing such a book. However, he is in the Queen's—not Company's service.

After reading two excellent reviews of Wordsworth from the *Quarterly* by Henry Taylor, read also a review of Aubrey De Vere from the review by Henry Taylor. He labours to praise De Vere; and even the anti-papistical character of De Vere's poems. I suspect Henry Taylor apprehended that Aubrey De Vere would in

the end declare himself, as he has done since, a convert to Romanism. He is an elegant man. I saw him at Taylor's, and thought he had a Roman Catholic air! . . .

JULY 27th. A great part of the day was devoted to the reading *Disraeli*—a *soi-disant* biography, clever, but overpraised. It is rather to be called a political pamphlet, more than six hundred pages handsomely printed—*un peu de trop*—but it is interesting to run over; very declamatory, but not mere declamation. It shows up with ability Disraeli's want of principle—a mere unprincipled party-man—and also the fallen state of the landed interest or country which could find no better man to head them. How much the reverse of an Arnold. . . .

JULY 28th. . . . Went to the library, where I returned an interesting volume by Sir A. D. Gordon, an abridgement of Varnhagen von Ense's *Denkwürdigkeiten* (Memoirs), brought much to my memory of Germany during the war of emancipation. I also went on with the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which I enjoyed more than ever. . . .

JULY 29th. . . . I finished *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*. A more perfectly convincing book I never read, and I know no writer who more successfully than Mrs. Stowe blends piety, warm and even impassioned, with perfect good sense. The reasoning faultless; the conclusions irresistible. . . . And yet the book tends to produce despair in all those who have not the assurance that it is the design of Providence yet to remove the flagrant wrong that it permits. . . .

JULY 30th. . . . I skimmed over the Jesuit Ripa's *Residence in China*¹—a book containing marvellously little real information, reminding one of the Johnsonian phrase: 'A perpetual renovation of hope and constant succession of disappointment.' In the same volume, bound up, Monk Lewis's letters on the state of Jamaica before the abolition of slavery there. A warm-hearted man, he bears testimony to the good moral qualities of the negro race, yet his book represents the condition of the West Indian slaves as being far less wretched than that of the American slaves. . . .

JULY 31st. . . . My reading was confined to Burton's *Benthamism*. It shows off Bentham's peculiar notions to great advantage. The cleverness and wit undeniable. The truth or sophistry, whichever it be, has all due weight given it. Certainly my respect for Bentham increases—his practical wisdom is great. . . .

AUG. 2nd. . . . My most important call being on Miss Fen-

¹ Matteo Ripa. *Memoirs during Thirteen Years at the Court of Peking, etc.*, 1844, translated by F. Prandi.

wick, Cadogan Place. Found her unexpectedly well-looking, absolutely with colour. She received me cordially. I made this call in consequence of two letters, one from her and from Mrs. Wordsworth, both desiring me to do so, and it answered completely. . . . I enjoyed this interview and hope to have another before I go north. . . .

AUG. 5th. . . . I had the pleasure of a walk with Grote to Regent Street. I found him very liberal and intelligent. It was the best part of the day. . . .

AUG. 9th. . . . Called at Rogers's. From Moxon I had heard of Rogers having had a fit, and his life was not expected; yet he had again rallied and Dr. Watson says he may get over it—still! . . .

AUG. 10th-22nd. [Visit to Rydal.] . . . At Birthwaite I was recognized by William Arnold, author of *Oakfield*. . . . William Arnold is an invalid, but really a fine fellow. I was glad to hear Lady Byron had engaged him for a year as a tutor for her grandson, and I wrote to her saying how much pleasure this gave me. In return she wrote to me that this confirmation of her choice came opportunely. . . . These Arnolds—the young men—are thought to take much on themselves and I hinted to William that Matthew had so acted towards me. However, William, as I said, has high principles, though the religious do not like his book. It is without religion. The interesting trial of Percy the Ensign, just ended, has great resemblance to that of *Oakfield*, but shows the army in England to be worse than Arnold dared to paint it, even in India. I drank tea with Mrs. Arnold once. . . . I have no complaint to make of inattention, as certainly I did not expect to be invited to the luncheon to which Lord John Russell was invited on the 21st. At the same time I do not think my acquaintance will ever become intimacy.

I found on my arrival at the Mount the family as well as I could expect. Miss Wordsworth more quiet than I have known her for years, and the day of my departure she showed a recognition, and more than that, in tone discriminated between me and Dr. Jackson. Mrs. Wordsworth is unchanged; except a slight lameness or weakness in the knee, in good health. She has great comfort in Mr. Carter, who is chaplain, steward—everything, in fact. An excellent man, but wayward, Mrs. Wordsworth says, and requires attention. John Wordsworth was there several days. . . .

. . . My reading at Rydal was slight. The most interesting part of this was a short account of the family of Mrs. Hutchinson (Miss Monkhouse)—interesting from the simple piety and just sentiments of Mrs. Wordsworth. I looked over several volumes

of *The Doctor*. Pleasant gossip, but the book has been very overpraised.

The only book from which I made extracts was Carlyle's *Chartism*, a book read with conflicting feelings. On the whole I dislike it—though full of Mephistophelian truth, at best half-truths. . . . I left Rydal on the Tuesday afternoon with an impression that if I ever see it again it will be with several mutilations. Even that excellent servant, James, is growing old. He is grateful for small favours. . . .

AUG. 23rd. . . . My time [*en route* for London] was spent reading with great zest Burton's *Jeremy Bentham*, whose philosophy I do not relish, but his acuteness I marvel at. . . .

AUG. 25th. . . . Began looking over Patmore's *My Friends and Acquaintance*. An interesting chapter about Lamb, Dec. 5th 1826. He writes: 'H. C. R. called at half-past eight. There was an end of general conversation, he took it all to himself!' This, though uncivil, does not offend me, as a report of Hazlitt's abuse of Ayrton does Ayrton. He proceeds, but incorrectly, to report what I said about Spanish names—for the English Reformers—by no means bad if well related. It is good being thick-skinned when one cannot escape the cudgel. I must refer to my journal of that date. I have done so since I wrote the last line. I must plead guilty to overtalking. It was at Lamb's. I left a blank for Patmore's name. Nothing to make me angry as Ayrton has [been] by impertinence in reporting Hazlitt's abuse of him. I am thick-skinned on such points. Two capital letters by Lamb to Patmore. . . .

AUG. 26th. . . . I called at Rogers's and found from Edmund that he was in his bed and much feebler than ever. He was not expected long to survive. . . . This is another instance. We may live too long. Old age without intelligence is no boon. . . . I began and I finished yesterday Patmore's long paper on Hazlitt. Patmore is a low fellow, booksellers' drudge, and the book will be deservedly despised—perhaps even more than it deserves. His admiration of Hazlitt is even absurd, and betrays a want of refined sense and correct judgment. Yet he has a certain vigour of description. His notions of Hazlitt's integrity are even ridiculous. He, Hazlitt, is more truly described without a name by Burke as the literary Jacobin at the beginning of his *Reflections*. . . .

SEPT. 1st. . . . Spent several hours reading *Hard Times*, which, though not one of Dickens's best novels, has an object. I wish him success in his exposure of the matter-of-fact Manufactory System. His ridicule of Mr. Bounderby, the bully of humility,

who brags of his beggarly poverty, of Gradgrind, the rich man of Coketown, the candidate Harthouse, and Blackpool, the high-minded working hand, are all well drawn. More hereafter. . . .

SEPT. 3rd. . . . I devoted the day nearly to the finishing of *Hard Times*. By no means one of Dickens's best novels. The matter - of - fact Gradgind, his ruined son and nearly ruined daughter, Louisa, are not made out either consistently or probably. Bounderby, the bully of humility, and his really humble mother, who, full of love, conceals that she is his mother, and the obsequious Mrs. Sparsit, the dependant, are original without being good. Coketown is a sort of caricature of Manchester. The strike and popular orators are spirited, and Blackpool is affecting, but not credible. . . .

SEPT. 12th-23rd. [Visit to *Masqueriers at Brighton*.] On the day of my arrival Masquerier gave a dinner, for which he fixed me to come. It was to Dr. Croly chiefly. He was the star. Sortain, a sort of antithesis, and Ricardo. Neither of whom could relish him. . . . The Doctor is a character. I met him at Walter's some thirty years ago or more, when I was requested to give him some hints about being *The Times* correspondent at Paris. Walter asking what I thought of his friend, I said: 'Had I met him in the evening in a retired spot I should have fallen on my knees and said: "Take my money and spare my life.'" He has a large person and a fierce physiognomy pitted with the smallpox, and a loud voice. He has made his way in the world at last in the Church, and is a popular preacher at the city church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, where he took an active and laudable part in the legal disputes with Gibbs. He attempted novel-writing and wrote *Salathiel* (the Wandering Jew), and he wrote a tragedy, *Catiline*, and a comedy. Pride will have a fall, at least, I think so. In fact, he has been a literary adventurer. He and I sparred and talked freely. . . . He is growing deaf and is a discontented man — a general fault-finder. He was a Tory, but he spoke now against all parties. He speaks on religious subjects like one whose duty it is to take a part; but he has not the air of a religious man, and I suspect he has no zeal but what proceeds from party spirit. . . . I saw a good deal of Sortain. . . . He spoke of *The Divine Drama* very warmly. . . . Indeed, this book is making way though not yet reviewed.

Sortain told me that he met Carlyle at William Marshall's, where his conversation was so gross that Marshall was obliged to remind him a clergyman was in the room. Before even the ladies left the room, the tone of Carlyle was offensive enough. . . .

... Lady Byron . . . I saw almost every day after Sunday. She was more cordial and confidential than ever. Her communications must be carefully noticed, though all were of a kind to do her honour. She is delighted with William Arnold, who is now at Bonn with her grandson Ralph. . . . She is undoubtedly a Unitarian, and yet seems unwilling to acknowledge herself one. . . . She spoke freely of my *Exposure* which I put into her hands. She thinks acuteness in interpretation my *forte*, not continuous writing, and assented to almost all I said in the way of critical remark. Her opinion of the Bishop of Oxford that of everyone [who] honours the name of Clarkson. I must put in cypher what she said of most interest. She confirmed what Goethe says, that Lord Byron was fond of boasting {that he had killed a person. On coming out of the church after our marriage, i.e. in the carriage [he said]: 'We must come to a separation sooner or later.' And within the week of the marriage he fell into a violent passion for something she had very innocently [word wanting in MS. ? said or done], drew a dagger, lifted it up as if he would stab her. On which she looked calmly. He paused and said: 'No, I will not imbrue my hands in blood a second time.' 'Yet with all this,' she said, 'we were most fitted to each other of any persons.' He was the victim of imposture. He was weak in will. He professed at times the greatest respect for her, and she can prove that at the time she first proposed a separation he had himself determined on it. She intimated she would write to me, perhaps in a foreign name, when speaking on these family matters. Of her daughter she said nothing; says Lord Lovelace hates her. *Er ist ein Geizhals*, which is the source of his faults. She spoke of her eldest grandson with great affection. My interviews with her were frequent, and have added to my esteem. Of her daughter she said nothing. She seemed to think her husband was unable) to resist his impulses, and she said expressly he could not have been happy with any woman. She praised the governess whom Lord Byron so abuses. She spoke highly of Lamb, Wordsworth, etc. Does not seem to know much of Lady Blessington—at least, said nothing. Thought highly of Coleridge. . . . I had not much time to read when here. . . . I also read . . . the new collection by Mitford of the *Correspondence of Gray with Mason*. Gray's letters are very pleasant indeed. I also looked over all Thomas Hood's poems; many are good, but *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs* are supreme. . . . Robertson was not much the subject of conversation now. His Sermons are about to be published, but Lady Byron will hardly

recognise them as his, though the family publish them. His Life may never appear. A suspicion is entertained of his orthodoxy, and with reason. The *Triplets* were written on the anniversary of his death by a lady under thirty—very good; and a few quatrains on flowers scattered on his grave by the journeyman. These by Lady Byron. . . .

SEPT. 25th. . . . To the Athenaeum, where I stayed late, reading . . . a charming pamphlet by Ruskin on the Crystal Palace. The sentiment fine, whatever the taste—admirable. . . .

SEPT. 27th. I have begun to read Hood's pieces of wit, and I have read in bed this morning his *Tale of a Trumpet*. I prefer his pathos. His punning is capital, but with such copious facility and no object, he need never end as long as people will listen.

Oct. 25th. . . . Spent the day in idle reading, chiefly in the *North British Review*. The number for May contains some admirable sketches . . . a wise paper on children's books, adopting the anti-utilitarian notions of Coleridge . . . the child's mind is to be formed, not filled. . . . There is also in this number a capital paper on Ruskin, who is very favourably represented. His eloquence is highly praised and the eloquence [sic] justified by extracts.

Oct. 26th. . . . I am now about [an article] on Hugh Miller, the Cromarty stone-mason and *strong* man—a sort of Scotch Whewell. But his *Fach* is geology, and his writings are those of a fine brave fellow and strong intellect. . . .

Oct. 28th. I found at the library the *Life of Mrs. Opie*,¹ which I have been reading ever since. . . . The democracy of my youth is here favourably represented. . . .

Oct. 31st. . . . I have read another paper on American literature in the *North British Review*. Hawthorne, at least, I must read (he seems really to be a man of genius). *The Blithedale Romance* . . .

Nov. 18th. . . . I read in the *British Quarterly Review* an article on the Crystal Palace. The religious sentiment of Ruskin is in the *Review* itself and for that sake his arrogance forgiven. . . .

Nov. 30th. . . . The Wordsworth monument is up, without consulting secretaries or committee; but it could be nowhere but where it is. We are to have a final meeting! Boxall is quite satisfied. But the Dean and Chapter have been exorbitant. . . .

DEC. 9th. . . . I read to-day in the new volume of De Quincey his powerful papers on the *English Mail-Coach*. Written with

¹ *Memorials of Amelia Opie*. By Miss C. L. Brightwell.

diseased strength, but still evidently stretched out unduly for the sake of pay. . . .

DEC. 10th. . . . I breakfasted with Dr. Boott and Mrs. Boott. . . . He strongly recommends my appointing (Donne, with an express reference to his editing my papers, my executor). To be seriously thought of. . . .

DEC. 18th. . . . I finished the very pleasant tale written by Miss Manning, a tale written in happy style [*Old Chelsea Bun House*]. I will read the others if they are as good as this, her last. It is a felicitous picture of manners. Immaterial whether perfectly correct or not. . . .

1855

JAN. 10th-20th. [Brighton.] . . . Lady Byron I saw more than any one out of the house. I took tea with her several times quite early, and saw her as often as I could. . . . We talked more about Lord Byron as a poet than ever before. . . .

JAN. 20th. I reached London by half-past four, having read De Quincey on the road. His narrative of *The Revolt of the Tartars* is appalling, but not agreeable any more than *The English Stage-Coach* [sic]. . . .

JAN. 22nd. . . . I dined with Kenyon by invitation, and [he] had Boxall whom I was to meet. It was a very agreeable evening. . . . The subjects of talk were Wordsworth's monument, which Boxall had not yet seen. It seems that the artist is most to blame. He fixed the place, and he is the loser thereby—that is justice; had I known of the intention I would have protested against its being placed where it cannot be seen, and would have presented a memorial to the Queen to allow it to be put elsewhere, as the Dean and Chapter have refused to give up their fee of £200. . . .

JAN. 23rd. . . . I was led to look into the *Life of James Montgomery*. Skimmed two volumes. In the second volume, page 185, it is said that a party (*anno 1812*), being in company (it was at Charles Aikin's—this I add), a gentleman of taste—H. C. R.—at length known as a warm admirer of Wordsworth, said that of all the reviewers he of the *Eclectic* understood him the best, but was afraid to say the truth. It was said that James Montgomery, the author of the article, did not confess it was written by him. The editors did not add, what they did not know, that in the year 1849 I saw James Montgomery and we talked over this matter. James Montgomery (Philipps was with me) was very civil, and I

was glad to see again this very amiable and highly respectable man. A saint among poets and a poet among saints. . . .

JAN. 25th. . . . A letter forwarded by Miss Fenwick announcing the expected death of Miss Wordsworth. Mrs. Wordsworth can hardly write, still less able to see what she writes. . . .

JAN. 27th. . . . From Ambleside I had a letter from William Wordsworth announcing the death of his aunt, an excellent person. But William Wordsworth wrote that I should be shocked to hear of what in itself was rather to be rejoiced at than deplored—she had been many years imbecile—and for which I had been prepared by a letter Miss Fenwick had forwarded from Mrs. Wordsworth received two days before, and I forwarded this to Mrs. Clarkson by like desire of William Wordsworth.

JAN. 28th. . . . The ironical *Essay on Murder as a Fine Art* has a postscript in which the irony is feebly apologised for, and a powerful description of the murder of the family by Williams is given with few offensive deviations from good taste. . . .

JAN. 31st. . . . To Miss Thomson . . . I sent on thin paper a copy of *The Bridge of Sighs*, which she will send to Mayer. I enjoyed copying again this very gem of literature. . . . A letter from S. Sharpe informs me that Miss Rogers died on Sunday. Mr. Rogers knew she was dead, and said when told of her death: 'She is happy. I hope I shall be soon.' She was an amiable person of no remarkable talent, but her death and that of her brother—anticipated by the previous loss of memory—will cause a chasm in London society among our friends not easily filled up. . . .

FEB. 12th. . . . Began a new book which I am reading at Lady Byron's request or recommendation—the *Conversations* of Lord Byron with a clergyman, Kennedy, before his death in Greece, and she says it gives a fair account of his opinions. And that may well be, for the narrative has nothing material either for praise or blame. Both clergyman and layman say common things, but of the two I prefer the layman. . . .

FEB. 20th. . . . Finished the second volume of Lady Blessington's *Life*. Could I consider it as an honour to be named in such a book I might be vain. It appears there four times—pp. [blank], 346, 367, and 372. Lady Blessington wishes she saw more of me,—says I have a sound head. At least, not so foolish an encomium as the Herzogin von Weimar's *zarte Empfindung*. Landor's good word is worth a good deal more, but not much, from his want of judgment. He calls me the honestest of lawyers, as he used to do. One of his references is to his letters about Wordsworth, which

are to be preserved. They may be worth printing hereafter. I may refer to these again. Landor's letters are the best; but it is a very catch-penny book. . . .

FEB. 25th. . . . I have remarked to-night in Jeremy Bentham an excellence I never suspected him of possessing—humour in his family letters.

I have since begun Burton's¹ own summary, and I find *now* no inclination to adopt Bentham's Greatest Happiness principle, though I perceive it to be rather a violation of good taste than logically wrong; and I have not yet found the solution of the riddle as to *selfishness*. Bentham maintains that the greatest happiness is secured by each man attending to his own, which is true only in a state of *perfect wisdom*, in which alone 'true self-love and social is the same.'

FEB. 26th. . . . I spent several hours upstairs arranging my books—a disagreeable but necessary work. The quantity is immense. The worthlessness is equally infinite. . . . I went on with Lady Blessington's *Memoirs*—a worthless book, but it makes me lose much time, for it is, after all, attractive. . . . There is in the *Memoirs* a courtly letter from Kenyon, well written, but with an allusion I should not have expected from him. He says if his offering to Lady Blessington's *Book of Beauty* be rejected he will not, like Cain, be betrayed to vindictiveness. . . .

FEB. 27th. . . . Called on Miss Fenwick. I found her not sensibly worse than before, though one thinks she must be so. She is one of the most really lovable of pious women, with no arrogance from her Churchism, and more liberal in her feelings towards Dissenters than the Evangelical churchwomen often are; but this is common to her and other High Church ladies. . . .

FEB. 28th. . . . I read two chapters of Bentham. It is marvellous how many actual reforms owe their existence to his suggestion.² . . . It is just midnight and I am not tired; yet I ought to feel ashamed of so lazy a life, for I spend my days without any real exercise of thought or attention whatever.

MARCH 2nd. . . . I wrote a letter to Lady Byron which did require some thought. It consisted of my remarks on Dr. Kennedy's *Conversations* with Lord Byron about religion. The Doctor is an arrant philistine, that is, commonplace man, and the

¹ John Hill Burton assisted Bowring to edit Bentham's works and to write his life. He published *Benthamiana* in 1843.

² According to *D.N.B.*: 'In an introduction . . . written in 1837, John Hill Burton gives a long list of reforms first advanced by Bentham and adopted by the Legislature.'

lord did not care to be attentive to what he himself said. There is nothing in the book worth recollecting. . . .

MARCH 7th. I have not lately spent a worse day than this, occasioned mainly by a call from J. P. Collier, who, talking on general subjects, mentioned the great beauty of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, and report adds Shakespeare. This led me to look into the play—skim it, that is, and compare it with the original story, Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite*, and that also with Dryden's version, and this occupied me nearly the whole day—that is, it filled my mind with the subject so that I could not go on with my regular reading. . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . I had also a gratification of my vanity in looking into two volumes of the *Correspondence of Goethe and Knebel*, in which I am spoken of repeatedly by Knebel with great kindness and only a great exaggeration of qualities of which there may be some. These I mean to add to my reminiscences, as there is an account of my meeting with Goethe's son at Florence. See my journal in 1830. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . I also wrote a letter, long on my mind, to Lady Byron about Lord Byron's religious opinions, and the injury done him by his Calvinistic faith, in which I quite agreed with her. . . .

MARCH 23rd. . . . Had a short interview with Kenyon. He is still poorly and said he had lived long enough to consider death as a *refuge*. A just thought on many occasions, but it is an evidence of a low state of spirits. Were we to lose him it would be a loss to the community. He makes many happy through his wealth. I should feel it the more on account of his kind expressions about me. *Er meinte es bloss in einem praktischen Sinn—aber nach Mrs. Bayne—sagte er hält mich für den weisesten der Menschen.* That is, I know how to be happy. . . .

APRIL 1st. . . . Read an excellent paper on Dickens in the new *Blackwood*. I must read one new piece, *Copperfield*—that is, new to me. . . .

MAY 15th. . . . A strange letter received on Tuesday from Lewes, the philosopher, though never introduced to me. Yet on the strength of his reputation as a man of letters he asked me to give him some anecdotes about Goethe for a forthcoming *Life!* I am glad that I have not been induced to send a more favourable answer to his request, which I must now give him. He signs [sic] 'Dear Sir,' though we have never seen each other. The only thing I like in the letter is the absence of flattery and compliments. He lives with Miss Evans, and Thornton Hunt [Leigh Hunt's son] with Mrs. Lewes. . . .

MAY 20th. . . . [Letter] to George Henry Lewes declining to give him any reminiscences or letters, as the incidents have little value independent of the personal relations, and hinting at my contempt for the modern opinion of Goethe, and referred to my paper in the *Gallery of Portraits*. . . . On my walk I began *The Scarlet Letter*. The introduction is written in a style graphic and forcible, and peculiar at the same time, and the first two chapters are of the same character. . . .

MAY 21st. . . . It goes on with great effect. It is a painful book. . . .

JUNE 4th. I finished *The Scarlet Letter*. It must be allowed to be an admirable piece of painting—portrait-painting. It is not properly a history, for how and under what circumstances the sin was committed, with what exaggerations or the opposite, no hint is given, so that the repentance seems overwrought. The husband is altogether unintelligible.

JUNE 19th. . . . I wrote to the secretaries a formal note approving of the inscription to the monument—W. Wordsworth. . . .

JUNE 20th. . . . Palmer, my acquaintance in Wales and landscape-painter, sent me a formal introduction to Gilchrist, who is writing a *Life of Blake*. Gilchrist's letter to me I took no notice of before, but now I wrote in a friendly tone to him and asked him to breakfast with me. . . .

JUNE 23rd. . . . I had an agreeable [chat] with . . . Monckton Milnes, especially about Blake's biographer. . . . Monckton Milnes has shown him all his engravings and drawings by Blake. . . .

JUNE 28th. I had Gilchrist with me four hours talking about Blake. . . . He is a young man, fair in complexion and zealous for his subject. I read him my notes of a conversation with Blake, but I would not trust him with the manuscript. . . . He is desirous to consider Blake as an enthusiast, not as an *insane* man; but such a question, whether he were or not insane, is a mere question of words. . . .

JULY 14th. . . . I breakfasted with Kenyon and had a most agreeable two hours with his party. Kenyon was himself apparently in low spirits or not in high health. The Brownings were the attraction. Mrs. Browning when Miss Barrett was an object of compassion. Now, no one would think she had ever been ill. She talks freely and well and does not now affect the invalid. But the conversation was easy and on popular subjects. Browning was talking *tête-à-tête* with Edward Kenyon, and Miss Bayley and Miss Courtenay were the others. I left at half-past twelve.

JULY 18th. . . . Kenyon seems indifferent to the *National Review*,¹ as, I fear, he is to everything beyond the happiness he can himself effect through his wealth and munificence. He has a generous nature. I wish he had more discrimination. . . .

JULY 30th. [Rydal.] I should have mentioned among the books read *Honor Delany*,² a capital Irish tale which is well written in a dramatic style and calculated to impress an Irish Protestant reader. . . . J[ohn] Monkhouse came this morning and dined with us. He is an excellent man—*blind*, but happy. . . . He loves Wordsworth's memory with ardent affection, and venerates his brother's memory also. . . .

AUG. 1st. . . . William Arnold is engaged on the *Economist*, and is willing to be introduced to the best among my friends here. for he will be much in London. . . . I like William better by far than Matthew. He is quite free in his opinions, and is beloved by his family. . . . I, looking over books and circulars, was able to get to bed at midnight, feeling in good spirits, rejoicing in my safe return, and in very good health, with a consciousness that I am approaching the close. . . .

AUG. 2nd. I have now to write memoirs of the last fortnight passed in a visit to dear Mrs. Wordsworth, of which I will give a short account, disregarding as much as will be in my power the diary form, for I find it very hard to break old habits. . . . At the bottom of the Rydal Hill James was in attendance for me, and I was gratified by the pleasing appearance of Mrs. Wordsworth herself—unaltered, except somewhat less active from increased dimness of sight. . . . I laid myself down with a feeling of melancholy comfort. I found at the Mount William from Oxford and Mr. Carter as fresh as ever. . . . I took with me Robertson's *Sermons*, intending to try how they would be relished by so pious, but yet somewhat timid a Christian as Mrs. Wordsworth. I began by reading two a day, but she allowed of interruptions. And though, on the whole, the experiment succeeded, yet I could perceive that she was several times alarmed (as at the Sabbath Sermon) and had some apprehension all might not be right with his orthodoxy. She did not *say* as much, and perhaps it was my fear only. The fame of Robertson has reached this remote district, and I believe his reported discourses will do good.

Then recently founded under the editorship of R. Hutton as the organ of liberal Unitarian thought. After much hesitation, Crabb Robinson, being pleased with the first two numbers, had just subscribed £50 to it.

¹ *The Confessions of Honor Delany*, by the author of *Hyacinth O'Gara* [George Brittain].

here. I read all but five and six, and I think higher of him than ever. The Arnolds and Fletchers, perhaps, will profit by him. . . . I was surprised by a call from Harriet Martineau's niece, a pleasing girl—a general favourite. Harriet Martineau sent her to inquire how I was. . . . I have no doubt she sent that I might *not* call on her. The niece answered my intimation that I should call: 'Miss Martineau will hardly be able to see you. She spends the morning writing—(it is said she is dictating her *Life* to Atkinson) and in the afternoon she is fatigued.' I replied: 'I will at all events leave my card, and hope I shall see her.' The day before I left Rydal I meant to call, but it rained hard; I sent an apologetic message by Mrs. Gaskell, and on the day of my leaving called on her by her own desire, and found her very comfortable. She manifests great strength of character in her last illness, and will leave not altogether a bad name behind her—but for her infidelity even a good one. She is allowed to be benevolent and sincere, and her faults are presumption and, towards others, overbearing; but I feel respect for her and good will. . . . I took an omnibus to-day to Grasmere to see dear Mrs. Fletcher. Age has somewhat weakened her faculties, but she had recovered from a dangerous illness. I was told she was firm even to obstinacy in her attachment to Lord John Russell. I found her mild and unexacting, requiring me only to acknowledge that he was sincere and meant well. This I could do, and the more easily as Mrs. Fletcher declares for persisting in the war heroically. . . . I tried to interest Mrs. Fletcher in the *National Review*, but Mrs. Taylor, her daughter, overheard me and interposed against her taking it in. . . .

I looked over Matthew Arnold's poems. The deceased poets—comparing Wordsworth, Goethe, and Byron—I was pleased with, and I liked also his *Balder Dead*, a fragment of Northern Mythology. I also lounged over the enlarged work of Cottle about Coleridge and Southey—a book that is partly new, partly a repetition of the first which he sent me, and which gave offence as betraying the bad opinion Southey entertained of Coleridge needlessly; but it is interesting. . . .

SEPT. 13th. . . . Reading . . . *David Copperfield*. Certainly this novel has the merit of great truth. It has the general character of Dickens's later novels. Peggotty, the honest servant, the weak mother, the tyrannical stepfather, the old school system in all its worthlessness, the honest seaman, etc., all well exposed. The scene is Blunderstone in Suffolk. Dickens knows, at all events, the Suffolk words: 'mawther' and 'bor' constantly occur. . . .

SEPT. 15th. . . . I went on with *David Copperfield*. For its truth it is superior to most of Dickens's tales, and it is less extravagant and wild in its incidents than other tales, which is also a merit. . . .

SEPT. 24th. . . . I read several pages in the admirable *David Copperfield*.

SEPT. 29th. . . . Finishing *David Copperfield* the forenoon, I wrote a short account of the story, or rather of the characters, and I took from the library the volume of Ruskin's Edinburgh *Lectures*. It begins charmingly and the earnestness is an excuse for the arrogance. . . .

SEPT. 30th. . . . I also went [on with] a very exciting book—Ruskin's *Lectures*. . . .

OCT. 2nd. . . . I was reading Ruskin's *Lectures*, which I finished. It is an attractive book, though he does not make out his case in honour of the Pre-Raphaelites and Turner as he ought, to use language so dogmatic. But it is a book from which much may be learned.

OCT. 3rd. . . . Read in the *National*, an able but an unsatisfactory paper on Tennyson. Over-praised, I think. But *Maud* justly declared to be unworthy of him.

OCT. 19th. . . . Concluded the day with Kenyon. Procter, alias Barry Cornwall, a man of sorrows in appearance, most amiable and generous and good—a sort of Christ, without his divinity. Forster, coarse and almost offensive by violence and loudness of voice; but the *Examiner* thrives under his management. . . .

OCT. 27th–Nov. 5th. . . . [Visit to Torquay.] . . . I also read Disraeli's *Venetia*, the novel which purports to give the character of Lord Byron and perhaps Shelley. . . .

On the 6th I went to Bath . . . and stayed till the 10th. Dining . . . with . . . Walter Savage Landor. . . .

[Travel journal: *Torquay and Bath*.] Nov. 1st. . . . I made some way in Disraeli's *Venetia*. The picture of the secluded residence of Lady Annabella, Venetia's mother, and the abbey in which lives, equally secluded, the vulgar mother of the young Lord Cadurcis, the heroine's schoolboy lover, and, especially, the two children are a very good commencement of a love-story. There are three characters in whom one has an interest at once.

Nov. 7th. I lounged over *Venetia*. The character of Cadurcis becomes in the progress of the tale very like that of Lord Byron. His duel scene and its consequences are well managed. . . .

Nov. 8th. . . . I called on Landor. . . . He received me most cordially, and was in his usual jovial mood, but with some diminution of strength. He was looking thin. But he became lively. Insisted on my staying to dinner, and I did remain till half-past six with him. We were quite alone. He spoke on the old topics, and was as extravagant as ever in his judgments. He does not forgive Louis Napoleon for restoring the Pope, but cares not for the assumption of power. 'I saw him,' he said, 'on his flight from Ham at Gore House. "I wish you joy, *mon prince*, on a double escape from a prison and a throne. Whether on a throne or in a prison I shall always see you with pleasure." I have written my mind to him since he became emperor. He is the greatest statesman living; much greater than the first Napoleon. He was a low fellow and had no tact.' I avoided unpleasant topics, but not unfriendly names. He spoke with indifference of the world, cares not when he dies. He says: 'I have let Louis Napoleon know that if any man flies to England for refuge, having failed in an attempt to assassinate him, I will allow him an annuity of £15 for his life.' He reads nothing. His house is full of paintings, and he pointed out some half-dozen, each the very finest that ever was painted. He has lost his taste for poetry. A kind expression when I left him. Hopes always to see me when I come to Bath. His children are all idlers, and will do nothing. They have talent without application.

Nov. 10th. I finished . . . *Venetia*. On reflection I think Disraeli has given the fitting termination to the tale . . . when Venetia's father and lover perished by being wrecked in an open boat—an incident suggested by the actual death of Shelley, the original of Herbert, the father. She married the honest and excellent sailor, the cousin and heir of Cadurcis, as Lord Byron's title is now possessed by a sailor-cousin. . . .

Nov. 21st. . . . I read chiefly in Lewes's *Life of Goethe*. I am better pleased with it than I expected. It is written with more *Germanism* than *spirituality* certainly; but at all events it is a book that fully appreciates the magnitude and superiority of Goethe. I could correct a few points—errors in fact—but of no great moment. . . .

Nov. 25th. . . . Went on with Goethe's *Life*; I feel deeply interested in it. Not that I am by any means satisfied with the author as the right man. His moral tone is low. . . .

Nov. 26th. . . . I went on with the second volume of Lewes's *Goethe*. I am too much interested by it to proceed rapidly, and I find many things quite new. . . .

DEC. 3rd. . . . I finished Lewes's *Life*. A book which has given me much pleasure. On the whole, better than I could have expected. . . .

DEC. 18th. . . . The incident of the day is the death of Rogers—long expected. . . . Rogers, without being a poet, was a maker of good verse, and held a place in society which none of the real poets does. His death makes a gap in society. . . . My whole evening was most pleasantly diverted from my intended occupation by looking over the fourth volume of his [Macaulay's] *History*. It is as attractive as a novel. No wonder that the third and fourth volumes have thirty thousand purchasers at thirty-six shillings each copy. Marvellous success! The volumes have indexes. So the book is delightful. . . .

DEC. 19th. . . . I borrowed Sydney Smith's *Life* and read it in bed with great pleasure, and I have gone on with it to-day. I expect great enjoyment from it. The wit is not a mere joker's, but seriously wise. I read early in bed and since till 5 p.m. The day has been spent so that I could not do any work. . . .

DEC. 21st. . . . But I could not set to any work, though I had nothing to do beyond reading Sydney Smith's *Life*. The materials make up for the bad workmanship. Yet the close of his life, when he became a defender of the corporation of Dean and Chapter, somewhat lessens him in my esteem. . . . He carried his defence too far. He makes the social relation so great as to render the spiritual influence next to nothing. The Establishment is more than the Church—a word that Sydney Smith uses more as an adjective than a substantive. . . .

DEC. 22nd. . . . [Rogers.] The *Daily News* has a base article exaggerating his faults with malignity not excused by the degree of truth in the imputation. I thought of Coleridge's fine expression: 'The implements, not the inventions of malice.'

DEC. 23rd. . . . It is singular Miss Martineau¹ continues to live, and is coming out with a book on the factory question. . . .

DEC. 25th. . . . I was engaged reading the *Life of Sydney Smith*, which I finished. An excellent man certainly. He could as little be acquainted [sic] of tuft-hunting as Rogers perhaps, and his love for Lady Holland (the wife of Lord Holland) is a blot on his character. He was neither martyr nor hero nor saint, but, with all his infirmities, an amiable and admirable man. I read in his *Letters* also. . . .

¹ She lived until 1876.

1856

JAN. 8th. . . . The *Letters* of Sydney Smith, since finished, impress on me the certainty of my soon being infirm. He said, when seventy-six years old, shortly before his death: 'I can't put off dying much longer, not that I am ill, but old.' This is precisely my case. I must be temperate at meals. Having finished Sydney's Smith *Life*, I must speak of it as a delightful book. . . .

JAN. 16th. . . . It makes me melancholy when I think that I am unable to fix my attention on any *lecture*. I cannot listen or recollect. Yet I am as lively as ever, and repeat my old stories, alas! too often. . . .

FEB. 22nd. . . . I spent several hours reading Rogers's *Table Talk*. It is certainly amusing. It has not many things which it ought not to have—that is, malignant anecdotes or ill-told *bons mots*. Yet it has a few. . . .

FEB. 28th. . . . I finished the *Table Talk*. It is not so bad as the envious pretend, especially *The Times* reviewer, who spites the editor [A. Dyce]. Nor is it excellent. Amusing it must be. The account of Wordsworth's poverty will, I fear, mortify the family, though not with reason, for not to be able to eat meat more than three times a week from poverty is not dishonourable, though, to the feeling, worse. . . .

MARCH 8th. . . . Spent the rest of the morning at the Athenaeum. There I read a number of the *Athenaeum*, which . . . led me to read the introduction to Collins's *Dark Hour*.¹ Son of the painter R.A., whom I knew. A promising and powerful writer of fiction. . . .

MARCH 9th. . . . Began to look over Southey's *Letters*, published by Mr. Warter. A poor collection, I fear; but I must skim the volumes—the quicker the better. But it is loss of time. . . .

MARCH 12th. . . . I lost several hours afterwards at the Literary Fund. Dilke, Dickens, and Forster appeared as the advocates of a motion against the committee, but suffered a flagrant defeat. They managed their case ill. At the same time, the committee, in justification of an expensive system, so little pleased me that I came away before the vote was taken. Before the committee gained by four only, now by more than one-third, about fifteen! Dickens made a bold, clever, but imprudent speech which did harm. Forster was angry and Dilke coarse. On the other side, Bell was tedious and trickish—that is, lawyer-

¹ Wilkie Collins's *After Dark* appeared in 1856.

like, evasive; Blackmore dull and offensive; Murray gave offence. Blewitt's personal character was in favour of the committee, and it was alleged that a large capital was given expressly for a house. . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . I went on with Southey's *Letters*. Very inferior to the letters of Goethe and Knebel. . . .

MARCH 18th. I went on with my Knebel's correspondence, and to my surprise found an extravagant puff of myself which I was not aware of, though I was aware that he had written very flatteringly of me. . . .

MARCH 20th. I finished in bed this day the *Correspondence of Goethe and Knebel*, a book that had deeply interested me and which exhibits the condescending love of the superior and the reverential admiration of the inferior most honourably towards both parties. My personal recollections added to my enjoyment, and though the mention of me is not flattering in the way of praise, yet I feel it as an honour to have my name even but written by the great man of his age, accompanied by the expression of or an implied good-will. . . . Mr. Harris from Playford . . . brought me the three volumes of the Slave Trade Abolition Minute Books, to be delivered by me to the British Museum. . . . I skimmed over the third volume of Southey's *Miscellaneous Letters*. They supply a crowd of confessions of bad temper, and the influence of temper is felt continually. His vanity is amusingly excessive, [e.g.] his *History of Brazil* will . . . have more permanent praise than Gibbon! . . .

MARCH 24th. . . . At the Athenaeum. . . . I had a pleasant chat with Matthew Arnold and heard the north country news. . . .

MAY 1st. . . . I was engaged . . . in looking into volume vii of Moore's Diary. The old ill-will to Wordsworth is still apparent—an exposure of weaknesses. Various passages which Lord John Russell ought to have suppressed. . . .

MAY 3rd. . . . And meaning to go to Hunter at night, I was withheld by the attraction of the article in the *Quarterly* on Ruskin. It seems an able paper, full of ability and done with great determination to effect a purpose, and destroy the polemic in defence perhaps of the critic's own profession. The theoretic part is heavy, but the polemical is as spirited as Ruskin's opponent need be. I have . . . enjoyed it much. . . . The authorship is ascribed to Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake—very probably the fact, for it has all the vituperation which distinguishes the lady's writing and enough of theory to give the President credit for having written it. I have since read also an article of less

pretension and labour in the *Edinburgh Review*, which in the main agrees with the *Quarterly*. Altogether, the reaction has taken place. . . .

MAY 14th. . . . Read . . . Ruskin. He is quite triumphant, and says that the Exhibition shows a complete victory by the Pre-Raphaelites—a general elevation of art and artists. He praises many even of the old school, and this after the powerful reviews against him. . . .

MAY 31st. . . . I walked back [from a dinner-party at Mrs. Bayne's] with James Spedding, who talked *tête-à-tête* about his forthcoming *Lord Bacon*. . . .

JUNE 3rd. . . . I went to the Athenaeum. There I had a very pleasant chat with Arthur Stanley, biographer of Dr. Arnold. Very liberal in his writings and character. He praised highly Robertson's *Sermons* and he wishes to see my obituary paper on Robertson. Altogether, Stanley is worthy of his father. . . .

JUNE 4th. . . . I wrote to Mrs. Wordsworth thanking her for a second set of stockings knit by my blind old friend. . . .

JUNE 6th. . . . Have now just finished *The White Slave*. It is very inferior to the favourite *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mainly from the want of a religious character it has no popularity. Nor has it the same literary merit. It is an autobiography. Such a style as no slave could ever form. It has no truth of style, nor as a portraiture of manners is it a good likeness. But it is an efficient exposure of the villainy of the slave system, and in that sense a good novel and a sincere, honest book—a little coarse sometimes. . . .

JUNE 14th. . . . The incident of the day was a dinner at Harness's. . . . A small party of six: one, a stranger who did not to my hearing speak a word. Mitford the writer, rather a morose but intelligent man . . . and Dyce, the repeater of Rogers's *Table Talk*. . . . He is a collector of facts, but has no skill in statement, nor perhaps judgment in selection. . . .

JULY 5th. [Bury.] . . . I finished to-day looking over and arranging the letters between Wilberforce and Clarkson. None of these which I wanted to see. . . .

JULY 23rd. . . . It seems that John Kenyon has lent his house to the Brownings for six weeks. . . .

AUG. 12th. . . . I also found [at Prospect Park, Reading, then occupied by Miss Coutts] three of Miss Manning's historical tales, which I read and will mention connectedly. Her first tale, *Mary Powell*, Milton's wife, I first read. It is without an end and has not much body. We see little of Milton himself. I believe this book owes much of its success to the novelty of its structure.

and character, the respectability of its character, and its moral tendency. It offends no man's prejudices and reconciles itself to most men's opinions. *Household of Sir Thomas More*, also a pious and amiable book, supposed to be written by the Chancellor's daughter, the biographer's wife. This has an end, and it is the best of the book. The martyr's death is pathetically related; while the first half, especially the conversations of Sir Thomas and Erasmus, are insignificant and utterly unworthy the great names. *Cherry and Violet* has very much the character of the *Old Chelsea Bun House*, being the history of two families of the citizen class during the great plague. Miss Manning did not attempt to describe ideal character, but pleasing pictures of humble life—*pièces de genre*, or citizen life. All three give me pleasure, and yet [now] I know, [and] am so far acquainted with this amiable writer, I seem to think less magnificently of her than I did of the authoress of so many unknown writ[ings]. According to the proverb: *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. . . .

AUG. 14th. . . . J. P. Collier . . . by the bye, has a diseased habit of dissenting from others as often as he can and loves finding fault much more than praising. . . . I went to Maidenhead from Reading. . . . At the station was Robert Proctor. He came in a little cart and drove me first to J. P. Collier's, who lives in a small neat house, where, being now in his *own* house, he receives attentions, as a man of letters, from the gentry of the neighbourhood, which he had not when he was the inmate of Robert Proctor. This flatters him as it ought, for he feels he is justly appreciated. He perhaps was never so happy as now. . . . The house empty, but I was glad to be with these friends alone.

AUG. 15th. . . . J. P. Collier . . . is too disputatious by habit to be always agreeable. We are, however, on good terms, and he will send me a copy of a book, soon to come out, minutes of lectures on Shakespeare by Coleridge, lectures 1811-12, which he publishes on his own authority without any communication with the Coleridges. . . .

AUG. 21st. . . . Read in Wilkinson's *Body*.¹ It is a delightful book. His combinations of thought are admired. . . .

AUG. 28th. . . . Read the *Letters of Southey*, volume three. He . . . speaks of me as the friend of Wordsworth and 'himself. . . .

¹ James John Garth Wilkinson, *The Human Body*, 1851. Crabb Robinson refers to it several times before this date, *inter alia* Aug. 18th, as 'a book obscure and mystical but full of splendid passages.' And on Aug. 5th, he says the book 'delighted' him, etc.

AUG. 30th. . . . Went on with Southey's *Letters*. Not excellent, but to me interesting. A revival of old fading recollections. The vanity of Southey,¹ of which too much is said, was not an unkind vanity, and his inconsistencies with reference to the Church were all creditable in his moral sense. His humanity would not permit him to believe in Hell. . . .

AUG. 31st. . . . Spent all the forenoon finishing the *Letters of Southey*, in which I found nothing particularly excellent except a certain kindness of disposition. . . .

[*Travel journal.*] SEPT. 13th. . . . I began in the railway carriage to read Mrs. Beecher Stowe's new novel—*Dred*. . . . I like what I have already read . . . more than the saints will like it.

SEPT. 17th. . . . I had made the acquaintance of a sensible woman, a Mrs. Wakley, sister-in-law of the coroner, whom she praised as an excellent man in domestic life. She says he felt he had done wrong in making his foolish attack on Wordsworth in the House of Commons [in reference to the Copyright Bill of 1842]. . . .

SEPT. 29th. . . . I finished *Dred* . . . I deem it a useful and excellent book. . . . Justice will scarcely be done it, being the second great work of the authoress, which will, however, be probably quite as efficient as the first. . . .

OCT. 9th. [*London.*] . . . I must not omit mentioning that I had been reading a paper [in the *National Review*] which none but Martineau could have written—on personal influence on theology in this age—and with very great pleasure. He writes with great and unexpected candour on John Newman, whose influence on the age he thinks rather salutary than otherwise. Coleridge also and Thomas Carlyle, whose influence I think he overrates. The liberal tone of this paper is admirable. . . .

OCT. 10th. . . . Reading a paper on Shelley by Bagehot in the *National*. . . . Bagehot's article on Shelley is laboured, and in a style as if the author felt the difficulty of an article both psychological and, in a less degree, aesthetical.

OCT. 11th. . . . Shelley is justly treated as one of our greatest poets. . . .

OCT. 19th. . . . Reading Emerson's *Traits* with much amusement. . . . After this I went to the Willis Rooms and lounged there four hours. Saw scarcely any one to chat with, nor did I want any one. Hood's book on Wordsworth² was amusement enough. . . .

¹ See above, March 20th.

² *William Wordsworth, a Biography*, by Edwin Paxton Hood.

OCT. 20th. . . . I wrote a rather long letter to Mrs. Wordsworth giving an account of myself not flattering to myself . . . Read in Emerson's very pleasing—rather say, amusing—*English Traits*. His soundness on the slavery question reconciles me to much that I should not otherwise be reconciled to in him. I cannot nourish hope for that money-loving people. The South has far more earnestness than the North. . . .

OCT. 22nd. . . . Finished Hood's *Life of Wordsworth*. Written by a real partisan of Wordsworth's poetry, but with flagrant ignorance of circumstances; extravagant praise set off against unjust reproach. Speaks of De Quincey as loving Wordsworth. . . .

NOV. 12th. . . . J. P. Collier has given me a copy of his notes of *Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare, anno 1812*. They make me anxious. . . .

NOV. 25th. . . . I then began the volume of Collier, his report of the *Lectures of Coleridge*, etc. All I have yet read is his account of Coleridge's conversation. This interests me more than it pleases me. . . .

NOV. 26th. . . . I read all that part of Collier's new book—the preface part, I mean—that speaks of J. P. Collier's intercourse with the poets . . . I went on to-day with the defence of the corrections of the text in the folio Collier found, and of which so much has been said. This part is very wearisome indeed. . . .

NOV. 27th. . . . The reading of the day was confined to *Coleridge's Lectures*, by Collier, which are not, I fear, likely to meet with much favour, except for the gossiping part, which is amusing enough. . . .

NOV. 28th. I read to-day another Lecture by Coleridge through Collier, the sixth in 1812. I recollect a great part of it. . . .

DEC. 3rd. . . . I sent off a letter to Mrs. Wordsworth with an account of the death of the Kenyons [John, Dec. 3rd, and Edward, Nov. 24th, in Vienna]—an event that will very much diminish our social enjoyments here.

DEC. 4th. I read in bed and finished after breakfast Collier's notes of *Coleridge's Lectures, 1812*, a book that few will like and will be unpopular. All Coleridge's lectures, like his repeated conversation, must disappoint expectation, so high does that go, and Collier does not conciliate by his manners, but he is an honest literator. . . .

DEC. 6th. . . . A letter from Lord Montragle informing me of the death of Miss Fenwick—an excellent person. . . .

DEC. 8th. . . . I was reading at home in the forenoon and at the club in the afternoon the *English Traits* [by Emerson], a most

amusing book. Even his absurdities have an interest in them beyond other books of sounder sense. . . .

DEC. 9th. . . . Few books have given me so much pleasure. The style is very piquant and racy, and though it is full of strange things and extravagancies, yet in the main, Emerson has viewed things as they are without any disguise. I should have been better pleased had he dared to express himself freely on slavery. He has carefully avoided the subject.

DEC. 15th. . . . I went to Booth's dinner. Miss Bayley alone there. . . . Towards me very kind. They give me Landor's portrait by Boxall—a handsome present, especially as I have a legacy.¹

DEC. 17th. . . . Have this morning been looking at the portrait of Walter Savage Landor by (Fisher)² sent me yesterday by Booth, the present of him and Miss Bayley. It is not what I supposed it to be, the portrait by Boxall, but more striking as a likeness. The Gallery of National Portraits might not perhaps accept it. It was the work of a young man Kenyon wished to patronise. With it came a quantity of pamphlets, old and shabby. Some are worth putting into a volume. Kenyon did not keep authors' writings. Destroyed most. I had asked for one or two small things I had written. . . .

DEC. 25th. . . . I dined with the Bootts. Robert Brown [the botanist] was the great, silent man; a man who will live in the memory of the scientific world uttered scarcely a word. He looked infirm, but intelligent. . . .

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JAN. 3rd. . . . I read and finished . . . the article in the *National* on Wordsworth. It is too metaphysical to be popular, but it exhibits a becoming reverence for the great poet. It is by Hutton, but he does not wish it to be generally known. He is young and is conscious that for the present his name has to gain and will not give reputation. . . .

JAN. 7th. . . . I began in bed and have since finished a lively

¹ John Kenyon's executors were James Booth and Miss Bayley. The legacy was £100. Crabb Robinson had already told them he would have preferred a personal memento to a 'pecuniary legacy.'

² Crabb Robinson left a blank. The name is filled in in Sadler's handwriting, according to Crabb Robinson's entry in the diary on 27th Dec., where he adds that Landor 'has written beautiful verses on the picture, which I shall look for.' Crabb Robinson bequeathed the portrait to the National Portrait Gallery.

and very clever paper, which must be by Bagehot, on Balzac, the novelist, who is made out ingeniously to owe his popularity to his sincerely believing in the reality of what he describes. He is only a describer, and therefore incapable of the drama, which consists in action. . . .

JAN. 16th. . . . I finished the *National Review*, reading last, or rather, glancing my eye over the article on the Crédit Mobilier in France, by Bagehot. Though I do not understand the subject in the least, yet the tone of it satisfies me that the article is written with intelligence. Bagehot is a man of talent unquestionably, and now a banker in the west of England. One of the best of our University College pupils. . . .

. . . Henry Taylor left for me at the Athenaeum a small packet of letters of mine to Miss Fenwick. She had preserved all I had ever written, I suspect, which lessens their value, as it seems a habit of preservation, of less value than the selection. . . .

JAN. 17th. . . . I had a call from the Streets. A pleasant chat. Street is a follower of Ruskin—a sensible man nevertheless. . . .

JAN. 21st. . . . I began *The House of the Seven Gables*. I could not get on with it at first. . . .

JAN. 23rd. [Manchester.] . . . The one thing that has eclipsed all others is the Free Library. Availing itself of the Act, the city has obtained a rate for a public library intended for the use of the working class. In a large hall there were some twenty or thirty men, working-men perhaps, reading, not light and idle books. There was no impudence or impertinence or anything objectionable. There is also a news-room, and this is not the most instructive reading, but it is with this and novels, etc., that young men must begin. Above is a library of books not lent out—large, valuable books. We talked with Edwards the librarian. I was pleased with his conversation. He is a Scotchman. It seems that this is a useful establishment in every sense of the word. . . . We saw also Owens College; but neither Professor Greenwood nor Principal Scott in the college, and the naked and empty rooms could give no pleasure to us, knowing that this is an acknowledged failure. It is not in the capital of mechanical industry that the higher branches of learning can be taught. . . .

JAN. 26th. . . . The pleasantest part of the day has been the reading chapters iii and iv of the *Seven Gables*. The character of the poor old maid keeping a cent shop (a retail shop), who was a lady born, is exquisite. . . .

JAN. 30th. I cut in bed volume one of the new edition of Wordsworth's poems with the *introductory notes*. They are not many.

But the first volume is rendered the best edition by far. Yet it is not complete. Why is not H. C. said to be Hartley Coleridge, and M. H. Mary Hutchinson? . . . Read in the *Seven Gables*. It becomes burdensome and is an uncomfortable book.

JAN. 31st. . . . George Raymond says Landor is furious about Kenyon's will. Wherefore he did not say.

FEB. 13th. I read a chapter in the *Seven Gables* of great excellence. It is an unequal work. Its force is in thought, in chapter xii especially, in describing the character of the Daguerreotypist, but the chapter xiv, a narrative of mesmeric operation, is finer still; but this excellence is in painting. . . .

FEB. 14th. I read to-day two chapters in the *Seven Gables*. It goes on improving. . . .

FEB. 20th. . . . I also finished the American novel, *The House of the Seven Gables*—a powerful, painful novel. It does not let you into national character or manners. The incidents few. The characters are drawn too much by description, often fearful and shocking. In the Puritan Age a wicked or perverse descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers causes Maule to be burnt as a wizard, and his curse at the stake is fulfilled in the novel and in preceding ages. There are generations of guilt and misery. Hawthorne paints like Guercino or Spagnoletto. The house itself is a fit abode of wretchedness and crime. Hepzibah, a sour, poverty-stricken old maid, has a life-interest in it, and opens a cent shop, a sort of huckster. Her brother, Clifford, convicted of murdering an uncle, though innocent, after years of imprisonment comes to her and is maintained by her. He is all but an idiot. There comes another cousin, Phoebe, a charming creature, and, in a distinct part of the house, lives by her permission a Daguerreotypist, the other good genius of the tale; he is mesmeriser and philosopher, and is the lover of Phoebe. The evil genius, on the contrary, is Governor Pyncheon, by whom all the guilt of the family is inherited. He is rich and powerful and malignant. He torments Hepzibah, and, being the really guilty man, projects further persecution of Clifford and insists on an interview with Clifford. He threatens vengeance and places himself before the portrait of the ancestor so cursed by Maule, in a great chair from which he never rises, being stricken by death as two other ancestors had been. The brother and sister make their escape in a railroad car and are set down we know not where. This is a marvellous chapter of description, and still finer is the chapter avoiding to tell whether the judge be dead or alive. *Why* the brother and sister came back one does not know. But by coming back Clifford is cleared of the suspicion of being

the murderer of the second Pyncheon, the judge, as Clifford was unjustly convicted of murdering the first. The end is hurried over sadly. We are told merely and glad to imagine that Phoebe and the Daguerreotypist are married and beloved, and, in conformity with the uniform practice of novelists, inherit the wealth of their guilty kinsman! This novel has lasted long. I do not wish to read another, though Hawthorne is the most original of American authors. . . .

MARCH 15th. In a letter by Holyoake the atheist [in the *Examiner*] is an epigram by his friend Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, which settles the question:

THE COMMUNIST

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings:
Idler or bungler, or both; he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

He who is not satisfied with this will not be satisfied with any elaborate reasoning on the subject.

APRIL 12th. . . . I read the *National* review of *Aurora Leigh*. The extracts are sometimes beautiful, but hardly justify the praise. It kept me up late. . . . And in the morning early finished the tale. . . .

APRIL 15th. . . . I also wrote to Mrs. Arnold an answer to her letter requesting me to ask Robinson Thornton for a vote for Arnold (Matthew) as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. I explained to her why I could not ask my great-nephew¹ for his vote. . . .

APRIL 23rd. . . . I read but little, but enough of Kingsley's *Two Years Ago* to make me wish to read the whole. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . The forenoon was sauntered away,—the reading part consisting in a first perusal of the new and enlarged edition of *The Opium Eater*. It is rather a volume of De Quincey's autobiography than anything else, and as a writer he is indisputably one of our best. . . .

APRIL 30th. . . . I read a considerable part of the day in De Quincey's enlarged *Opium Eater*. It is delightful, but it is now become more autobiographic. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . I was engaged reading *The Opium Eater*, new matter in the new edition making it more like a third volume of the autobiography. Not only eloquent, he is wise, and—sad bathos—useful by drawing my attention to myself and the petty

¹ Crabb Robinson was not on good terms with the Thorntons. Their mother, Elizabeth, was the daughter of Habbakuk Robinson.

ailments in my body. I have just finished the volume five of the Selections. I long for the rest of De Quincey, and yet I neither love nor respect the man; I admire only the writer.

MAY 10th. . . . I breakfasted with a party which agreed very well, and there was no want of talk between the historian Ranke and Mr. Donne for the short time he stayed. . . .

MAY 18th. . . . I read in the *Economist* several articles which I at once thought came from R. Hutton, and he admitted, did. He is now the literary editor of the paper. . . .

MAY 23rd. . . . I had the good luck [in the train at Cambridge] to fall in with Sir James Stephen. . . . We had a most agreeable talk. . . . We talked of the attack on the lady accused by Mrs. Gaskell of having seduced [sic] young Brontë, of whom Sir James gives a very high character. Mrs. Gaskell is incapable of having intended to slander a virtuous woman. Unluckily, she is abroad and cannot render immediate justice. A criminal information will probably be obtained against her, but not pursued on her making the necessary acknowledgments. Dr. and Mrs. Wordsworth spoke with me at the Cambridge station. . . .

MAY 27th. . . . I called on Mrs. Byles. . . . She put into my hands a tale by Anthony Trollope, which I have since read. A singular history. It is a sort of controversial tale¹ with no object clearly made out. It is founded on Whiston's attack on the Deans and Chapters. A reformer occasions a bill to be filed against the Warden of an almshouse, but being in love with his daughter, at her solicitation abandons the suit, and she in gratitude consents to marry him. The Warden, being an extremely conscientious man, resigns the wardenship, though he becomes poor in consequence. The Bishop is also a conscientious man, and will not fill up the Warden's place, to the great annoyance of the Bishop's son, the Archdeacon, who alone answers to the common notion in novels and polemical writings of an archdeacon. There is a sharp satirical description of *The Times* newspaper, called *Jupiter*, and of *The Times* office, called *Olympus*. It is a singular book—a sort of 'wild-goose' flight. . . .

MAY 31st. I looked over Edgar Poe's poems, etc., in bed, in which I have found more than I expected. His poems are readable if not agreeable. *N.B.*—I forgot to mention that I yesterday evening called on Mrs. Walter at Mrs. Dawson's. . . . Reading to the ladies the two fine pathetic pieces by Tom Hood which everybody, I find, can feel. . . .

JUNE 2nd. . . . I talked about Poe's writings, of whom I will

¹ *The Warden.*

now say what occurs to me. *The Raven* is the only one that has much impressed me. He has in an essay on *The Philosophy of Composition* (foolish heading), explained the instruments of effect and thereby lessened its impression. His prose tales are all of the same kind. He is fond of imagining mysteries and puzzles, and then of solving them, and of hyperbolical and extravagant descriptions. In his *Gold [Bug]* he supposes a moody old Virginian to discover a treasure by the accident of finding a writing in cipher which says where it is hidden, being written by Kyd, a pirate in America. Altogether a most improbable invention.

In a frightful and disgusting tale he relates how by mesmerising a man when in the agonies of death he keeps him from actually dying, and when he reverses the movement the body in a minute resolves itself into a mass of loathsome putrescence. He had renewed the mesmerising process before, when from the tongue a voice issued, *dead, dead, dead*. In *A Descent into the Maelstrom* he imagines a man being sucked into an abyss or vortex and cast up alive—not made probable. He supposes a moody, old broken-down Frenchman to have the faculty before referred to of making out riddles, doing gravely and disagreeably what Voltaire's Zadig does with such sprightly grace; and so he discovers that the murders in the Rue Morgue were the act of a baboon! and leaves you to guess who murdered Marie Roget. Now, when this talent is a *reality*, it is worth much, but to invent riddle as well as solution is a comparatively easy task. *The Purloined Letter* is so imperfectly told as to be a riddle at the end. Such is all I have read of this writer, and think I have hitherto lost my time, if not my patience. . . .

JUNE 7th. . . . I finished a paper in Poe's prose papers on *Premature Burial*, a subject suited to his tragic genius; but one does not know the feigned from the real. . . .

JUNE 11th. . . . I took the Miss Hutchisons¹ to the Exhibition, in which I had no great pleasure. The Pre-Raphaelite school make progress, while their leaders, Millais, etc., are scolded by the man who has puffed them into notice. A curious fact. . . .

JUNE 12th. . . . [Serjeant Byles] put into my hands an English edition of Whittier's poems. After I had read *The Raven* he introduced to me another poet from America, and an advocate of liberty. He has written delightful things.

JUNE 13th. And these poems—ballads and rhetorical pieces on behalf of the slaves I have been reading these two hours in bed with great pleasure. . . .

¹ Sarah Robinson's nieces.

JUNE 15th. I read this morning before I came down an account of a journey to the moon,¹ a mere bustle and tumult without any distinct form or *image*—that is, imagination. Mere fancies. I begin to tire of Poe and wish I had not begun his writings. I have since read another of Poe's tales. His love at first sight² was of a great-great-grandmother. The lover has a bad sight, and the marriage but a sham one, so no harm done. An ingenuity in the conception, but very absurd. . . .³

JULY 6th. . . . I had many acquaintances to talk with [at J. J. Tayler's in Store Street] and a new one, Mrs. Crowe,⁴ authoress of *Susan Hopley*, etc. A woman of singular appearance and a person of talents. . . .

JULY 8th. . . . I began *Tom Brown*—highly praised. It is dedicated to Mrs. Arnold. A school novel. The colloquial style and country dialect are well preserved. . . .

JULY 13th. . . . I spent the rest of the day at the Athenaeum reading great part of *Tom Brown*. It turns out a *serious* schoolboy novel, and by not beginning with the religion produces a good effect. One is caught, and the religion is rational. The Doctor and Mrs. Arnold are kept in the background. It will have a good effect and serve to improve public schools. . . .

JULY 15th. . . . I finished the *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. It is an excellent book—the author's name, Hughes. The religious tone is not remarkable at the beginning. One acknowledges the fidelity of the description and respects the talents of the writer before one has any inducement to ask: Is this or not *cant*? The author's health was given at the late Rugby dinner. He is a layman. I still think the flogging scandal too lightly treated. . . .

JULY 17th. . . . Layard . . . is now safely busied about the early Italian painters, and he must have some merit to obtain the praise or even tolerance of Ruskin. . . .

JULY 19th. I finished the last *National* by reading an article on Lever's Irish novels. A laboured praise of the comic novels. I feel no desire to read notwithstanding, and I suspect the praise does not come from the heart. . . .

JULY 24th. . . . At eight precisely was at St. Martin's Hall. . . . I was at the end of the stalls nearly, so that in a full hall I heard little or nothing. I knew the *Carol* and did not like it. But I had heard Dickens's reading praised highly, and it is mortifying to hear loud laughing or clapping and not be able to join, so that

¹ *The Unparalleled Adventure of one Hans Pfaal.*

² *The Spectacles.*

³ There are summaries of other tales under subsequent dates, but without criticism.

⁴ *Martha Crowe, Adventures of Susan Hopley*, 1841.

there being a pause at the end of the hour, I made up my mind to leave the hall, but on going down the centre walk I was stopped by Herbert . . . and in the kindest way Herbert insisted on my taking his place. I did enjoy the latter part heartily, and could then perceive the merits of Dickens as a reader . . . After the reading I had a friendly shake of the hand from the lecturer. . . .

SEPT. 6th. I continued reading Froude in bed, and after breakfast I finished the first volume. I find much to object to in his style. It is an essay, and that controversial on the events of the time—on the divorce [Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon], and the Reform of the Church—not a narrative, and it is often doubtful whether he is writing ironically or seriously. Sometimes he leans to a censure of free opinions, which one can hardly think sincere in him. On the other hand, there are eloquent passages and passages of unusual reflection. . . . Afterwards read in Landor's last publication. . . .

SEPT. 7th. . . . Reading in Landor's *Last Fruit*. . . .

SEPT. 8th. . . . I have been reading with great interest this morning the sixth chapter of Froude. His account of the persecutions of the Protestants is as interesting as any romantic tale. . . . I read in Landor's *Last Fruit* late. There is certainly a great falling off in power.

SEPT. 11th. . . . I also began a letter to Mottram, junior, to consist of a recommendation of those of Wordsworth's poems I wished him to begin with. I got so interested again in the poems that I could not help reading in him to the ladies with gusto. I also read in the afternoon a capital dialogue by Landor between Nicholas Emperor and Nesselrode his minister. The best I have yet met with among his *Last Fruit*. . . .

SEPT. 12th. I have this morning been reading the short chapter in Froude giving his justification of the dissolution of the smaller monasteries. Hitherto, he is a decided advocate for Henry VIII. It is a pity that his excellent book too often reminds one of a college disputation. He vacillates between free thinking and sentimental religion. Another day of reading, for besides the chapter in Froude I read in Walter Savage Landor's *Last Fruit*. A great deal of spirit in his political dialogues, but equal want of [blank in MS.]. His epigrams, too, are often excellent. . . . I also finished to-day and sent off a long letter¹ to Mottram, junior, consisting of an enumeration of the best poems of Wordsworth, that J. Mottram might set about reading Wordsworth regularly. This took up much time, as I could not help dwelling on the best. Indeed, I

¹ *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*, p. 818.

think I admire him more and more. I also put in a shorter letter to the younger brother with a recommendation of the very best of Coleridge's poems also that my present may not be unprofitable.¹ . . .

SEPT. 13th. I have just finished Froude's second volume. I may not live to read a third. He concludes with the execution of Anne Boleyn, and the immediate third marriage; with the Second Act of Succession, which declares both marriages illegal and both children illegitimate; settles the Succession on the issue of the third marriage, and, if none, gives the King a power to nominate, a provision which Froude warmly praises, as indeed he manifestly favours the King on all disputed points. He writes with forbearance on the great question of Anne's guilt, in which he believes,—treating the popular opinion as a party and religious prejudice; and to be sure the supposition of her innocence would degrade the whole nation to an infamy beyond example, for the Parliament as well as the Judges who tried her and the paramours, and these included her own relations as well as the noblemen and statesmen of the highest rank, all concurred in the judgment against her; and there are confessions of three out of four of her lovers, and it would seem also her own. The book is an admirable one, and I can't help now pursuing the same subject a little. But I in the same day read a clever paper by Froude in the *Oxford Essays*, 1855, on the means of teaching English history. This was a sort of introduction to his *Henry VIII*. Or this serves as a specimen of the execution, viz. the taking Acts of Parliament and the opinions of contemporaries declared at the time, in preference to popular authors, such as party men like Hume or dull school compilers. He does not name Macaulay, but he makes the reader think of him. . . .

SEPT. 14th. . . . I was also engaged reading, what I have this morning been finishing, a remarkable essay on *Oxford Studies*, in the *Oxford Essays*, by Pattison. A remarkable paper in which all the faults of Oxford are freely acknowledged. One wonders that from Oxford such a paper could proceed, especially in connection with other Oxford writers,—really *liberality*. Yet Pattison has no respect for the London party and has the aristocratic attachment for Alma Mater, but so modified I have all respect for it. I am, however, painfully impressed with my own incapacity to sit in judgment upon it. It is almost an impertinence my

¹ AUG. 31st. . . . to Mottram, junior, desiring him to send copies of Wordsworth's works, Coleridge's poems . . . to [Adam] Taylor. These are presents to the two sons [grandsons?].

reading it. Yet something I have learned from it, and I find certain favourite notions of my own confirmed. . . .

SEPT. 15th. . . . This day . . . spent in reading a paper on Alfred de Musset by Palgrave, Fellow of Exeter College. Remarkable is the paper from that quarter. How German principles of taste have found their way in our High Church periodical press! The *Oxford Essays* might be called the Oxford magazine. Palgrave praises all the poets, German and French, whom he ought to have abused, true to his party. . . .

SEPT. 18th. . . . I also finished *Phaethon*, a little book by Kingsley, which I read with great pleasure. It is an imaginary dialogue in which Socrates opposes the sceptical philosophy of Protagoras, which is related by Phaethon, and it is introduced by a dialogue between the author, who applies the Platonic philosophy *more Socratically* to the modern American scepticism of Emerson and Theodore Parker, and he recommends Templeton, the gentleman recipient, to resume his college studies as a means of arriving at Christian truth. This point only would prove Kingsley's liberality. This is more evident indeed than the wisdom or truth of his argument. Socrates was never a favourite of mine, and he always had the air of a quibbler in my mind. But I like this book notwithstanding. . . .

SEPT. 20th. . . . I read in the morning early the first and in the evening the second of Kingsley's lectures on the Alexandrian Schools of Philosophy preparatory to his *Hypatia*. I am charmed with the lectures. Yet I cannot help suspecting that the lecturer strains language a little when he uses that of orthodoxy. It is quite clear that, as he says, St. Paul was a Neo-Platonist, yet he would not allow that his doctrine of the *logos* was borrowed from the Greeks. The relation between the two parties was a pre-established harmony. However, it is too soon for me to write of Kingsley's opinions. . . .

SEPT. 22nd. . . . I began to read *Hypatia*, of which I will say no more now than that it is a presumptuous novel. The problem most hard to solve. . . .

SEPT. 23rd. . . . *Hypatia* . . . is very delightful, without pretending to sit in judgment on such a book. . . .

SEPT. 28th. I read the last chapter of *Hypatia* in bed this morning, and will set down a general statement of its purport or aim, though no word in the singular number can give any just idea of it. It is a novel of a vast extent of theme, extending over all the known religions of the world in the middle age in which St. Augustine flourished, who is one of the characters of the story.

The catastrophe, the murder of Hypatia, a lecturer in Alexandria, under the direction or suggestion of St. Cyril the Patriarch there, is mentioned by Gibbon, and on this fact Kingsley has contrived to engrave a great number of opinions and representations concerning the religious schemes—which, however, permit him to intermingle powerful pathos. He is not always apparently at his ease, and one wonders that such a novel should be *popular*, or that an author, after writing such a work, should set about composing novels of an ordinary cast, which he has done. . . . [Here follows a summary of the plot.] . . . The best part of the novel is its very generous tone. An Evangelical, the author makes every allowance for involuntary errors. In the last chapter is a rapid view of the future history of Alexandria. It reads like fact, not merely the usual anticipation of the future fate of the characters of the novel. . . .

OCT. 1st. . . . I began to skim a volume of Hugh Miller's *First Impressions of England*. A remarkable man, by far the greatest of the self-educated original characters. This is the least valuable of his books, probably. . . .

OCT. 8th. . . . I began . . . *Eöthen*. A very smart book. I think I must have read it before. It is pleasantly written. But Kinglake's levity is such as to make his *serious* passages unpleasant. When he writes in an *orthodox* tone, and even as a *believer*, one cannot help suspecting him of insincerity. . . .

OCT. 9th. . . . And I have now just finished it in bed. There is an audacity about the book that amuses the indulgent reader. The traveller says he saw the ruins of Baalbec, but will not disturb the awful impression the name inspires by giving dimensions of pillars, and adds as if chuckling: 'I think I got cleverly out of the Baalbec scrape.' Serjeant Kinglake is an M.P. and an advocate of some repute. . . .

OCT. 23rd. . . . I opened a small volume of tales by Charles Reade, the literary partner of Tom Taylor, which so attracted me that unfortunately I was engaged in reading that and the arrears in *The Times*, etc., nearly all the evening. The tale is but half a volume in length, so I must have dozed. It is the old theme: a young poet, desperately in love with the great Mrs. Oldfield, is cured by her assuming manners and appearance so vulgar and ugly; but he becomes wretched when his idol is broken, and is saved from death by her restoring him to life at the repeated solicitation of his old father, a country attorney. And yet he is made a rational being and lives to old age, her executor. . . .

1858

JAN. 3rd. . . . Read an interesting paper in the *National Review* making a respectable poet known to me, Coventry Patmore. He is of the Wordsworth school of thought apparently, feebler, of course. . . .

JAN. 15th. I began in bed the article in the *National* on Buckle on *Civilization*. The book is by every one said to be very valuable, and from the first half of the article I suspect it is written by Martineau or perhaps by Hutton. It is very interesting—full of thought, but some expressions (a few only) bespeak the writer who *hunts* for the proper *expression*.

I have since found the article is by Hutton. It is highly praised by Tayler and Martineau. He is rising rapidly in public estimation and is fortunate in his private relations. He is about to be married. . . .

FEB. 3rd. . . . I was reading all day at home in low spirits. . . . G. Street's *Journey*¹ is too exclusively architectural to be amusing, but it is, I dare say, a good book. He is an admirer of Ruskin—partisan perhaps. . . .

FEB. 6th. . . . I finished Street's *Brick and Marble*, which had given me great pleasure. . . .

FEB. 10th. . . . I began the volume given me by Donne, his critical *Essays on the Drama*, 1858. That on the Athens drama pleases me much. It is the composition of a scholar and a man of fine taste. . . .

FEB. 11th. . . . I finished Donne's capital *Essays on the Drama*, a volume he lately gave me. It is a very pleasant book. . . .

FEB. 12th. . . . I also enjoyed Donne's admirable essay on Beaumont and Fletcher. He is an excellent critic.

FEB. 14th. . . . This is what I wrote in F. Sharpe's album, which filled the little page, the left side being uniformly to be filled up by the owner: 'Were this my last hour, and that of an octogenarian cannot be far off, I would thank God for permitting me to behold so much of the excellence conferred on individuals. Of woman, I saw the type of her heroic greatness in the person of Mrs. Siddons, of her fascinations in Mrs. Jordan and Mlle. Mars. I listened with rapture to the dreamy monologues of Coleridge, "that old man eloquent." I travelled with Wordsworth, the greatest of our lyrico-philosophical poets. I relished the wit and pathos of Charles Lamb. I conversed freely with

¹ *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages: Notes of a Tour in the North of Italy*, 1855.

Goethe at his own table: beyond all competition the supreme genius of his age and country. He acknowledged his obligations only to Shakespeare, Spinoza, and Linnaeus, as Wordsworth, when he resolved to be a poet, feared competition only with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. Compared with Goethe, the memory of Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Tieck, the Schlegels and Schelling has become faint.'—H. C. R.

FEB. 23rd. . . . Maurice . . . speaks highly of De Quincey's style, but says that his suggestions about the *Essenes*, vol. vi of his *Selections*,¹ are idle, and that he was anticipated in his apology for Judas Iscariot by the Archbishop of Dublin (Whately). . . .

MARCH 8th. . . . I went on with De Quincey's paper on the *Essenes*; he attempts to prove nothing and his assertions obtain no credit through him the writer. . . .

MARCH 9th. I read in bed this morning passages in Josephus about the Essenes, as little satisfactory as anything in De Quincey, the reviler of Josephus, whom he calls Mr. Joe. De Quincey's humour is execrable.

MARCH 11th. Read in bed a paper by De Quincey on Milton. I feel now that De Quincey writes in a spirit of paradox and to get the praise of ingenuity, not love of truth. . . . [Milton's] mixture of learned imagery with simple description he justifies on the ground of contrast. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . At the request of Scharf,² looked at painting by Cary of dear Charles Lamb. In no one respect a likeness; thoroughly bad. Complexion, figure, expression, all unlike. But for 'Elia' on a paper, I should not have [thought] it possible that [it] could be meant for Charles Lamb.

MARCH 18th. . . . After spending seven or eight hours skimming of the two last volumes of Cyrus Redding's *Recollections*,³ I was, without being fatigued, glad to take a cab home. I enjoyed the reading of the day, yet almost ashamed to confess it. Cyrus Redding knew many of my friends and acquaintance among literary people. It has no other merit. A mere collection of anecdotes. . . .

MARCH 30th. . . . Read two *Times*. In one a frightful description of the prisons in Canton. This *Times* Special Correspondent is really a power in the state. In every country the marvellous establishment has its representative, and in the Crimean war actually took upon itself to distribute charity which the

¹ *Selections Grave and Gay*, vol. vi, *Studies*. . . . 1. *Judas Iscariot*; vol. x, *Classic Records*. . . . 4. *On the Pretended Essenes*.

² Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery.

³ *Fifty Years' Recollections*, 1848.

Government neglected to do. There is much of envy in the hatred of the Press expressed by Paynter, Hunter, etc. During my short connection with *The Times*, fifty years ago, it was in its infancy. . . .

APRIL 2nd. . . . My reading . . . confined to the *National Review*, and in that three papers. . . . One on Walter Scott's novels I guess by R. Hutton. The latter three or four pages, on Scott's want of depth and earnestness, particularly good, and to be read again. . . .

APRIL 13th. . . . I was pleased to see my old friend J. P. Collier apparently comfortable in his family. He gets employment as an editor of our old poets and dramatists; and though some affect to look down on him, yet he has a place in literature, and is well in it. . . .

APRIL 27th. . . . Lady Byron . . . is reading Hogg's *Life of Shelley*. A bad book, she says, but most interesting to her. She never saw either Shelley or Mrs. Shelley. Has a great [?] sense of Shelley's greatness. . . . [Went] to the Miss Swanwicks' and read to them the greater part of Burke's *Letter to a Noble Lord*. They both seemed fully to feel its transcendent excellence. I can imagine no eloquence more perfect—that is, in composition. In style combining every variety of charm. It detained me till twelve—the best part of the day. . . .

MAY 20th. . . . Why do I make such insignificant remarks? It is that, living alone, I gossip in my journal, saying on paper what I have none to say to in speech.

MAY 26th. . . . We drove to St. Martin's Hall, and being in the front row I heard to perfection what I in a back could not have heard with pleasure. Dickens is an admirable reader—his voice clear and melodious, his humour strong. The pathos recording Scrooge's conversion to benevolence by the Spirit's sights was enough to bring a hearer to tears. The large hall was full, and it holds many. This must be a *popular* divertissement not equalled by the evening's entertainment. . . .

JUNE 10th. . . . The great traveller Robert Brown died in the forenoon. . . . A great man of science, and morally most excellent, has departed. His simplicity and *naïveté* and benignity were charming. He once breakfasted with me, and was always friendly. . . .

JULY 8th. . . . Young men now come to me as an old man who has seen and known great men of a past age. Sixty years ago I sought the company of such persons.

JULY 10th. . . . I have gone on with the *National* and read two light articles, one on Kingsley's poetry—a very high appreciation.

of the author's prose writings, and a subtly discriminating refusal to him of the poetical faculty. A slashing exposure of Martin Tupper, with an ingenious explanation of the cause of his popularity. His bombastic commonplaces suit the taste of un-educated readers, and they are now the greater majority. . . .

JULY 13th. . . . I then was again fortunate in finding Miss Coutts at home, also Mrs. Brown, who has been very ill. A very friendly chat about Dickens's unwise advertisement of domestic calamities. Miss Coutts is satisfied there has been nothing criminal—nothing beyond *incompatibilité d'humeur*—to require a separation, which should have been done quietly. Miss Coutts is friendly with both husband and wife. . . . Neither of them [Cookson and Field, his legal advisers] can give me any aid as to the use to be made of my reminiscences hereafter. These and my numerous letters give me a great deal of trouble, and I know no one to whom I can entrust them. . . .

JULY 15th. . . . I wrote to Lady Byron returning a letter from one of the Shelley family on the subject of the scandalous *Life of Shelley* by my old acquaintance, Hogg. The family have taken away the papers lent him. My fear now is that there may be a suppression of facts and documents in themselves valuable. Shelley, as I wrote to Lady Byron this morning, was one of the four masters of poetry in that age, viz. Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and Wordsworth. . . .

JULY 16th. . . . After a few minutes' chat with Sir James Stephen, was accosted by Aubrey De Vere, an accomplished poet and sentimentalist who is the victim of subtle intellect and refined sensibility. He is one of the converts to Romanism. His countenance betrays his weakness. I had forgotten him, but I guessed his tendency. . . .

JULY 17th. . . . I had interesting companions¹ in a volume of De Quincey and the *Gespräche* of Goethe with Eckermann. Having now finished the first volume, I can venture to speak of it as replete with wisdom, though containing much that exposes the latter [?] to a narrow-minded vituperation. . . .

JULY 24th. [Rydal.] . . . In the evening after our early dinner I read parts of *The Prelude* to dear Mrs. Wordsworth. The freedom of this poem, expressed as it is towards the Heads of Houses, robbed the statue of many subscribers. The Dons could not well forgive the personification:

And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him.

¹ On his journey to Rydal—his last visit to Mrs. Wordsworth.

AUG. 3rd. . . . Hunter also told me a strange and incredible story of Landor's having left Bath and assigned his property to avoid the consequence of an action for libel to which he has exposed himself. This cannot all be true, but there may be something in it. Now that Moxon is gone [died 1858] I can know nothing about it. . . .

AUG. 26th. [Bury.] . . . My niece took me on the Westgate Road, a walk that I might hear the lark and so better enjoy Shelley's admirable ode; but the lark was most obstinate and would not sing. . . .

SEPT. 9th. . . . I had got interested in *Westward Ho!* A book, however, as little agreeable on the whole as any of Kingsley's writings. . . .

SEPT. 10th. . . . Went on with *Westward Ho!* A most unequal work. . . .

SEPT. 14th. . . . Now that I have finished *Westward Ho!* I will say that it is one of the least agreeable to my taste of any I have read by him. It may be my fault. The incidents, if invented, are disagreeable; if copied, ill-managed. The Indian maid has no keeping. I fear it has been produced by the wish to produce a vulgar hatred of Popery. His natural history wearies me, and nautical language bores, etc. . . .

SEPT. 19th. . . . Began early the volume three of Froude's *History* from which I promise myself much, as it treats of theology, the topic that most interests me in the history of the first 'Defender of the Faith.' . . . I went on with Froude in the evening and read two chapters. 'The history of the great rebellion of the north in favour of the old Church is exciting. . . .

SEPT. 26th. . . . I also finished third volume—the fourth read before—of Froude's *History of Henry VIII*. I lay it down with admiration, but some suspicion of the writer's integrity. If perfectly sincere, which I hope he is, he is another instance of the compatibility of *scepticism* mentally with a *sentimentality* in religion. There are some passages, however, which in this respect are unpleasant. In his style, Froude has read with effect Carlyle. The peculiarities of Carlyle are imitated in a milder form. . . .

SEPT. 30th. . . . Looked over a volume of Hazlitt's *Literary Remains*. The biographical remarks of Bulwer have more kindness than discrimination; Talfourd's are flashy; neither valuable.

OCT. 8th. . . . I also read in Thackeray's *Lectures on the Humourists*. But a poor performance, I think. Lectures having lost the attraction of the delivery are but *flashy* things—Bacon's epithet for abridgements. I began with Prior, Gay, and Pope.

Sheer commonplace and with no remarkable delicacy of observation. Pope overpraised. The end of *The Dunciad*, according to Thackeray, is the most sublime passage in our literature. . . .

Oct. 9th. . . . I read to-day several other of Thackeray's *Lectures*, which, though superficial and telling you what you knew before, at least amuse. . . .

Oct. 10th. I went on with my reading. In Hazlitt's *Literary Remains* a very pleasant paper on *Persons one would wish to have seen*, a sort of dialogue half real, half imaginary, at Lamb's. 'A.' certainly Ayrton, lately dead. . . . I finished the poor volume of Thackeray's *Lectures on the English Humourists*. The names and extracts afford entertainment enough. I also read the second volume of Hazlitt's *Literary Remains*. He gives an account of his acquaintance with the poets, but he speaks at large only of Coleridge. Of Wordsworth he says little beyond a general expression of admiration, but he goes out of his way to accuse him of excessive admiration of his own poems. But he produces no effect. It is not here that he warmly eulogises Charles Lamb. . . .

1859

JAN. 1st. . . . To-day I received a letter from Rydal Mount announcing the expected death of Mrs. Wordsworth—a few lines so ill-written as to be hardly legible, and I know not whether written by John Wordsworth or his wife. She is said to be aware of her condition—quite resigned. . . .

JAN. 2nd. . . . Masson's *Life of Milton* excites my envy. I shall not be able to read it. . . . A lounge over a book quite worthless, but which yet was irresistibly attractive on account of a great number of personal recollections which it called up—the second volume of *History of Journalism* by one [A. Andrews, vol. i, 1855; vol. ii, 1859]. It is taken from recent works of autobiography . . . and memoirs of poets, etc., giving an account of the Gentlemen of the Press, which would have been ridiculous a few years since. If not newspaper writers precisely, we have in England at this moment two Cabinet Ministers who acquired reputation as novelists, Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton, and we have a Lord Chief Justice who was a reporter. In France men of letters have played a still more important part. Two ex-prime ministers are now in the shade—Guizot and Thiers—not without hope on the part of one probably of returning to power. . . .

JAN. 3rd. The early post brought me a most unexpected letter from John Wordsworth, announcing a marvellous change in his mother. Dr. Davy, who had despaired, was full of hope. Her appetite had returned, she had slept well, and there were no bad symptoms! . . . Of course, I sent a few lines of congratulation. One could not wonder were her death announced to-day, she being in her eighty-ninth year! . . .

JAN. 19th. This morning arrived the news of the death of dear Mrs. Wordsworth on Monday night. I wish I could venture down to show my reverence for her! But to attend a funeral would be dangerous in this weather. . . .

JAN. 22nd. . . . [In the *Annual Register*.] . . . N.B.—The killing of Mary Lamb's mother by her daughter is related without a name, the facts are correctly given. . . .

JAN. 25th. . . . The obituary of Mrs. Wordsworth appeared first in the *Daily News*.¹ A circumstance hardly necessary to satisfy one that Harriet Martineau is the author. It has sly insinuations against the poet, who is throughout referred to only as the 'old husband,' who aggravated Mrs. Wordsworth's grief by his selfish weeping and mourning at the death of Mrs. Quillinan. . . .

FEB. 4th. . . . William Wordsworth . . . gave me an interesting account of the last days of his honoured mother. For a fortnight before her death her hearing was partly recovered, also she had some sense of light. She was perfectly happy. She desired five pounds to be given me that I might buy with it a ring. This was given to me as one of the oldest of her friends next to her relations. I accept this with pleasure, but I shall return it to some of the grandchildren. I cannot mix it with other money. William Wordsworth had to call on Miss Gillies about the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, etc. I accompanied him to her, but came back alone. William Wordsworth took luncheon with me. I shall see him on Wednesday. This was a very interesting call. The Mount will be quitted in a few months. I shall, I suppose, never see it again! This is a sad rent in the structure of my friendships.

FEB. 15th. . . . I could only manage to . . . attend the Photographic Society, where I heard a lecture on Architecture from George Street, Ruskin in the chair. I dare not pretend to say that I brought away any definite ideas on art, and yet I really enjoyed the addresses of both and felt, as I used to feel from the German professors, as if some feelings were sowed in me which

¹ It is reprinted in *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*, pp. 828 seq.

would produce fruit hereafter though unconsciously. The meanness of Ruskin's countenance struck me, but it was overpowered by a display of power in style and promptitude of manner. I felt increasing respect for Street. He read his lecture too rapidly. It consisted mainly of an explanation of the photographic representation of the buildings in Venice and Verona. Both were the objects of warm eulogy. Ruskin could not help hinting that the value of these representations is increased by the peril in which the originals were likely to be thrown by their becoming the seats of war—Verona especially. . . .

MARCH 4th. . . . Began *Adam Bede*, a much-prized new volume by Eliot. . . .

MARCH 10th. . . . I also went on with *Adam Bede*. Its conversational style is admirable, though I know not that its dialect is quite correct historically. . . .

MARCH 15th. . . . I went on with *Adam Bede*. It has an established reputation. . . .

MARCH 16th. . . . At the Athenaeum I found *Adam Bede* on the table and applied myself steadily to it. . . . I have read one-half. It does not yet become impassioned, but the quiet humour goes on—somewhat less pungent perhaps—till the young Squire's majority is celebrated. . . .

MARCH 19th. . . . The day devoted to *Adam Bede*, of which I retain a very high opinion, though the tragic part is not so excellent as the comic. I read a whole volume, tragic description allowing of much skip. . . .

MARCH 22nd. . . . I finished *Adam Bede*. Towards the close the interest flags. The dialogue loses its spirit. Adam, falling in love with Dinah, the Methodist, and she returning his affection, become commonplace. Arthur, the repentant seducer, after the interesting interview with Adam, who forgives him, is lost sight of. But with all this the novel will hold its place. . . .

MARCH 31st. . . . I read a short paper by De Quincey in his *Selections* [*Grave and Gay*] on Shelley. Rather pharisaical, but containing a full recognition of Shelley's genius. . . .

APRIL 1st. . . . The thoughtful essay on *Liberty* by John Mill greatly pleased me. The importance Mill attaches to the indulgence of individuality in opposition to following the public taste is to me both new and instructive. In like manner I looked into J. Austin's pamphlet on *Parliamentary Reform*. Pleased that both have greatly modified their opinions and are more conservative than in their youth. . . .

APRIL 3rd. . . . I then read for an hour and half in the *National*

Review, part of a paper since finished on *Social Innovators and Reformers*, in which the merits and mischiefs of the Communists (such as Louis Blanc) and the Socialists (such as Owen, St. Simon, etc.) are candidly discussed. . . .

APRIL 16th. [Brighton.] . . . I called on Lady Byron at three and found a very interesting man, a Mr. MacDonald, author of a poem, *Within and Without*, which I must read. He is an invalid and a German scholar. The talk was altogether interesting. He will call on me. . . . A pleasing letter from the Provost of Eton (Hawtrey) thanking me for recommending him to read *Adam Bede*, which he praises as warmly as every one does, including Lady Byron, etc. . . .

APRIL 17th. . . . Will Arnold died at Gibraltar. . . . Matthew Arnold has a mission abroad to see the state of schools, etc. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . I had a call from . . . Mr. MacDonald, who stayed till near two. He is, I know now, a literator by profession, and I have no doubt a meritorious man whom it will be a pleasure to serve. His connections are among the Dissenters—visits Russell Gurney and William Kent—yet is quite liberal. He is a lecturer, and in that way one can serve him. I was named to him by Scott of Manchester. He is married and lives at Hastings. . . . Of his works hereafter. . . .

MAY 13th. . . . I read in bed a very pleasing short article in the *Daily News*, on the auction of furniture at Rydal Mount, by Harriet Martineau, done with great propriety and in a better feeling than I should have given her credit for. . . .

MAY 26th. . . . I subscribed to Mudie's Library, as I have long intended. My immediate object was to read MacDonald's *Within and Without*, a dramatic poem, dreamy and metaphysical. By no means calculated to be popular. A jumble of sentimentality and speculation. . . .

MAY 27th. . . . One of the songs is said to be sung or said within the singer. . . .

MAY 30th. . . . I went to Mudie's for the poems of MacDonald, which I fear will puzzle more than please me. I have already met with many passages full of thought but hard to retain. I attended his first lecture on Walter Scott. His lecture on Scott was but thinly attended—chiefly ladies. His judgment I concurred in generally. Only Scott's descriptive power was praised. Ruskin's overpraise censured. MacDonald has to manage his voice, which is disagreeable from over-loudness. . . . I was made uncomfortable by the feeling that I was unable to render others the services I wish. . . .

JUNE 2nd. . . . A call at Miss Anna Swanwick's. She is a woman of admirable activity and indefatigable industry. . . .

JUNE 3rd. . . . [MacDonald's] lecture on Lord Byron was worse attended than the first on Scott, and MacDonald read so low that he was not audible. . . . His apology for the poet was generous and full of feeling, and this Lady Byron acknowledges, but I fear the general impression was not favourable. . . .

JUNE 5th. . . . The garrulity of old age is shown in the prolixity of these written monologues. The journals become longer as they are more insignificant. My diary is my great confidant. . . .

JUNE 7th. . . . I heard to-day the third lecture of MacDonald, on Shelley. . . . Half the time was spent in making a vain attempt to distinguish intelligibly between Imagination and Fancy; Wordsworth, Coleridge, and De Quincey had failed before. He apologised for the atheism of Shelley. . . . I took at Mudie's, volume one of Hogg's *Shelley*, which I have already nearly finished. Meant to skim only, but I have found it better than I expected. Indeed, bad as Hogg's portion may be, Shelley's letters are excellent, at least, much is deeply interesting, and the account of the journey to Scotland by Hogg to meet his friend on his marriage is written with spirit, though evidently spun out. . . .

JUNE 10th. . . . MacDonald's lecture on Keats. . . . I . . . wish he could be more popular even though he sacrificed some portion of his philosophical truth. I could not enter into the spirit of much that he said as to Keats's poetical merits. This may well be my fault or misfortune, not *his*. . . .

JUNE 11th. . . . I went on with Hogg's *Shelley*. Disliking the book exceedingly, I still went on with it. . . .

JUNE 13th. . . . I have just finished it. . . . A worse book was never written. The family have taken away his papers and the present Lady Shelley is to go on with his *Life*. . . .

JUNE 19th. . . . I went on with volume one of *Two Years Ago*. . . . It appears to me the least pleasing of any of Kingsley's novels. It reminds me of *Adam Bede*. But all the points of comparison are in favour of *Adam Bede*. Throughout Kingsley's work all the characters, the dialogue included, seem forced and unnatural.

JUNE 21st. . . . Now that I have read into half the volume two I must say that the novel has a characterisation much better in my mind than it had when I wrote before. Tom, the wild rattling M.D., is really a capital conception, and Grace Harvey, the Dinah of the tale, is not unworthy her fellow Methodist. The poet,

Vavasour, does not give evidence that he is a poet. The Parson is also very like an *Adam Bede* character. In point of freedom, this goes to the very verge of unpermissible free-thinking. . . .

JUNE 25th. I finished early the *Two Years Ago*, which I liked less than any other of the novels of Kingsley, the incidents being unnatural and the characters also, and there being a jumble of topics that do not harmonise. . . .

JUNE 28th. Nearly the whole of the morning in bed; in the evening at the Athenaeum; and again this morning have been devoted to Rogers's *Recollections*, which I have finished. W. Sharpe has been fastidious. It wants bulk, and in the fear of being accused of *making* a book, he has not made enough of a book. I wish I had met with it a few years ago, as it has suggested to me how my reminiscences should be treated—*Selections from the Reminiscences of H. C. R.*, and a few letters. But it is too late now for me to do anything, but after my death such a volume double the size might be produced. But by whom? Aye, there's the rub. . . .

JUNE 29th. . . . The sun shone as I passed through Witham, [the home of his lifelong friends, the Pattisons. Jacob, the last surviving son, had just disappeared and was at that time supposed dead], but I felt very gloomy. It is probable, as I thought, that I shall never again be there, and a like melancholy feeling oppressed me when I came home last night on receiving a catalogue of Wordsworth's books for sale by auction at Rydal, another place where I have had much enjoyment and which I shall never see again! . . .

JULY 1st. . . . I have had a catalogue sent me of the sale of Wordsworth's books by auction.¹ The best have been already taken away. There is but one I wish to have, Mrs. Barbauld's *Works*, which I shall be glad if J. J. Tayler be able to procure for me. He will perhaps attend the sale *one* day from curiosity. . . . I devoted a great part of the day to the reading [of] Kingsley's *Phaethon*. Rather an uncomfortable book. Kingsley in this urges Templeton, the sceptic, to study the Platonic philosophy as a remedy against scepticism. A Socratic dialogue is an intermediate composition. The talk after the imitation is the best part of the little volume. Windrush, the American, is satirically described—a caricature of the Emersonian spiritualists, and sham philosophers who have half-converted the respectable doubter Templeton—with whom I often sympathise. . . .

¹ *Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle*, Appendix III, pp. 867 seq.

JULY 2nd. . . . Another unpleasant subject was matter for talk at Hunter's. A very severe attack on J. P. Collier's volume, of Shakespeare which he published as an important discovery, containing, as he maintained, *contemporaneous emendations*. The volume being suspected, the Duke of Devonshire, whose property it had become, let it be examined at the British Museum, one of whose officers, Hamilton, puts his name to a charge of fraud, not against Collier, though if all the facts are as he states them—I need not go into the particulars of what will hereafter be easy of reference—they will sadly detract from J. P. Collier's character as a critic. His enemies will, of course, ascribe to him *privity*, though that seems absurd. He is at the same time bitterly attacked by Dyce. . . .

JULY 3rd. . . . Chatted with Ouvry, who sees Hamilton's letter in the light I do as respects Collier. I came home early as Hunter had expressed a wish to see me in the evening. I had a long chat on Collier's volume. Hunter can't see anything J. P. Collier does kindly, but is willing to wait for his answer.

I finished in bed the Lectures of Masson on the Novelists—a very interesting work. The mass of novels is very great. Since Dickens and Thackeray they amount to hundreds, even of those which have obtained a certain success. Masson has classified the novels rather by the object—the matter treated of—than by the character of the author. . . . It is only at the close that he attempts to philosophise. He sensible [seldom?] praises, and in that respect does not answer what I wanted in it, a guide to what I was to read.

JULY 4th. . . . A letter from Mr. MacDonald. He is a candidate for the Professorship of English Literature [at Bedford College].

JULY 5th. . . . A call on Mrs. Reid, and stayed late. We talked about MacDonald and the professor's chair he seeks, and I have no doubt will have if it is worth his possessing. . . .

JULY 6th. . . . I also finished a letter to MacDonald, which I forgot to post yesterday, intimating that the prize is a mean one—in fact, not worth his acceptance. I did not say to him expressly that the chair would not pay the difference of expense in living between London and Hastings. In the course of the day I learned that a letter of mine to Mrs. Reid was read to a Council meeting, and that there is no doubt the offer will be made him. I also in the evening spoke on this subject with Lady Byron, who thinks as we all do about him. She has not forgotten some indiscreet words uttered by MacDonald about Lord Byron, imputing to him

a diseased intellect, by which Lady Arabella [King] was much hurt. . . .

JULY 7th. . . . I had a kind letter from Collier, and I read in *The Times* his absolute denial of all privity in the fraud, if any. He waives any defence of the genuineness of the document. His letter is short and quiet and so far dignified. I wrote a note to Miss Hunter, in which I begged her to suggest to her father that he ought not to continue his attacks on Collier to me. . . . A letter from MacDonald. He is pleased with the prospect of being lecturer at the Ladies' College, and as he is aware it is not a lucrative chair, I am pleased that he is likely to have it. . . .

JULY 15th. Mr. MacDonald breakfasted with me, and after breakfast he heard from Miss A. Swanwick that he had been actually elected Professor of English Literature at the Ladies' College, a very poorly remunerated office, but he thinks it may lead to something better. . . .

JULY 16th. . . . Called on Hunter. We did not allude either to the Collier-Shakespeare question (other writers go on to prove the un genuineness of the emendations). . . . Lest I forget it, I must now say that MacDonald told me that he had seen a letter in the handwriting of Lewes, who lives with Miss Evans (it was after his wife had run away from him to Thornton Hunt that she took his¹ wife's place), that Miss Evans is the author of *Adam Bede*. I would rather so excellent [?] a book was written by any man than a woman, and worse, that of all women the translatress of Strauss should be the writer. Such a fact destroys all comfortable notions of right and wrong, true and false, as they make the writer quite independent of personal character. Yet I am glad on looking back that I liked her much.

JULY 17th. . . . I do not like to state to any one that so admirable a book has been written by a woman whose history is at least so unfortunate as Miss Evans's. It disturbs one's idea that a book should be the reflection of the author's innermost practical feelings. . . .

JULY 23rd. . . . I began a new novelist² and have found great pleasure in Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Towers*. His picture of the dramatis personae of his cathedral town is quite delightful, as far as the first nine chapters go. It is quite an event falling in with a new favourite author. . . .

¹ From here to the end of the entry is scratched through after being much corrected. Crabb Robinson got drowsy while writing—a not unusual occurrence, though on this occasion it happened after breakfast. On the following day he rewrites the phrases.

² See *ante*, May 27th 1857.

JULY 24th. I went on with *Barchester Towers* with great pleasure, continuing it in the Hampstead omnibus, and during a short walk on the Heath. . . .

JULY 25th. I awoke early and went on with *Barchester Towers*. . . .

JULY 28th. . . . The rest of the day was spent at Stratton Street [Miss Coutts's] and the Athenaeum. There was a crowd of genteel people. . . . I was able to exchange a few words with Miss Coutts and Mrs. Brown and also with Harness and the Dean of St. Paul's. I was sorry to find that in general the public voice is against Collier about his volume of Shakespeare. I can't believe in his being a party to the fraud. . . .

JULY 29th. . . . I went on at intervals reading *Barchester Towers*, which I did not finish till past midnight. An excellent novel with a unique character. Its characters are those appertaining to a cathedral town. A henpecked bishop whose wife, Mrs. Proudie, is a great patron of schools and a Sabbatarian, very low; Slope, descended from Sterne's Dr. Slop, is an intriguing bishop's chaplain who strives with Mrs. Proudie for the government of her husband, and being beaten is driven from his post with disgrace. The action is to appoint a warden to an hospital, and the place is given to a poor parson with fourteen children, a picture of clerical poverty. The precentor, Mr. Harding, a mild, unambitious man who loses the wardenship through intrigues, refuses the Deanery for himself, but his son-in-law, Archdeacon Grantley, gets it for Arabin, a learned Oxonian, who marries Harding's other daughter, the widow Bold, rich and beautiful. There is a caricature, Miss Thorne, attached to Saxon antiquity, whose fêtes occupy much space; there is an extravagant family, the Stanhopes; the daughter, a beautiful cripple who, by her intrigues, does mischief everywhere; her nonchalant, spendthrift [brother]. She is married to a scoundrel Italian. The dialogue is well preserved, the tone throughout satirical, the author Trollope. I must read his other works. . . . I called at . . . Hunter's; I remonstrated with him for his unjust behaviour towards J. P. Collier and refused to believe him guilty of wilful fraud, defending myself for not venturing to pursue the inquiry. . . .

AUG. 3rd. [Bury.] . . . Wrote . . . a letter to Miss Bayley,¹ recommending *Adam Bede*, and writing of Miss Evans, the author. . . .

AUG. 6th. . . . I received a very pleasant letter from Miss Bayley, written with her usual strong and sound sense. She means to become acquainted with Mr. Lewes and Miss Evans,

¹ Kenyon's friend.

who live in her neighbourhood, and, while she acknowledges the necessity of conventionalities, considers theirs as a case of exception. . . .

AUG. 9th. [*En route to Cromer.*] [The journey] was pleasantly spent reading De Quincey on Pope, a paper full of sagacious remarks and delicate criticisms. . . .

AUG. 10th. . . . On the two last days I read to my companions De Quincey's article on dear Charles Lamb. This paper and the one on Pope are the capital articles of volume ix, *Leaders in Literature*. . . .

AUG. 11th. . . . I also read some small articles in De Quincey's volume, but which had not the excellence of those already noticed. Herodotus affords him a topic lost on me, and indeed, on questions of pure learning, De Quincey appears too solicitous to obtain a reputation for subtle scholarship. The refinement of his taste seems to be his highest quality, including his admirable style. The paper on the Greek tragedy contains an opinion confirmatory of a guess of mine many years ago—a mere guess—that the Italian opera is a much nearer representative of the Greek tragedy than the modern direct tragedy. It is quite striking, the resemblance of the Greek tragedy to the opera—the chorus corresponding to the odes and lyrical parts, and the characters being declamations. This I thought when I saw *Antigone*. What might not be made of an adequate translation, a Mrs. Siddons for the heroic sister, a Miss O'Neill for the tender Ismene, and the finest operatic music for the chorus! . . .

AUG. 18th. [*Bury.*] . . . I also went to the Library, from which I took a volume of *Blackwood* and have begun one of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. It is cast in the same mould as *Adam Bede*. The same excellent dialogue. The contrast between the ruffianly anti-religious spirit operating on the vulgar commonplace people of the Establishment and the silly Evangelicals betrays in reality a spirit more unfavourable to religion than anything in *Adam Bede* and more like what might be expected from the translatress of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*.

AUG. 21st. . . . I finished *Janet's Repentance*. It is so very Evangelical in its tone that it is quite unpleasant thinking of it as the writing of Miss Evans. I have since met in the *Saturday Review* some admirable remarks on this fact, and I suspect with a silent reference to the works of this author—that in this age men write wisely and beautifully but without any actual belief in what themselves write. One excuses this in so great a man as Goethe. He is the perfect artist; as such he represents his class in Emerson's

little book of *Characteristics*.¹ One is not displeased on reading (at least, I am not) Goethe's *Confessions of a Beautiful Soul*, but the *Repentance of Janet* I should have read with some pleasure from a regular Evangelical or pious High Church—Miss Sewell. I was not annoyed by anything in *Adam Bede*, but in *Janet* there is what I cannot think to be other than cant. I should unwillingly impute any actual insincerity to anything that she writes.

AUG. 23rd. . . . At night I read *Aurora Leigh*. I cannot take to it.

AUG. 24th. I have dozed evening and morning over this poem. It is a weariness and surely loss of time to hunt for passages to copy as evidence of having read the book. The style is very, very strange, and with difficulty could I fix my attention to it. . . .

AUG. 29th. . . . And also skimmed volume three of Tom Moore's [poems]. A mere skimming. Moore a poet who merely amuses.

SEPT. 3rd. . . . I skimmed *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, an American poem in hexameters after the fashion of *Evangeline*. In rhyme I should not have read it. Longfellow has little to recommend him. His hero, though he appears as a bachelor, might well be the ancestor of slave-holders, a Puritan savage, who in the sixteenth century might gratify his military talents against bishops and kings, might do the same against slaves and their would-be supporters or protectors.

SEPT. 8th. . . . I enjoyed the walk and found ample entertainment in volume seven of Moore's poems. His satirical squibs are admirable. . . .

SEPT. 18th. . . . I also finished skimming in the course of the evening the ninth volume of Moore's poems, which contains the best of his squibs. Those against the Prince might well be spared, though their wit is supreme, and there is something disgusting in the Fudges in France and England. Those on the vices of legislation, *Cash, Corn, and Catholics*, the *crème de la crème* Irish satire is also unpleasant. Some of the love poems are mawkish. . . .

SEPT. 26th. . . . Surprised to find that Matthew Arnold seems to have a more favourable opinion than most of Louis Napoleon, and, though my opinion is as much against him as it well can be, yet one ought to rejoice that he is essentially popular in his feelings, if the fact be so—unless his popularity, like his Catholicity, extends only so far as it subserves his own interest. . . .

SEPT. 27th. . . . R. Proctor and I agreed in opinion that the charges so malignantly brought against J. P. Collier as a fabricator

¹ *Representative Men.*

of the Shakespeare folio (Perkins folio) are false as well as malignant, but that he has betrayed want of judgment in the manner in which he appreciated the emendations. He wants vigour to defend himself as he ought.

SEPT. 29th. . . . I had . . . finished *The Warden*. . . . It is very clever and has more *Zweck*, purpose, in it than any other of Trollope's novels that I am acquainted with, viz. the purpose of exhibiting the character of Harding, the warden, as a model of integrity. I enjoyed *Barchester Towers*, but the enjoyment would have been greater had I already read *The Warden*,¹ its first part. Bold is a hero in the first and already dead when the second begins. . . . I would of *The Warden* further say that it is, if not a personal satire, a satire on the times and on *The Times*, which is named *The Jupiter*. Carlyle is Dr. Anticant. He does not appear; he is only spoken of. Dickens too is alluded to.

OCT. 1st. . . . I took from Mudie *The Memorials of Shelley*. It interests more than I expected. The editor, Lady Shelley, is quite a liberal. . . .

OCT. 2nd. . . . Called by appointment on the Plumptres. They had been to Germany and seen Bunsen. . . . I was glad to hear that Bunsen does not utterly despair of Napoleon; he expects good from him still, therein agreeing with Arnold. He also expects good, great good, from the Prince of Prussia. Kossuth, on the contrary, has in the papers written as if he had no hope from Napoleon. Such is the entanglement. . . .

NOV. 3rd. . . . Read the fourth Idyll [*Idylls of the King*], painting the repentance of the Queen Guinevere. It is affecting, but I do not see it merits that very great praise it receives from all quarters. . . .

NOV. 4th. . . . The greater part of the day I devoted to the *Idylls of the King*, which are attractive at all events. . . .

NOV. 7th. . . . I finished the *Idylls* to-day. The second, *Vivien*, is quite disgusting. She is the Circe who seduces the old magician Merlin, and the reader does not perceive *why* the wise man yields at last. It is in that respect critically bad as the whole is morally offensive. The two other *Idylls*² have beautiful passages, but not one is so pleasing as the *Morte d'Arthur* poem in an earlier volume, painting the carrying off the old King's body in his last illness. As he was to live among the fairies for ever; that was

¹ See *ante*, May 27th, 1857.

² The 1859 edition included only four *Idylls*—*Enid*, *Vivien*, *Elaine*, and *Guinevere*.

his death. The fact that renders Arthur unfit to be an epic-hero is the acquiescence of the blameless King in the infidelity of his wife. A *cocu* may be the hero of a monkish tale. The fairies would not tolerate him.

Nov. 8th. . . . Ouvry informs me that he believes it will be proved to every candid man's satisfaction that the volume is authentic after all, and that Collier will come out of the trial honourably. From the first I have declared myself one of Collier's compurgators. The friends of Collier wait till the enemy has spent his fire. . . .

Nov. 10th. . . . Early and after breakfast I read a lecture in Ruskin's *Two Paths*, a beautiful polemical pamphlet, consisting of lectures. . . .

Nov. 11th. . . . Reading early a pleasing lecture by Ruskin in which he gives a very different view of the love of Nature as the source of all excellence, from that generally entertained. Yet I cannot for the present see how the acknowledged cruelty and effeminacy of the Hindu character are indicated by their love of ornament and arabesque figures, not founded on Nature. One does not see more than the actual combination—no intelligible connection. Bating this, the little volume is very interesting indeed. . . . I read S. Sharpe's memoirs¹ of his uncle, Samuel Rogers. It has the great merit of being judicious and temperate—no violent praise or puffing—perhaps too brief and dry; but if a fault, on the right side.

Nov. 12th. After I had finished this I went on with Ruskin. Read a second lecture, in which he strives to raise the character of the manufacturer, who is urged to cultivate Nature. . . .

Nov. 14th. . . . I did nothing but read in Ruskin the lecture on Iron. . . . It is very beautiful. Ruskin gives all the credit to Iron as the oxidising principle, which is found among the kinds of earth. Rust is Iron turned to account. This lecture is full of matter. After treating of its nature, he eloquently expatiates on the Plough as the instrument of labour by which the earth is rendered fertile and on which he gives you an admirable sermon. Though a great anti-Papist, he does not spare the Protestant, in the course of a vehement declamation against the cruelty to the poor practised by our reckless traders, whose failures bring ruin on the masses. Speculations are forms of gambling. 'We buy our liveries and gild our prayer-books with pilfered pence out of children's and sick men's wages.' Whether we force the man's

¹ *Recollections*, 1856.

property from him by pinching his stomach or his fingers makes morally no difference. Fetters and the Sword are more briefly dismissed from want of room. 'These three talismans of national existence are expressed in these three words: *Labour, Law, and Courage*.' He treats liberty rather slightingly—marking that the fish is the freest of all animals. . . . I have since finished Ruskin. He says the paintings of Raphael and Buonarotti gave force to the falsehoods of superstition and majesty to the imaginations of sin; but the arts of England may have their task to inform the soul with truth and touch the heart with compassion (p. 134, etc.) . . .

Nov. 19th. . . . I began *John Halifax, Gentleman*. . . . It is at the beginning very attractive. . . . I expect a remarkable book. . . .

Nov. 26th. I had an hour's reading in bed—in *John Halifax*—with great enjoyment. The election scene, however, is the least correct of any, but it is an efficient one for effect. . . . The latter end, however, is not so interesting as the earlier portion. The interest ceases for the present after the death of Muriel, the blind child. . . .

Nov. 30th. I read early and I read late *John Halifax*, and finished it. A capital novel, but it is inartificial, being without unity. It contains the history of several generations and comprehends more than sufficient to explain Miss Mulock's idea of a gentleman. [Here follows a summary of the book, not printed, since it contains no criticism.] . . .

DEC. 5th. Read in bed an interesting paper on Tennyson in Kingsley's *Miscellanies*. Kingsley has made me determine on reading more of Tennyson. His praise is somewhat extravagant. . . . It was a wet day which kept me at home, so I contented myself with reading other papers in the *Miscellanies*. One on Shelley and Byron, in which he sets himself as critic above his clerical function. But in the paper on Burns has written more satisfactorily to me on the Corn Law Rhymer, Elliott, etc. Less worth notice, an apology for Alexander Smith, a poet of the people. . . .

DEC. 6th. . . . I was chiefly employed in reading Kingsley's *Miscellanies*—very pleasing papers of a critical character. . . .

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JAN. 26th. . . . Having received from Miss Hunter the first volume of *The Bertrams*, it pleased me and seemed really to be a valuable and instructive book. Its theme, the theory of a profession.

JAN. 31st. . . . I spent the evening reading third volume of *The Bertrams* with interest more than pleasure. . . .

FEB. 2nd. . . . I had, however, first to finish *The Bertrams*, which I did, and it has called forth considerable talent on the part of Trollope. The comic scenes are excellent and the worthless people are the best drawn. The miser, who gives his enormous wealth, real and personal, to endow a college, is well conceived. The high-minded granddaughter who marries a man she hates, from pride to mortify her lover, a cousin, who, with equal folly, allows her to sacrifice herself, the accomplished but unprincipled man of talents, the husband, [who] has no other resource than to make room for his rival by an act of suicide when he finds himself ruined, are by no means agreeable principals in a novel. But Mrs. Wilkinson, the clergyman's mother, is a capital sketch and her interview with the patron of the living a very gem. The hero's father is simply disgusting. . . .

FEB. 14th. . . . I had a very agreeable dinner at Mr. Street's, with Dr. Gibson and his wife and her brother, Ouvry, J. Collier, junior. No one talked about a book lately published by one Hamilton of the British Museum, pretending to prove that Collier's folio volume with supposed old corrections of Shakespeare's text are forgeries committed by my old friend J. P. Collier, of which I cannot believe him guilty, but it was perhaps in every one's thought. . . .

[The following is decipherable though crossed through:] But Hunter and others are confident that he is guilty. A sense of my own incapacity to examine a question like this, from a want of the learning, and unwillingness to think J. P. Collier guilty [Other words deleted do not make sense.]

FEB. 15th. . . . I also looked into the attack on Collier by a Museum man. He accuses Collier on grounds purely physical and material of having practised tricks on manuscripts. I have never thought my old friend capable of so unworthy an act. Indeed, if he were guilty I could not call him my friend. I hear that Mr. Bruce, as well as Ouvry and others of the antiquaries, will undertake his defence, and I shall anxiously wait for the result.

Hunter's unfriendly feelings towards Collier render him no proper judge. . . .

FEB. 19th. . . . She [Mrs. Proctor] brought me an *Athenaeum* to read the defence of J. P. Collier against the malignant charges brought against him, in which he has been successful beyond my expectation. His tone is manly and simple, and will propitiate many, and I see no fault in any part of his reasonings, though some faults may have escaped me. The defence is by the editor, Dixon, the defender of Penn against Macaulay, acute and contemptuous—too much so, if it were not for the gentler spirit of Collier himself. Well-put are the points. I took tea with the Proctors, and Mrs. Proctor thinking that my opinion would be a gratification to her brother, I wrote to him yesterday and sent off the letter before I left town [to attend his brother's funeral]. . . .

FEB. 25th. [Bury.] . . . I walked to Hardwick and had from Lady Cullum an interesting account of the investigation of Milton's autograph receipt for five pounds for *Paradise Lost*. A pretended original receipt, a facsimile of hers, was sold at the sale of Dawson Turner's manuscripts for forty pounds, but doubts having been expressed as to its genuineness Miss Turner begged Lady Cullum's permission for Mr. Clark, the auctioneer, to inspect this copy which he obtained from America for the purpose. He was satisfied that the pretended original was a facsimile. The purchase money was returned to the purchaser, and the facsimile presented to Lady Cullum by Miss Turner. The conduct of Dawson Turner's family was exemplary and rendered Lady Cullum glad to spare their feelings by allowing this transaction to be glossed over. She explained to me that this receipt for the second five pounds was given to Sir Thomas Gery Cullum by Mr. Ranby, a gentleman of fortune, known to be a friend of the Symonds's, who lived at Bury formerly. This receipt was lent by Sir T. G. Cullum to Dawson Turner in 1829. Its absence from the Library, though mentioned in the catalogue, being discovered, it was demanded by the Rev. Sir T. G. Cullum, and on application immediately returned in 1841. From an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1822, . . . p. 13, it appears to have been then known to be the property of Sir T. G. Cullum. There was a facsimile of the handwriting. Of course, there was a wish to consider this copy or facsimile as made merely for curiosity, but it is copied on an old piece of paper—very yellow—and evidently torn out of an old book. When it was afterwards exposed as a gem, it was put under a glass which—while it was a sort of recognition of its value as an original—concealed the fact of its being put

on a piece of folio once part of a volume. The auctioneer declared it to be a well-executed facsimile. . . .

FEB. 28th. . . . Thackeray delivered a lecture on Humour and Pathos at the [Bury] Athenaeum, but it is said that he has not equalled Dickens in popularity. . . .

MARCH 26th. My attention was this day directed to another subject—the sale by auction of the paintings of the Pattissons at Christie's, King Street. . . . The gems of the sale were several by Turner. One magnificent large picture of Venice fetched 2,400 guineas! The announcement produced a burst of applause. . . . The painting which I attended from day to day¹ produced 200 guineas. . . . The auctioneer named the subject. It was entitled 'Rural Amusements.' . . .

APRIL 1st. . . . I sat up late looking over Smiles's *Self-Help*; a paltry book. . . .

APRIL 5th. . . . Here [at the Athenaeum] I was accosted in a friendly tone by Carlyle—Thomas Carlyle. He was called off, and perhaps it was as well, for we might have stumbled on disagreeable topics. . . .

APRIL 10th. . . . At the Athenaeum yesterday. . . . I skimmed over two volumes of one of my old Sunday visitors from University College, W. Roscoe: his *Collected Poems [and Essays, 1860]*. A too laboured eulogy by his brother-in-law, Richard Hutton, though he is not extravagant in his praise. He had the hereditary talent of his family. . . .

APRIL 12th. . . . I read the *Autobiography* [Leigh Hunt's]. I feel somewhat kindly towards Hunt, but very little respect. . . .

APRIL 17th. I finished Hunt's *Autobiography*. It has raised my opinion of his facility in composition, but I do not envy the triumphing which the survivors [have] over their brothers and sisters if they live as long and as cheerfully even as Leigh Hunt did. He is vain, but he is of a loving nature. And he never lost his humanity. . . . [Some words here are illegible and the reading of the preceding three lines is very questionable.] . . . I read the beginning of *The Mill on the Floss*. Apparently a delightful tale. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . A considerable part of the day was spent in reading the first volume of *The Mill on the Floss* with great pleasure. . . .

¹ This was the portrait of the two Pattisson boys, William and Jacob. It was painted in 1813 by Lawrence, who greatly admired their beauty, but was very dilatory in completing the picture. Crabb Robinson kept him to his bargain—not without offending him.

APRIL 21st. . . . I finished volume two of the novel in bed. . . . The novel absorbed my attention. . . .

APRIL 22nd. . . . The *Saturday Review* had an article favourable to Collier's integrity, but not to his talents. It would mortify a vain man. But it is as friendly as any I have heard of. The author of so bad a defence as he had made of himself could not be the author of so many excellent corrections. This is the quintessence of the judgment. . . .

APRIL 23rd. I finished early *The Mill on the Floss*. A novel of great ability. It is not altogether a pleasant story. The hero and heroine are a brother and sister, Tom and Maggie Tulliver. Their father, a weak man, ruins his family and dies in debt. Tom, proud and insolent, devotes himself to redeem the family honour and succeeds in obtaining possession of the Mill. Maggie forms an attachment to a cripple—Philip, the son of their family enemy Wakem, a lawyer—but has to encounter the curse of her brother if she follow her inclination. And, in fact, this passion is overcome by another for a handsome youth who is betrothed to her cousin, Lucy, a sweet girl, a contrast to her heroic character. Her mother has three sisters, exquisitely drawn characters, true to nature like Miss Austen's—natural figures. This lover, Stephen, seduces her into a boat on the Floss, and then, against her will, she is compelled to take refuge in a vessel; though she acts like a heroine on this occasion, yet, being several days absent, her tale of innocence is not believed, and she is deserted by her brother and every one, living in a hovel with a packman, a capital character. She is alone aware of a rising flood. For the moment saves her brother, but at last both are drowned in each other's arms—from the Mill. As in Bulwer's Greek tale [*The Last Days of Pompeii?*], a natural event determines the fate of the parties, and no act of theirs. A sad fault. I reproached Bulwer with this, and he had no apology for it. Mrs. Glegg and Mrs. Pullet are admirable comic pictures. Its moral pure. But nothing in it equal to Mrs. Poyser. . . .

. . . Coming home a party at Barrett's was breaking up, one of whom was the poet laureate (Tennyson), who reminded me of having dined together at Rogers's when Mrs. Norton was there. I showed him I had not forgotten the scene, and quoted his words that when she looked at him he felt as if a serpent [?] was crawling down his back. 'A savage speech,' he said. A rough beard is the only attribute I should suppose in common to Tennyson and my housemate. . . .

MAY 2nd. . . . A friendly call from J. P. Collier. . . . I

confessed my inability to judge of the literary merits of his volume, but that I always asserted my belief in his integrity. . . .

MAY 23rd. . . . I read *Dr. Thorne*, and that kept me up late. This is certainly an excellent novel. . . . Trollope has an absurd practice of referring to the *novel* in the *novel* as a fiction. . . .

JUNE 8th. . . . MacDonald's lecture . . . hardly authorised the sacrifice I made to attend it—on my own account certainly not. It was on Tennyson. Extravagantly praised. It contained elaborately composed sentences. I was for ever whispering: 'May be so—may be *not*.' I did not feel his eulogy to be true. . . .

JUNE 13th. . . . I also read in Macaulay's biographies,¹ *John Bunyan*—poor—very imperfect. He omits all his books except the two great allegories and says that *The Holy War* would be the greatest ever written if *The Pilgrim's Progress* did not exist. *Atterbury*, by Macaulay, is equally poor; but, on the contrary, *Johnson* is done with spirit and interest, worth reading by any one who loves the subject. . . .

JUNE 15th. . . . Having begun soon after breakfast an inferior paper on *Goldsmith* among the biographies by Macaulay, . . . I concluded the day reading *Goldsmith's Life*.

JUNE 16th. Began early a very superior *Life of William Pitt*, the second Pitt. I have not yet finished it, but nearly, and can say that it alone gives a value to the volume. It is written by no means in a party spirit, and though I have not yet come to his summary, yet Macaulay has raised an impression of respect towards the great minister I never felt before. How I wish it had occurred to him to write a similar summary of Fox as parallels. . . .

AUG. 10th. . . . My first call was on Mrs. Dyer, the laundress, wife and widow of George, who attains her ninety-ninth year on the seventh of December. If cleanliness be next to godliness, it must be acknowledged she is far off from being a good woman.² Yet what strength of character and animal nature! She was in an arm-chair. The apartment at the top of Clifford's Inn, No. 1, small and seemingly full of inhabitants. A child was playing about—her great-grandchild. It fell out of a window thirty-six

¹ Macaulay's biographies of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and Pitt were contributed to the 8th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and also published separately in his *Miscellaneous Writings*, 2 vols., 1860, ed. T. F. Ellis.

² 'If Mrs. Dyer appeared to H. C. R. deficient in that which is 'next to godliness' he seems to have forgotten that a woman in her rooth year, crippled by rheumatism, and having but scanty means of procuring comforts, could not keep up the appearance of neatness and cleanliness for which she had always been remarkable. She certainly wrought a striking change in the personal appearance of her husband.'—SADLER.

feet from the ground and was uninjured by the fall. She has her eyesight, and hearing me, guessed who I was. She spoke in warm praise of Charles and Mary Lamb and her present friends, Mrs. De Morgan and Miss Travers, but nothing servile in her acknowledgments to me. She is a large woman still. I was reminded of Wordsworth's *Woman of Jedburgh* [*The Matron of Jedborough*]. . . .

SEPT. 25th. . . . The weather was so bad that we [Crabb Robinson and Miss Bayley] could not well call on the author of *Adam Bede*, whom Miss Bayley very much likes, though perhaps she does not excite so much admiration in her personal intercourse as she does in her writings. . . .

OCT. 13th. Early I read the lecture of Thackeray on the Fourth George, which I read with no pleasure before I came down. A very commonplace declamation against the 'First Gentleman in Europe,' the voluptuary heartless fop, the dandy of forty. He was the very worthless fellow described; but that is now universally acknowledged. It may be safely said under another sovereign, and it is popular doctrine. . . .

OCT. 19th. . . . I paid one social debt, which was also an agreeable act, by taking luncheon with Miss Evans. She has quite won on me. . . . I began a course of instruction on Wordsworth's poetry, repeated to her what I could by heart, and in the evening . . . I devoted several hours to the making out of a list of those of Wordsworth's poems which I thought a beginner ought to read. She will buy his works.

NOV. 3rd. . . . Mr. Gilchrist . . . talked an hour with me about Blake, and I have promised to lend him some papers. . . .

NOV. 5th. . . . My time not devoted to the very interesting news of the day¹ was spent in reading the beginning of *The Woman in White*. It is highly praised by a very large public, and is praised for the skill with which a mystery is concealed from premature disclosure. But this is not the only merit. The character of a selfish invalid is admirably painted in the first scene in which he is introduced—Mr. Fairlie. He is made grotesque. . . .

NOV. 11th. . . . *The Woman in White* . . . establishes the author at once as a first-rate novelist. Collins has great skill in the arranging his facts. He can keep up the interest, preserving his readers' curiosity and more effectually concealing his secret. . . .

DEC. 17th. . . . I read in the *Saturday Review* a successful exposure of the deplorably bad taste of Emerson. But the writer

¹ *The Times* of the day records the defeat of the Bourbon army and King Victor Emmanuel's entry into Naples. There is also news of the war in China.

might have, like myself, found himself unable to resist the fascination of Emerson's person and manner. . . .

DEC. 30th. . . . Dr. Boott brought with him Lover,¹ the Irish song-writer and novelist, one of the most agreeable of his countrymen. We had none of his songs, of course [at a Sunday breakfast-party], but he was free in his talk. All his sentiments were of a generous and philanthropic cast, and his humour saved his philanthropy from becoming cant, and his warm-heartedness rendered his free sentiments innocuous to the opposite party. I am anxious to read his Irish tales when I have time to go beyond the *Saturday Review*.²

1861

FEB. 11th. . . . We had an interesting party [at Mrs. Bayne's]. . . . The Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall), Thackeray the novelist, and Donne were the persons of note; Paget, an eminent surgeon, and Dalrymple, a great solicitor, both good talkers. I felt myself displaced, but was not disturbed by it. . . . Thackeray showed no signs of colloquial ability. . . .

FEB. 21st. . . . I began early Leslie's *Memoirs*³ and read a chapter in the evening. It promises to be what report makes it to be, a great artist's biographical history book. . . .

FEB. 22nd. . . . Nearly two-thirds of volume one of Leslie's autobiography has been reached to-day, and the book is so delightful that I forgive myself too easily.⁴

APRIL 11th. . . . I began *Silas Marner*. Manner of Miss Evans. It promises well and induces me to go again [to the Athenaeum] and finish it soon. . . .

APRIL 14th. . . . I walked to the Athenaeum solely to read *Silas Marner*, which is a powerful production. The miser seems to be like the plague, a standing theme for first-rate stylists. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . I was engaged at the Athenaeum reading *Silas Marner*. Its object I now see and I find has a great affinity to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. A motto from Wordsworth

¹ Samuel Lover, author of *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, *Handy Andy*, *Rory O'More*, etc.

² Crabb Robinson considered the *Saturday Review* pre-eminent among literary and political journals.

³ Charles Robert Leslie: *Autobiographical Recollections*, ed., with an essay on Leslie and selections from his correspondence, by Tom Taylor, 1860.

⁴ i.e. For reading instead of sorting his papers. His latter years were constantly overshadowed by the unfulfilled intention to destroy unwanted letters, etc.

might have revealed it. Silas, a wretched miser, is robbed of his hoarded gold, an object of universal contempt. A little child, its mother being frozen to death at his solitary hovel, is taken in by Silas. He warms it and saves it and loves it—the first human creature he ever loved. He won't let it be taken from him. And he too will be saved, I see; it is to him what the blessing of the animals is to the Ancient Mariner. . . .

APRIL 19th. . . . My business at the Athenaeum was to finish *Silas Marner*, in which I succeeded. This is certainly an admirable novel, perhaps George Eliot's best. Marner, the miser, without any object of attachment, from the treachery of a friend—though the early history might advantageously be dwelt on and the book made of a novel size—lives in a wretched state. The weaver earns gold which he hides and it is stolen from him. He is an object of compassion. When a child of two years old is dropped at his door by a mother who is frozen to death, he saves the child's life. And she saves his, for he loves it, won't let it be taken from him, nor will she leave him when a rich father offers to acknowledge her. There is a Dolly Winthrop, a pious woman, who is excellent, and country public-house dialogues which are exquisite. None equal the writer in the painting of low life. It is perhaps well that the unity of feeling should not be endangered by the proposed extension, though if the entire character of Silas were the avowed theme there would still be the unity wanted there.

APRIL 23rd. . . . I also had a little chat with the Bishop of Oxford, who was freely expressing his low opinion of Macaulay as an historian, in which he expresses the universal opinion; but there was no praise on the other side except as an entertaining writer. . . .

MAY 14th. . . . Moody asked me to recommend a few of the best of Wordsworth's poems. Many have done so, and it would be very unjust to test the sincerity of professions by concurrence in the profession of opinions. I had nearly broken all acquaintance with Miss Mackenzie at Rome on account of her reading and praising a parody on *Peter Bell*. We became, however, well acquainted, and Wordsworth was her great friend. . . .

MAY 17th. . . . In the forenoon I wrote four pages on Wordsworth's poetry for Moody, who wanted to have some of the best recommended to him. . . .

MAY 27th. . . . Called on Mrs. Clive,¹ alias V., auth^r of *Paul*

¹ Caroline, Mrs. Archer Clive, published 1860, *Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife*, a continuation of *Paul Ferroll*, 1855. Crabb Robinson read and commented on the book in June; he called it 'a painful but disagreeable novel,' 'a book, though with beautiful passages, I cannot recommend any one to read.'

Ferroll, requested by her husband. . . . She is a very, very plain woman, unprepossessing—in that very inferior to Miss Mulock. She received me courteously, spoke about books, and was evidently up to every point of which mention was made. . . . Of her mode of thinking I could form no idea. . . .

JULY 22nd. . . . I was seduced to read a few chapters in Dickens's *Great Expectations* in consequence of the great praise of the *Saturday Review*, as if it were a revival of his early excellence. I am not sure that I shall go on with it. I do not feel impressed with its truth, though I feel the force of the description of the poverty of the family of the blacksmith and extreme ferocity of the escaped convicts of the prison ship. . . .

AUG. 10th. . . . Read . . . beginning of *Elsie Venner*,¹ an American novel of destiny, as it is styled. Not to my taste. . . .

AUG. 13th. Interested by Lady Llanover's Life of her aunt, Mrs. Delany.²

AUG. 20th. . . . I skimmed volume one of Dickens's last novel. My curiosity was raised by the warm praise of the *Saturday Review*. It is one of the least agreeable by him that I ever read. . . . Why it has been so praised I cannot conceive. Whether I go on with it or not will depend on circumstances. I would rather read a good review of it.

AUG. 25th. . . . The second volume, which I skimmed, is less unpleasant than the first. . . .

AUG. 26th. . . . I devoted the day to the concluding volume of *Great Expectations*. This third volume is far better than the other two, though at the best a disagreeable story. One feels an interest in volume three, but at the best there is an untruth and improbability in all the incidents and characters that destroys it entirely as a novel. One can't believe that a villain like the convict could feel so romantic a love to the boy, who partly from terror and for no other reasonable motive keeps his word to him. Miss Havisham has no truth about her character. And why Jaggers the lawyer and Wemmick the clerk should have so much good as well as bad? Were Jaggers a humorist one might reconcile much. The most important incidents are told short. The poetically conceived Estella consents to marry a wretch, and one cares nothing about her when at the very last her brute of a husband, after cruelly treating her, dies, and the hero by chance falls in with her and we are given to understand they never part. I cannot

¹ By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

² *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany*, ed. Lady Llanover, 1861.

comprehend the praise given to this tale, which at least interested me; but I regret throwing three days away upon it. Herbert, the generous friend, [son] of the scholar by whom the hero is educated, but of which [whom?] we hear nothing, is a fine character, but he is not made out. The scenes are admirably painted in volume three; the endeavour to escape and capture of the convict, whose riches, by the bye, had they been, would have given him ample means of escape. . . .

SEPT. 24th. . . . It occurred to me as one of the things to be done—Take a note of the pencil notes in my copy of Wordsworth's *Life* by Mrs. Coleridge, H. N. C. There was at all times suppressed jealousy, if not between the two great men themselves, between their respective children and respective friends. That is apparent in these notes. Mrs. Coleridge said she meant to rub them out. It was but a faint intention at the best. They have no great value, perhaps none. The only fact worth noticing is Mrs. Coleridge's declaration that she herself heard Wordsworth declare that there is better poetry in Watts than in Keble. I have also heard him speak slightly of the mechanical talents of Keble, but he esteemed the tendency of his poems. . . .

SEPT. 28th. . . . I finished *Elsie Venner*, a book it is impossible to recommend, but which betrays considerable Yankee power in the author, Holmes, who writes in execrable taste—capable of writing in his own author's style. Feminicity is in certain cases hostile to muliebrity. The idea of supposing the heroine to have a malignant character imparted to her by her mother being bit by a rattlesnake before Elsie was born! Genius may make anything poetically true. The author does not attempt this. The best things in it are a dialogue between an M.D. and a D.D. on the responsibility of man. It is something to have stated the problem. As far as I know no one has attempted to solve it. . . . Revelation cuts the knot which deism leaves untied and confesses it cannot untie [?] it....

Nov. 29th. . . . Made a beginning of a famous novel by Miss Yonge, a book of great repute with good people, *The Heir of Redclyffe*. Though I have had two short readings, yet I have read enough to be satisfied that the book deserves its reputation. I shall take it up at intervals, and have an indefinite time for the use of it. I presume that the religious tone is genuine, and whatever there may be of cant is kept in the background. The writer wisely resolved to prove her talent before she made use of it for purpose of edification. At present I have only an idea of the character to be exhibited. I hear that the heir is to be a *perfect* character. I am already interested in an amiable family. . . .

DEC. 4th. . . . I weakly wasted half an evening over [Thackeray's] *Lectures on the Four Georges*, amusing gossip over the first two Georges, but to one who feels that he has no time left for necessary reading a sad waste on my part; but being amused, if I meet with the volume still there [at the Athenaeum] I shall lose another evening over the other two. . . .

DEC. 12th. [At the Society of Antiquaries.] . . . I heard of Collier. He was at Ouvry's, but Ouvry could not induce him to come. 'No wonder,' Beesly remarked, 'no wonder. He did not like to show his face.' I said that I believed Collier entirely free of the imputations cast on him. Beesly, who himself had no opinion, said every one was against Collier. . . .

DEC. 13th. . . . Recollecting that Collier was at Ouvry's, etc., I cabbed it to Ouvry's, where I found, besides Collier, Mrs. George Street. Collier was pleased with my making the call to see him, and in good spirits. So was I, and glad to have a rubber of whist.

DEC. 19th. . . . Read through Dr. Brown's delightful little book *Rab and his Friends* . . . or rather . . . read it again, for I had forgotten it. . . .

DEC. 27th. . . . For want of other occupation went on with *The Heir of Redclyffe*; but it is so manifestly didactic that I must pause; it begins to pall on one. . . .

1862

FEB. 4th. . . . I read two of Goldwin Smith's *Lectures on History*. A new writer and subject to me—unquestionably one of ability. . . .

FEB. 15th. . . . I was startled on entering the drawing-room [at Sir Francis Goldsmid's] by being accosted by Miss Procter. . . . The poetess is plain. . . . I was also agreeably addressed by the poet Browning. He was very cheerful and friendly in manner. He has been admitted a member by the committee at the Athenaeum. He believes the prospects of Italy are favourable, and that Louis Napoleon is honest in his intentions towards the King. He says we English are unjust in our suspicions. I was in good spirits in spite of giddiness. . . .

APRIL 12th. Early I read some of Miss Procter's poems. Very pleasing; but one gets a surfeit of moral and domestic ballads, and one must read sparingly. . . .

JUNE 5th. . . . I began Luttrell's *Julia*¹ and finished first Letter.

¹ *Advice to Julia*, 1820; 3rd ed. entitled *Letters to Julia*, 1822, by Henry Luttrell.

this morning. A *gentlemanly* poem! That is fashionable verse. I recollect the author at Rogers's. An elegant man.

JUNE 6th. Awoke early and finished the first epistle. I do not think I shall go on with it. It is the third edition. The author confesses that the first two editions portrayed loose morality. This is made decent; it is probably dull. . . .

JUNE 11th. . . . I went on with *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and with increased pleasure. The psychological merit of chapters [?] very great. . . .

JUNE 13th. When made uncomfortable, a novel to me is like a dram to others. Read this morning early a chapter of *The Heir of Redclyffe* and one at night. . . .

JUNE 25th. I have been reading in an old *Saturday Review* on Edward Irving,—I suspect by Thomas Carlyle, who is by no means so simple-minded as he was and whom I knew through Irving. If my memory was not gone so far I should like to write my recollections about him. Irving is the entirely bygone powerful man of irregular and disorderly genius. In Carlyle there is much that is artificial, and it is quite a problem whether he will be more thought of when he has been dead as long. He is neither as sincere nor as benevolent. . . .

JULY 11th. . . . Having brought myself into a bad state for fixing my attention, I was forced to look for idle articles in the *National Review*. I skimmed a paper on early Italian literature before Dante—Rossetti's translation of the specimens.¹ He is certainly an excellent translator, but I had scarcely any power to judge. The English is unexceptionable, the translation very pleasing. . . .

JULY 23rd. I renewed the perusal of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. . . .

JULY 24th. I went on early this morning. . . . I had proceeded so far in the novel, which towards the close was somewhat heavy and more directly commonplace in its piety and very High Church, that I thought [it better] to finish it at once, which I did. . . . I shall scarcely venture on another of Miss Yonge's novels. At least it surfeits. . . .

AUG. 12th. Early I went on with the last *Christian Reformer* and read with interest several papers, especially a review of the Oxford professor's² *Lectures on History* and also curious citations from documents of the reign of Charles II. Now that Oxford's professors speak the truth with unmistakable earnestness, the cause of free-thought in places of authority is in a state of prosperity. . . .

¹ *Early Italian Poets* by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1861 (revised as *Dante and his Circle*).

² Goldwin Smith.

AUG. 16th. . . . I cabbed it to the Athenaeum. . . . My reading there was chiefly confined to a skimming of Clough's poems, which were formerly liked by very few. This posthumous collection, however, afforded me great pleasure, being the poetry of thought and exhibiting a high and pure state of feeling. The editor . . . speaks of him as a disciple of Wordsworth. . . . Clough's editor is Palgrave. . . .

AUG. 22nd. . . . At night after looking into the *Golden Treasury*, which is printed so small as to be hard to read, I began to look into Miss Procter's poems—very pleasing for a time, but so monotonous read consecutively as to be wearisome, and I find great difference between them and the masterpieces of the *Golden Treasury*. . . .

SEPT. 14th. . . . I finished Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art*. It illustrates the change of taste. I admired it sixty years ago, Now I almost affronted a sober family of ladies¹ by lending it, and Hansard² disliked it. Mrs. Inchbald, though a Catholic, had adopted the Godwinian notion of the vast evil arising from the vices of the upper classes. Here the poor are good; but are these good natural? An upstart *artificial* character owes his existence and prosperity to his genial but unfortunate brother and neglects him in his adversity. He becomes a bishop, and has a son who becomes a judge who condemns to death for forgery the girl he seduces and abandons. There is a son born among the savages [who] is, of course, a philosopher, but very inferior to Voltaire's Huron [l'Ingénue]. It, however, kept me up with interest this night. . . .

SEPT. 17th. . . . I read at night . . . *Bernardine*. It is a dramatic poem in rhyme—a sort of lyrical play—founded on Church legend. It is readable and the attempt is much. I had occasion to refer to Wordsworth, and I was led on from passage to passage so that I did not lay his works down till twelve. . . .

SEPT. 29th to OCT. 19th. [At Grasmere.] . . . I went also to see the Arnolds, from whom I had a kind reception, though Matthew has not much kindness in his nature. . . .

[*Travel journal: Brown's Hotel, Grasmere.*] OCT. 1st. . . . The hotel carriage took Mrs. Cookson, senior, Miss Elizabeth, and myself to the old Rydal Mount, now occupied by Mrs. Hills, the widow of Hills the barrister. . . . Here I saw James, who was glad as ever to see [me.] He is now the butler [of the] house,

¹ Probably Edwin Field's daughters, near whom he had been staying at Lulworth.

² Brother of the publisher of the Parliamentary debates.

and has the benefit of showing it. We next drove to the Arnolds. Here were the eldest son, Matthew, and his wife. The only unmarried daughter, once 'little Fan,' now a young woman. Mrs. Arnold was very cordial, and Matthew Arnold could not be otherwise than civil. . . .

1863

JAN. 30th. Wrote to Mrs. Davy that I should be happy to contribute to the Wordsworth Library forming at Ambleside. . . .

FEB. 8th. . . . I was gratified by a call from Bagehot. Though there is something sarcastic in his general tone, he was kind towards me. . . .

FEB. 22nd. . . . I found great pleasure in reading *David Elgin-brod*¹ . . . and I stayed up late, nearly finishing the first volume. I found the portion about the education of the unfortunate . . . and mismanaged boy very interesting, and the tale hitherto attractive, though the parts of the narrative ill-joined together.

FEB. 25th. . . . As I had already entered on the mystical part of the novel of *Elginbrod* I continued the second volume with interest, though the character which gives the name to the work does not make his appearance after the first volume. MacDonald wants the constructive faculty. *N.B.*—Mr. MacDonald endeavours to obviate this objection in the second volume, but in so doing only exposes himself to further imputations. Chapter xvii, the *explanation* of the ghost is too soon. . . .

FEB. 27th. . . . Letters between me and J. P. Collier crossed. I wrote to him giving him an account of William Hazlitt's application for some letters or documents about his grandfather, the critic. This I sent at night, and in the meanwhile, a parcel from Collier came . . . being a present, a large-paper copy of his *Life of Spenser*, the poet. . . .

MARCH 7th. . . . Sent a civil note to William Hazlitt declaring I had no information to send concerning his grandfather. . . .

MARCH 13th. . . . I finished *David Elginbrod*, and am prepared to call it a bad novel with excellent things in it. The great fault is the want of the constructive faculty. . . . I fear, and so do others . . . that the author speaks from experience of the hard condition of a tutor. . . .

JUNE 16th. . . . I had rashly entered on a clever novel²—which

¹ By George MacDonald, 1863.

² *Salem Chapel* (1863), the second of the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, by Margaret Oliphant (1828-97).

is a compound. It is partly a sensation tale, but at present I cannot guess a solution of the riddle; but it is also a comic and satirical novel in which the low side of Dissent is capitally exposed. Vincent, the high-minded and generous minister, must become an object of pity. He exists in the novel only to be an object of pity. He is also an honourable man. He is already entangled in a passionate attachment to a silly Dowager Lady [Western], who has not sense to appreciate him. But the excellence of the tale lies in Tozer, the deacon and buttermen. Phoebe, his daughter, a silly girl, also of course in love with the minister. And then there are the deacon's wives [sic], the Pigeons, etc. The insolence of upstart wealth, the folly of the ignorant pretenders, these are capital paintings. Persons of not very correct observation might suppose it to be the work of Miss Evans. The characters are faithful but quite superficial, and the tendency is quite other than Miss Evans could have consented to portray. Indeed, Blackwood would not have been willing to publish a work of such an effect. It is not an unfair picture. . . .

JULY 30th. . . . A letter from Field gravely counselling me as a preservative not to talk more than two hours consecutively! Was this satire? This does not offend me. It ought to mortify me. . . .

SEPT. 7th. . . . I read a chapter of *Romola*, but I found it not at all agreeable. The dialogue heavy. I may go on and like it, as was the case with *Hypatia*. . . .

SEPT. 10th. . . . I read a little in *Romola* at the Club, but found it very dull at first and was on the point of taking something else, but it became better afterwards. But my chief occupation was looking over the volumes of the last edition of De Quincey. To have them complete I must procure five, there being fourteen published and I have but the first nine. . . .

SEPT. 12th. . . . I have read now a little more of *Romola*. It begins to interest me more now that the heroine, the daughter of a poor scholar at Florence . . . makes her appearance. . . .

OCT. 22nd. . . . At night read in Collier's *Life of Spenser*, which he sent me. He has laboured to ascertain most insignificant facts which, when proved, mean nothing. I must read it, and it interests me notwithstanding. . . .

OCT. 23rd. . . . A more unentertaining piece of biography cannot be well imagined. As very little is known of Spenser, Collier takes credit for hunting out in contemporary registers wherever the name occurs, and then drawing inferences, and these are given with wearisome amplitude, and full authorities cited.

I have not read half yet, and I may find interest yet in what is unread. . . .

Oct. 26th. . . . I began a praised novel, *Rachael Ray*, by Trollope. It, however, is too thoughtful to be read rapidly. . . . The subject is an indecisive mind in its connection with one of firm habits and demeanour, I suspect written with reference to that contrast. . . .

Oct. 31st. . . . Spent most of the day in reading Trollope's last novel, which, without being first [-rate], amuses as a faithful picture of ordinary characters. At present I have not got beyond the ridiculous side of a weak mother, an envious sister, and the courting of a young man whose character is not yet developed. . . .

Nov. 6th. . . . I hurried through the first volume of Trollope's *Rachel Ray*, a novel of daily life, the characters and manners true to nature. Not a great, but an amusing work. . . .

Nov. 13th. . . . My chief occupation was the reading, with considerable skipping, the second volume of *Rachel Ray*—not a first-rate novel. . . . Its truthfulness gives it interest, and I was sufficiently amused. But I had a deeper interest. Here [at the Athenaeum] I found the recently published *Blake's Life*. I was promised a copy by Mr. Gilchrist, which I shall have to write for unless I receive it on Monday. . . . I find free use has been made of what I sent—anecdotes related and long quotations. The only thing I yet see to censure is the mention of my reminiscences and journal. But it treats me politely, without any mention in the preface [of me] as a contributor. It might have been worse. I should hardly say that, as I must read it properly before I can feel any confidence. . . .

Nov. 17th. . . . The presentation copy of *Blake's Life* is come. I have no impatience to read what is said even about myself or by myself—a decided proof that I am not a vain man. I can now bear contempt better than I could formerly. . . .

Nov. 20th. . . . Read in my bedroom the two chapters, xxvi and xxvii, in which my account of Blake—what I wrote in my journal and reminiscences—is referred to, not always concurring with me. But then, these reminiscences and journal are known both to exist, and it will be in vain that I shall protest—though it is most truly—that no part of these is written for the press, and not more than a tenth part fit for *selection*. Nevertheless, what is printed is better than I expected. I am not ashamed of it, though I am by no means proud. . . .

Nov. 21st. . . . I have not since read more in *Blake's Life* than what appertains to myself. I am satisfied there is nothing

very bad in what bears my name, and as I have now lost all expectation of literary repute my anxiety ceases. . . .

Nov. 24th. . . . The *Athenaeum* review of *Blake* is so civil towards me that I cannot but think it is the work of a friend, and who can it be but De Morgan? . . .

Nov. 26th. . . . I pottered over *Blake's Life* and read a chapter slowly. But I find the poetry very beautiful. . . .

DEC. 15th. I read a chapter in *Blake*, finding his poetry very beautiful, but I cannot relish his designs. . . .

1864

FEB. 18th. . . . One article in the *National* had been strongly recommended by Mrs. Fisher—an account of a French Coleridge, Joubert.¹ A remarkable similarity in character between them. Their habits alike. As far as I could infer in a translated review. . . . account of him, he was a better man than Coleridge, but not so brilliant in his conversation or original in his philosophy, and more practical in his studies. I read in *Blake's Life* at home between twelve and one a.m. with great enjoyment.

MARCH 30th. . . . Collier . . . had read *Blake's Life* and wrote civilly about my part in the book. I wrote in warm praise of *Blake's* songs, which I dared compare with Shakespeare. . . .

APRIL 2nd. . . . I had no better engagement than to read *Blake's* prose. Very piquant. . . .

APRIL 11th. . . . I read nothing but some letters from Coleridge to Godwin. Coleridge appears amiable in these, and Godwin [is] also, in a way scarcely credible, a lender of money. . . .

APRIL 20th. . . . I enjoyed to-day, especially in reading one piece of refined criticism—Bagehot's article on Shakespeare from the *National*. Parts I did not understand. . . .

APRIL 21st. And at five awaking, I went on with the article, which I have heartily enjoyed. . . .

APRIL 29th. . . . Went on with what I began a few days since, Bagehot's admirable article on Shelley in his volume of collected reviews. It has already given me great pleasure with his subtle discrimination. I will read it continuously. . . .

MAY 4th. . . . I fortunately fell in with a very pleasant man, one of my most agreeable [acquaintances], Erasmus Darwin, the elder brother of Charles Darwin, one of our great thinkers and philosophers, whose doctrine is feared by the theologians. . . .

¹ The article was by Matthew Arnold and is reprinted in his *Essays in Criticism*.

MAY 22nd. . . . Scharf brought the catalogue of the Portrait Gallery and I was engaged great part of the day (the work being slow) in drawing up an improved article on Wordsworth, which I am to insert in the catalogue and let it be submitted to Lord Stanhope.¹ . . .

MAY 25th. . . . I began early to read *Love's Labour's Lost*, and that took hold of me so that I could do nothing else. . . . When he [William Wordsworth] went I went on with my comedy, which delights me. I could not quit it, and now I must only abstain from again looking into Shakespeare when this is finished. I went upstairs at eleven and read there till past twelve. I am delighted with this comedy, though it is full of absurdities and altogether the veriest unreal thing, yet intermingled with exquisite beauties. It bears marks of youthful genius. It is a joyous piece, full of genuine gaiety. One does not look here for serious truth of Christianity [?] but admirable wisdom in the sententious rhymed lessons of wisdom.

MAY 26th. . . . I could not recover from my reading mania, unless looking into the remaining Percy Society Tracts is an exception. . . . I just now have a new zest in reading. At night I finished the *Westward for Smelts*.² Unusually gross and without wit. . . .

MAY 27th. . . . I read, what I have just finished, a Percy volume of prose—Wright's introduction to the *Seven Sages*—an account of the several collections of tales. . . .

MAY 31st. . . . I resolved to-day to read *Troilus and Cressida*, and began in the afternoon. . . . I was surprised by the beauty of the play and ashamed also of the foolish way I have been in the habit of talking about it, really knowing only one or two marvellous fine speeches. . . .

JUNE 1st. . . . I have now read two acts of *Troilus and Cressida*. The second is a falling off from the first. . . .

JUNE 2nd. I have risen early and enjoyed Shakespeare two hours. . . . I read in *Troilus and Cressida* afterwards with very mixed feeling. I found in the third act beautiful passages of which I had no knowledge, but other parts worse than anything I had any idea of.

JUNE 3rd. I am incurable. In spite of all my resolutions, having already read three acts of *Troilus and Cressida*, I at once determined to devote the day to the two last acts, and then read

¹ The President of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

² A collection of stories by 'Kind Wit of Kingston,' published in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, date uncertain.

no other play until my present task [sorting old letters] is over. And I have at least executed a portion of this and finished the play this morning in bed. . . .

JUNE 29th. . . . My reading was chiefly Newman's *Apologia*: every one praises it. . . .

AUG. 5th. . . . I read Charles Knight's passages in the autobiography of a working man. . . . I cannot but feel great respect for the man who has done so much to promote useful knowledge and spread education more widely. Where the surface is so wide it is unreasonable to require great depth. . . .

AUG. 11th. . . . I . . . was amused by Charles Knight's passages in the life of a working man. There is an air of integrity about him not spoiled by some bragging. That is hardly to be avoided in a *parvenu*, nor in an upstart ultimately disappointed. I feel interest in his success with envy of his faculties. . . .

AUG. 15th. . . . I then went to Street's and took tea with him. A very agreeable incident: Holman Hunt came in. I was much pleased with him. He has a sweet smile and his conversation is unaffected and genial; but I felt my increasing deafness painfully. . . .

SEPT. 17th. . . . I went to the Athenaeum. . . . I chatted with but few; there was, however, the librarian, who put into my hands the recently published poems of Praed, extravagantly praised by the editor, Derwent Coleridge, but, from the little I read, well deserving praise. I had time, however, to read little besides Praed's Memoir by Coleridge. He seems to have been a man of most attractive qualities, with a want of earnestness, and infirm of purpose. . . .

OCT. 6th. . . . Finished MacDonald's novel, *Adela Cathcart*; it has various merits in the several tales. The conclusion was anticipated as far as final success was concerned and the means satisfactory.

OCT. 11th. . . . Matthew Arnold recommended me to read an article on Wordsworth in the *North British Review*, I suspect by himself. It occupied me the greatest part of the day, and very much pleased me, though in a spirit composed which I cannot boast of cordially and truly acting on. . . .

OCT. 12th. . . . I finished the very capital paper on Wordsworth, probably written by Matthew Arnold himself, though I had not ascribed so much of the Wordsworth feeling to any of the Arnold race. . . .

OCT. 28th. . . . I began *Pendennis*, reading two short chapters. There is a free and easy fun in [Dickens?] which gives . . . a

gaiety I do not find in Thackeray. There is, however, more of depth, more of design in Thackeray. He is also less amiable. . . .

Nov. 15th. . . . Amused myself by reading Lucy Aikin's recently published *Letters* and a short *Memoir* by Mr. Le Breton. . . .

Nov. 17th. . . . I must not forget his [Donne's] epigram in the form of an epitaph:

Beneath this Stone lies Walter Savage Landor,
Who half an Eagle was and half a Gander.

Nov. 22nd. . . . Reading in the *Spectator* [and?] *Athenaeum* a mention of a new series [in] the *National Review* by Bagehot and others . . . By him I read the beginning of an article on *The Pure, the Ornate, and the Grotesque in Poetry*, severally characterised by Wordsworth as the really great poet at the expense of Lord Byron, treated as a poet already forgotten. I shall go on with the article hereafter, which revives my past tastes and habits. . . .

DEC. 16th. . . . I finished one article in the *National*—that by Bagehot on poetry, full of ingenuity, but not so satisfactory as I could have wished, in which he places Wordsworth as the master of a pure style over Tennyson, the head of the ornate, and Browning, the head of the grotesque. . . . I later in the evening began a paper in the *National* on *Presidential Government*, by Freeman, to me an unknown name. He is an elaborate writer, liberal, but not democratic enough to please. A good writer, but I thought him pedantic. . . .

1865

JAN. 3rd. . . . As an amusement I read a chapter of *Pendennis* . . . chapter xxx. I like *Pendennis* as little as ever, though I admire it more. . . .

JAN. 4th. . . . I had to take to Emily Taylor's the books I had obtained for their lending-society to the poor, the books I had obtained for them from Dr. Williams's Charity, and which unluckily engrossed more of my attention than they [ought], one especially, by Brown, M.D., of Scotland, author of *Rab and his Friends*, the book by which he chooses to be known. This is a small volume of five sermons on Health. It might be called *Religio Medici*, written also by a Norwich M.D., Browne. This Dr. Brown is also a very orthodox man, more of an Evangelical

than seems compatible with the freedom of his style—a singular combination of humour and pathos. And I collected some hints from it which amounted to knowledge. . . .

JAN. 5th. . . . I have also begun to skim Harriet Martineau's *Peasant and Prince*. . . . I was greatly interested in the tale, and it kept me up till near 2 a.m.

JAN. 6th. . . . The history of the first Revolution, so often told, has been treated as a child's tale impartially by Harriet Martineau, who has a capital narrative style. . . .

JAN. 13th. . . . I was tempted to change the course of my thoughts by the promising headings of *Pendennis*, but the Begum and her daughter have no attractions but that of truthfulness of representation. Thackeray has great skill in the representation of entirely selfish and worthless characters. But Foker, who is not so worthless as the others, is neither so truthful. I should pity Pen had he been caught by Miss Amory, but I shall not care for Foker if he be. . . .

JAN. 21st. . . . After dinner a very remarkable call was announced. The name I could not at first recollect—Allsop, whose name has been long forgotten by the public. An extinct volcano. Our acquaintance was never intimate. He was first known only as the generous, though not high-born, friend of Coleridge and Lamb. He knew Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Alsager, Southey. He was an admirer of great men. After the death of the most famous of these he went abroad and I had lost all sight of him, when he appeared as the accomplice of Orsini and Bernard in the attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon. Without confessing himself to have been guilty of the most heinous charge, he admitted that he was the friend of Orsini, whom he praised as one of the noblest as well as the handsomest of men. Bernard also he praised highly and boasted of his friendship. He gave like praise to Mazzini as a really high-minded and generous creature. He thought as I do of Gallenga, alias Mariotti, and the rest of the eminent . . . of the day, and has since seen the most eminent of the survivors. He retains more than most do of the old sentiment. He has hopes for Italy, and thinks that [Louis] Napoleon has overreached himself, and that the Italians will at length have independence and perhaps at last the Carbonari their revenge—except on the question of regicide, perhaps, for he said nothing to justify his conviction on that charge. And I was pleased, or rather amused, by his bringing back old times. . . . He talked freely about *The Times* and did not make any difficulties about referring to his former acts. That he does not now feel ashamed of his former connection with the

patriots of the last generation is certain. He talked of literature with just opinions, I was glad to perceive. He who is right on questions of taste cannot be quite wrong on questions of morals. . . .

JAN. 31st. . . . Chatted pleasantly with Dyce. He spoke of Collier, with whom he is at variance, and I fear he is more in the right than I wish an adversary of a friend of mine to be. . . . Maurice spoke with great kindness of Landor, though sensible of his great faults. This was, I have no doubt, in consequence of Julius Hare's love for him. . . .

FEB. 10th. . . . Wordsworth's definition of a good churchman: one who respects the institutions of his country, who lives in conformity with their precepts and does not trouble other people about their opinion. . . .

FEB. 23rd. . . . I have read again in *Pendennis*. It diminishes in interest as it gets on. . . . But it does not profess to be a sensation tale. It is now more clever than pleasant. . . . The disagreeable part of the story is the mysterious connection between Sir F. Clavering and Altamont. It is very unpleasant. . . .

MARCH 10th. . . . I have also been looking into Allsop's third edition of Coleridge's *Letters* to him. Allsop has sent it me: where he is I do not know. He all but confesses himself a party to the plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon, and says that his friend Coleridge would have approved of it. He is safe from prosecution, but not from *contempt*, which, however, he would himself despise. . . .

MARCH 17th. . . . I had an interrupted morning of reading at home, but the interruptions were agreeable. One from De Morgan occasioned his leaving with me two [verses] which I characterise as critical doggerel.

THACKERAY

Who sees but ridicule in good like Thackeray
And gloats on human stains in black array
Of heaven's light most surely doth he lack a ray.

DICKENS

A splendid muse of fiction hath Charles Dickens,
But now and then just as the interest thickens
He stilts his pathos, and the reader sickens. . . .

MARCH 30th. Whenever I feel dissatisfied with myself and I am uncomfortable I have no more efficacious remedy than a good novel. So I was happy to read in *Pendennis*, a book full of talent, but often I am dissatisfied with his views of man. You seldom

can love any one. It becomes a sensation novel towards the close. . . .

MARCH 31st. I read an interesting chapter in *Pendennis* in preparation of the Clavering catastrophe. I now become curious. . . . Read a stupid chapter in *Pendennis*, chapter lxiii. This incident¹ is one of the least tolerable. Pen will be soon too old to reform, and a hero must be not contemptible in the last pages.

APRIL 3rd. I awoke early and read in *Pendennis* as soon as I could see distinctly. The hero is preparing for the change, and, though unworthy of Laura, he is undergoing a course of purification by suffering. . . .

APRIL 6th. . . . Expected last evening to finish *Pendennis*. . . . I began to read as soon as I could see the small print, and I went on with the volume to the end. . . . I could not hurry over it at the last. Poetic justice is in most respects complete. I understand that some of the family appear in some other tale. The old major is intensely selfish, but one cannot say that he is not truly painted. Lady Rockminster is a happy painting also Helen, Pen's mother, and Laura are, especially the last, really noble characters. If any one is brought to life again it should be Warrington, the 'Bluebeard' of Lady Rockminster. Pen should be shown in Parliament. The author is dead, but Trollope might adopt him. . . .

APRIL 13th. . . . I have read one chapter only of *Vanity Fair*. It has fine touches in it, but reading by candle light is so dangerous if I hold the candle in my hand, that I must not go on with it with any hope of finishing it. The first chapter is excellent. . . .

APRIL 21st. . . . Awoke very early and being unsettled as to reading at length took to *Vanity Fair*; read chapters ii and iii. Becky Sharp is a gem from the beginning, but more odious morally than I had any idea of.

APRIL 22nd. . . . Read in bed Lucy Aikin's *Letters*. They brought so much to my mind of half-forgotten persons and things that I was kept alive by the book. Nothing first-rate, notwithstanding. I read several hours in bed and after breakfast went on with it till I came to those to Dr. Channing. . . . Lucy Aikin is virulent against Southey, but writes well of William Taylor and hitherto has concealed her dislike of religious people from her correspondence. . . .

MAY 3rd. I had several hours reading Lucy Aikin's letters to Channing. I found some of the later letters very good indeed. She had a genuine esteem for Dr. Channing, and she did not

¹ Pen's love for Miss Amory.

venture to blurt out to him her entire scepticism. She betrays her ill-will to the Lake poets, which . . . some years afterwards exploded in her quarrel with me on account of her scandalous entreatment of him¹ and which occurrence supplies a key by which one may explain her real sentiments. I have found more than I expected in her letters. On German matters she avails herself, I have no doubt, of her conversation with me. Some facts concerning Godwin and Lamb, I could correct. But none are wilful mistakes. . . .

JUNE 19th. Read in bed Green's Introduction to Coleridge's *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*. . . . This is the broadest and freest of Coleridge's writings and the most offensive to the timidly orthodox. . . .

JUNE 10th. I had engaged Rev. Harry Jones to bring Mr. Stopford Brooke to breakfast with me. Mr. Brooke is about to publish a *Life* of Robertson of Brighton, or rather his *Letters* with a Memoir. A pale face and round head, the opposite of Harry Jones's. Liberal he must be or he would not otherwise write such a memoir. He came for anecdotes and facts. I had very little to give him. I foolishly mentioned my memoir and I have offered to let him see what I wrote. He says he will call and read it, but it can be of no use to him, and he will perhaps prefer seeing it elsewhere. He may then conceal his dislike. He means to relate, not emphatically, the history of Wagner's opposition, and I hope he will not be too timid. I had several very agreeable hours' chat with these gentlemen. . . .

AUG. 9th. Read a chapter in bed of *Eustace Conway*, Maurice's novel, which Julius Hare praises, but the author is said to be ashamed of. I have read too little to be able to form an opinion about it. It is evident that it has not the spirit of A. Trollope. It wants the freedom of a regular novelist. The work cannot but have much merit, but that of the novelist is not to be expected. . . .

AUG. 23rd to SEPT. 6th. [Brighton.] . . . My reading was nearly confined to Lady Duff Gordon's charming *Letters from Egypt*, really an excellent book, written in an excellent spirit. . . .

[*Travel journal: Brighton.*] AUG. 24th. . . . Mrs. Fisher [with whom he was staying] warmly praised Lady Duff Gordon's *Letters from Egypt*, which I have found in the preface by Mrs. Austin, a very wise and beautiful book. But I am slow in reading what I best like. It makes me *think*. . . .

AUG. 29th. . . . Lady Duff Gordon's *Letters* . . . give a

¹? Wordsworth, see *ante*, 22nd May and 10th Sept. 1851.

delightful picture of Oriental manners and as I go on with the book I am more and more delighted with it. . . .

AUG. 31st. . . . Charming book, full of unpretending wisdom. . . .

SEPT. 1st. . . . Lady Duff Gordon's charming book . . . for the first time has made me feel love for the Arabs, chiefly because pity subsides into love. Lady Duff Gordon's philosophy is tolerant and generous. She exposes the injustice and folly of races and schools. This book, I hope, will not soon be forgotten by me.

SEPT. 5th. . . . There is not much to be said about the *Letters from Egypt* by Lady Duff Gordon, but what is unqualified praise. It is a rare combination of boldness without cynicism and frankness without affectation of popularity. Lady Duff Gordon has her mother's good opinion of herself, but does not exhibit it with any impertinence. She will offend bigots whom she does not fear, and therefore does not mind offending. . . .

SEPT. 20th. . . . I have now finished [*Eustace Conway*] and I know not when I have read a worse novel—not morally, but as a work of taste and art. It is essentially a didactic novel and the endeavour of the author was to illustrate his doctrine by sensational incidents. . . . The style artificial, yet there are scenes of occasional power. . . .

SEPT. 22nd. I read in bed early one of De Quincey's articles, but it was not one of his brilliant papers. A piece of laboured criticism written for bread, a rambling [article] sent to a Scotch magazine, entitled *Milton v. Southey and Landor*—a jumble not easy to find a name for. My correspondence contains a few things equally deserving to be printed, such as Landor's [letters about] Wordsworth. . . .

Nov. 2nd. . . . I found at home on my return that strange character who at least will be remembered by the collectors of anecdotes—Allsop, the admirer of Coleridge, and generous friend to him in his poverty. [This] gave him a title to the respect of all Coleridge's friends. But it would be hard to grant perfect confidence to a man who had so compromised himself in the Orsini conspiracy that reward was offered for his apprehension by the Government of £300. . . . Allsop made himself agreeable this evening. Ely joined him at tea and was amused by him. . . .

Nov. 3rd. . . . Went . . . to the Athenaeum. [Read] in the *Fortnightly Review* two chapters of *The Belton Estate* . . . very clever as a novel of character . . . one of Trollope's best. . . . I exchanged a few words with Matthew Arnold. . . .

Nov. 17th. . . . I, after some time spent in search, found the third edition of Coleridge's *Letters* to Allsop. Coleridge does not redeem his character by these *Letters*. I fear the satirical definition of gratitude being thanks for favours *to come*. But Allsop seems to have a disinterested reverence for the powerful intellect of Coleridge, and Coleridge might look for everything in the power of his young admiring friend. . . .

Nov. 19th. . . . I had both yesterday and to-day a batch of Coleridge's *Letters*, which I have found very interesting. . . .

Nov. 27th. . . . During the afternoon and evening I read in Coleridge's *Letters* to Allsop. They, however, begin to weary. There is too much grave and solemn talk about his philosophy. Or I have read too much. . . .

1866

JAN. 26th. . . . I could not resist the temptation to waste nearly a whole day in reading Fitz Gerald's volume on Charles Lamb—a paltry compilation.¹ He has from Patmore's volume copied a volume of gossip about H. C. R.'s coming in and usurping the whole conversation, and several times copies from other extracts from books of talk; but I doubt whether I ever knew him, Fitzgerald. . . .

FEB. 5th. . . . I finished *Belton Estate*. It is comic enough for me, and the characters are well contrasted. Captain Aylmer's second marriage to Lady Emily and his letter of congratulation is admirable. . . .

FEB. 7th. I went out in a cab and drove at once to Procter, alias Barry Cornwall. I had an interesting but short chat with him. He spoke with deep interest of Lamb and Wordsworth, and but a mixed feeling of Coleridge. He promises me a copy of his forthcoming little book on Charles Lamb. . . .

FEB. 12th. . . . I took a cab straight to the Athenaeum and there remained till near eleven. . . . The most unexpected [acquaintance there] was Thomas Carlyle: he was both kind and respectful, said he and his brother would call. I do not think they will. I was more frank than he: I noticed his having cut me, which he denied. I was not wise in my manner. I confessed to not liking his assertion of Frederick's merits. He said he loved Frederick and he loved Frederick's father. . . .

FEB. 17th. . . . I spent several hours in reading Robertson's

¹ *Charles Lamb, his Friends, his Haunts and his Books*, by Percy Fitzgerald, 1865.

Life—an excellent collection of letters of the genuine religious character. His piety undoubted, his liberality equally unquestionable. An admirable man. . . .

MARCH 2nd. . . . I went on reading the *Letters* of Robertson, which I am now bringing to a close. It is a book that will vanquish its adversaries by sheer goodness, and no one will dare to dispute his moral worth. . . .

MARCH 12th. . . . I cabbed it to the Athenaeum . . . Chatted with . . . Forster about Landor and the letters I possess by him, which he will read and perhaps make use of according to circumstances. . . . He was very flattering. . . .

MARCH 18th. . . . The *Letters* of Coleridge to Allsop, a very poor book as a whole, but it has flashes which [show] genius. The worst about it is an irresistible doubt of his sincerity towards the recipient of his letters, of whose integrity there can be no doubt. Nor, in a different sense, can there be much as to his wisdom. . . .

MARCH 21st. . . . I was surprised by the appearance of Mr. Allsop. I had a very agreeable chat with him. He was the person to introduce the publication of the letters of Coleridge to him, about which we talked freely, nor did I hesitate to speak sincerely all I thought of Coleridge's character. That of no one else was at stake. . . .

MARCH 22nd. . . . The later *Letters* contain admirable things, but still nothing that one can approve of. I have also sent [to Forster] Landor's letters to me about his verses against Wordsworth. I retain bad copies of my own letters, which, however, compelled Landor to destroy his publication. . . .

APRIL 18th. . . . Murch,¹ though a minister, was very much liked by Landor, and in return he said of Landor that he was of noble qualities. He was a man of eccentric habits and strange conduct, very far from sane. . . .

APRIL 29th. I had a comfortable reading in bed. But the *Biographies* of De Quincey are the poorest of his work. I have now finished Pope. There is nothing to admire in his paper on Pope. Of the four biographies, Shakespeare is the only one that contains what I recollect with pleasure. . . .

JUNE 24th. . . . I read a solitary chapter of *Felix Holt*. This is the novel that, if any could, might dispute with the war now beginning, the public interest

JULY 19th. I began *Maud* in bed: read in it without pleasure. . . .

JULY 23rd. . . . Field brought his old friend Linnell, . . . the friend of Blake . . . a remarkable man of genius as an artist. A

¹ Of Bath. Crabb Robinson met him at a dinner at Russell Scott's.

mystic in matters of religion, and though interesting at least, I fear would prove troublesome, as all enthusiasts are in danger of becoming. I got tired of him at last. . . .

[*Travel journal: Brighton.*] AUG. 2nd. . . . I read in *Maud*, a most disagreeable, unhealthy poem, a picture of violent passions with no legitimate object. If men be as a class . . . like the family here exhibited, they are not entitled to our love or sympathy. The supposed sufferer from *Maud*'s want of feeling is contemptible for his love of her. . . .

AUG. 3rd. . . . I did nothing but . . . finish *Maud*. The only parts that amused me were the force of expressions used to expose the vulgar spirit of the age. . . .

AUG. 4th. I read in bed this morning *De Quincey* and began a paper entitled *Ceylon*. It is written with great ability. The felicity of the ordinary style exhibits the author's peculiar style. . . .

¹ I had brought *Maud* with me [to Brighton]—a disagreeable poem, satirical in its character, but its beauties merely spasmodic. I read it with no pleasure. It is a wild history not easy to comprehend and with nothing edifying to compensate for the want of beauty. . . .

AUG. 20th. Read early in *Barry Cornwall's Charles Lamb*, a delightful book which has already afforded me great pleasure, and will enable me to write a few notes if I am not too lazy. . . .

AUG. 21st. Looked over some *free* poems by *Swinburne*. They are queer things: I know not what to make of them, and I doubt whether they are worth the trouble of enquiry. . . .

AUG. 24th. . . . My reading was merely of *Barry Cornwall's Life of Charles Lamb*. A charming book with no great merit, perhaps, on the part of the author, though *Barry Cornwall* is a man of talent and of genius too. My name occurs several times, but merely as a name and person acquainted with Lamb, though once solely called 'one of the most amiable,' but nothing to obviate that this was an amiability compatible with being a dunce. I never was a favourite with him, and his wife hates me. . . .

OCT. 19th. . . . No business call to-day, but an agreeable one from *Sarah*, to whom I allotted the first perusal of *MacDonald's* last novel.² First three chapters only read; a valuable, rather than an interesting novel. He has attempted the style of *Adam Bede's* author, but is not successful—that is, *Mrs. Lewes* is greatly above him. That allows of great merit notwithstanding. Among my stray reading is *Clough's Letters and Remains*. He incidentally names me by no means flatteringly, but not at all offensively.

¹ Entry from ordinary diary. ² *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood*.

It might mortify men more vain than myself. I am not (now, certainly) anxious for the applause of all men, though the fable of *The Old Man, the Son, and the Ass* [is] sometimes on reflection brought to my mind.

DEC. 10th. . . . At the Athenaeum I read the Introduction to *Felix Holt*. . . .

1867

FINAL ROUGH JOURNAL¹

JAN. 15th. . . . Cabbed after early dinner to Athenaeum.² There from past two to half-past eight. A pleasant chat with Matthew Arnold; a man of talents and also pretensions. . . .

JAN. 17th. . . . Received *Essays in Criticism*, by Matthew Arnold. . . .

JAN. 30th. . . . Great part of the day spent in reading Matthew Arnold's first *Essay in Criticism* and was delighted. . . .

JAN. 31st. . . . I read a capital paper—the first in Matthew Arnold's volume. If the others are like it in ability and fidelity to principle it will be invaluable. The subject is Criticism. Wordsworth and Goethe he honours both. College matters diverted my mind from its proper object. It is a justification of Criticism and from the necess[ary] differing from *W*—apologetic

FINAL DIARY ENTRY

JAN. 31st. During the last two days I have read the first *Critical Essay* on the qualifications of the present age for criticism. He resists the exaggerated scorn for criticism and maintains his point ably. A sense of *creative power*, he declares happiness to be, and [that] Arnold maintains, that genuine criticism is. He thinks of Germany as he ought, and of Goethe with high admiration. On this point I can possibly give him assistance which he will gladly (But I feel incapable to go on)

H. C. R. died 5th February, 1867.—E. W. Field, executor and attached friend.

¹ The rough notes from which the diary entries were afterwards written up.

² The last visit.

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